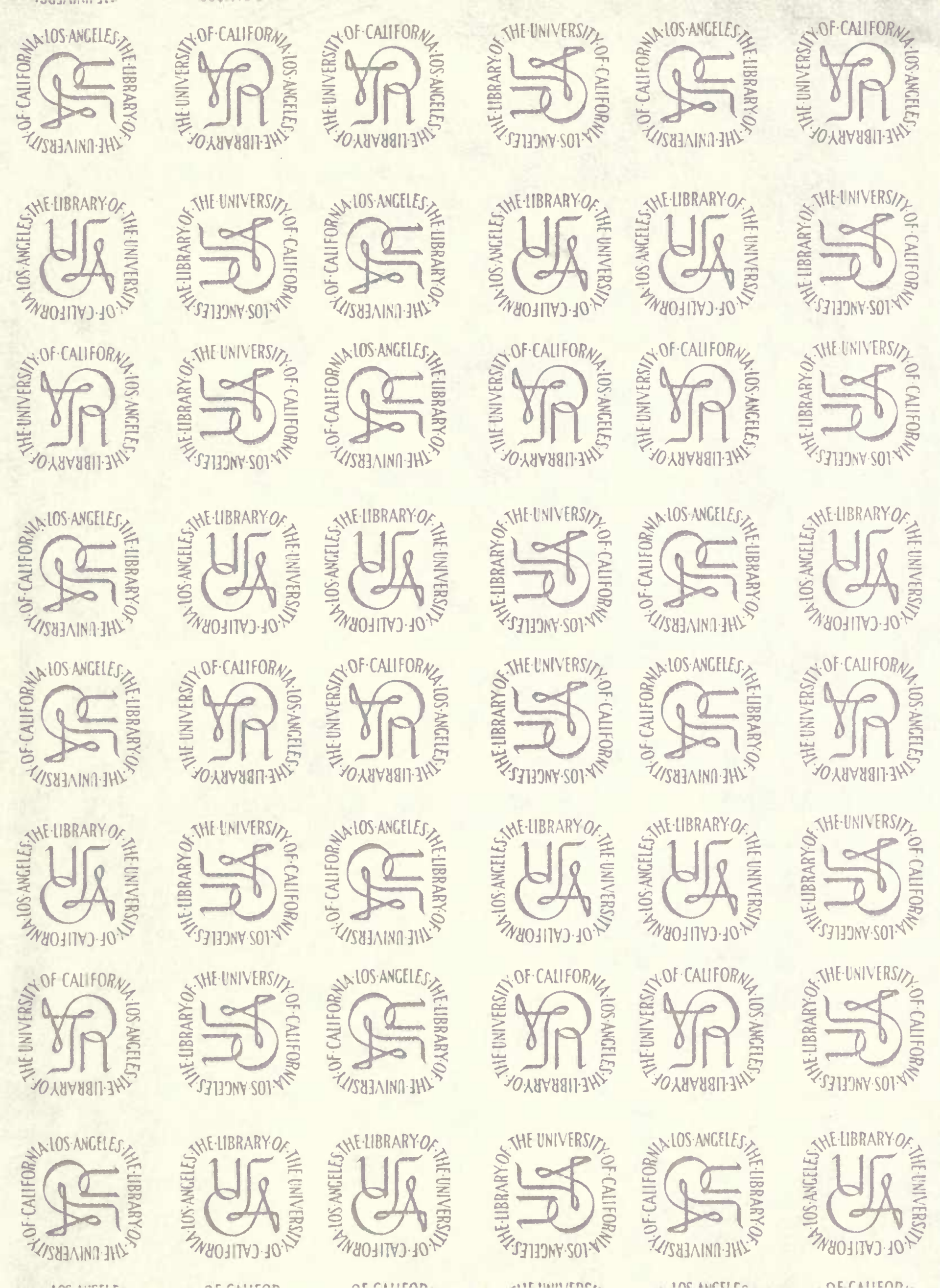
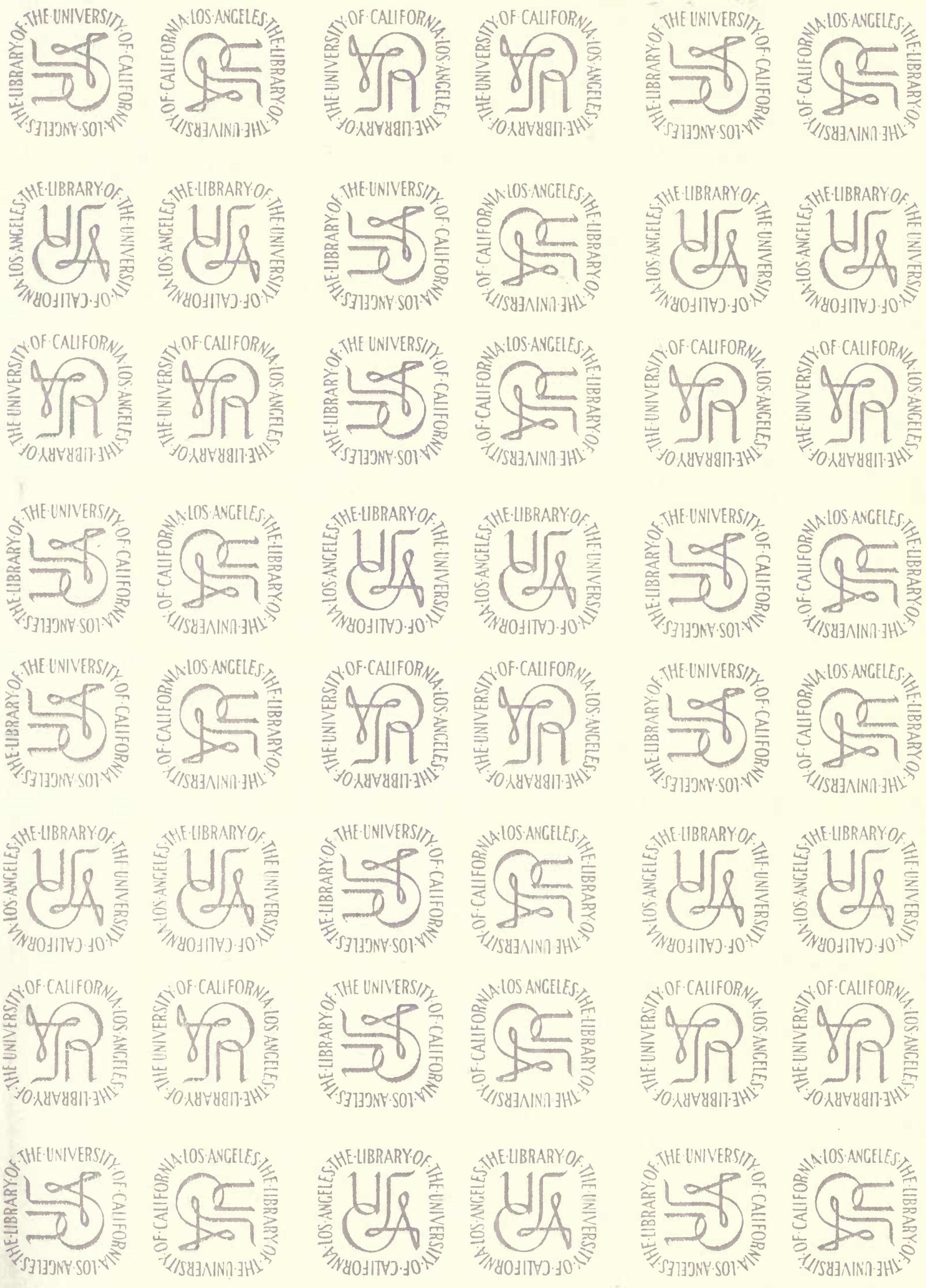
SHOUT
SHARE
IT


THE·LIBRARY·OF·THE·UNIVERSITY·OF·CALIFORNIA·LOS·ANGELES


THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES

THE

ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOOK THE FIRST.

[Price Two Shillings.]

THE

ENGLISH GARDEN:

A

POEM.

BOOK THE FIRST.

BY

W. MASON, M. A.

THE THIRD EDITION.

> A GARDEN IS THE PUREST OF HUMAN PLEASURES, IT IS THE GREATEST REFRESHMENT TO THE SPIRITS OF MAN; WITHOUT WHICH BUILDINGS AND PALACES ARE BUT GROSS HANDY-WORKS. AND A MAN SHALL EVER SEE, THAT WHEN AGES GROW TO CIVILITY AND ELEGANCY, MEN COME TO BUILD STATELY, SOONER THAN TO GARDEN FINELY: AS IF GARDENING WERE THE GREATER PERFECTION.
>
> VERULAM.

LONDON PRINTED:
And Sold by J. Dodsley, in Pall-Mall; T. Cadell, in the Strand; G. Riley, in Curzon-Street; and H. Denoyer, in Liſle-Street: alſo by J. Todd, in York.

M.DCC.LXXVIII.

PR
3548
M2e.
1778

THE

ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOOK THE FIRST.

TO thee, divine SIMPLICITY! to thee,
Beſt arbitreſs of what is good and fair,
This verſe belongs. O, as it freely flows,
Give it thy powers of pleaſing: elſe in vain
It ſtrives to teach the rules, from Nature drawn,
Which all ſhould follow, if they wiſh to add
To Nature's careleſs graces; lovelieſt then,
When, o'er her form, thy eaſy ſkill has taught
The robe of Spring in ampler folds to flow.
Haſte Goddeſs! to the woods, the lawns, the vales;
That lie in rude luxuriance, and but wait
Thy call to bloom with beauty. I meanwhile,
Attendant on thy ſtate ſerene, will mark

Its faery progreſs; wake th' accordant ſtring;
And tell how far, beyond the tranſient glare
Of fickle faſhion, or of formal art,
Thy flowery works with charm perennial pleaſe.

Ye too, ye ſiſter Powers! that, at my birth,
Auſpicious ſmil'd; and o'er my cradle drop'd
Thoſe magic ſeeds of Fancy, which produce
A Poet's feeling, and a Painter's eye,
Come to your votary's aid. For well ye know
How ſoon my infant accents liſp'd the rhyme,
How ſoon my hands the mimic colours ſpread,
And vainly hop'd to ſnatch a double wreath
From Fame's unfading laurel: arduous aim;
Yet not inglorious; nor perchance devoid
Of fruitful uſe to this fair argument;
If ſo, with lenient ſmiles, ye deign to chear,
At * this ſad hour, my deſolated ſoul.

For

---

* This poem was begun in the year 1767, not long after the death of the amiable perſon here mentioned.

For deem not ye that I reſume the lyre
To court the world's applauſe: my years mature
Have learn'd to ſlight the toy. No, 'tis to ſooth
That agony of heart, which they alone,
Who beſt have lov'd, who beſt have been belov'd, 35
Can feel, or pity; ſympathy ſevere!
Which ſhe too felt, when on her pallid lip
The laſt farewell hung trembling, and beſpoke
A wiſh to linger here, and bleſs the arms
She left for heaven. She died, and heav'n is hers! 40
Be mine, the penſive ſolitary balm
That recollection yields. Yes, Angel pure!
While Memory holds her ſeat, thy image ſtill
Shall reign, ſhall triumph there; and when, as now,
Imagination forms a Nymph divine 45
To lead the fluent ſtrain; thy modeſt bluſh,
Thy mild demeanor, thy unpractis'd ſmile
Shall grace that Nymph, and ſweet Simplicity
Be dreſs'd (Ah meek MARIA!) in thy charms.

Begin the Song! and ye of Albion's ſons
Attend; Ye freeborn, ye ingenuous few,
Who heirs of competence, if not of wealth,
Preſerve that veſtal purity of ſoul
Whence genuine taſte proceeds. To you, bleſt youths,
I ſing; whether in academic groves
Studious ye rove, or, fraught with learning's ſtores,
Viſit the Latian plain, fond to tranſplant
Thoſe arts which Greece did, with her Liberty,
Reſign to Rome. Yet know, the art I ſing
Ev'n there ye ſhall not learn. Rome knew it not
While Rome was free: Ah! hope not then to find
In ſlaviſh ſuperſtitious Rome the fair
Remains. Meanwhile, of old and claſſic aid
Tho' fruitleſs be the ſearch, your eyes entranc'd
Shall catch thoſe glowing ſcenes, that taught a CLAUDE
To grace his canvaſs with Heſperian hues,
And ſcenes like theſe, on Memory's tablet drawn,
Bring back to Britain; there give local form
To each Idea; and, if Nature lend

Materials fit of torrent, rock, and ſhade, 70
Produce new Tivolis. But learn to rein,
O Youth! whoſe ſkill eſſays the arduous taſk,
That ſkill within the limit ſhe allows.
Great Nature ſcorns controul: ſhe will not bear
One beauty foreign to the ſpot or ſoil 75
She gives thee to adorn: 'tis thine alone
To mend, not change her features. Does her hand
Stretch forth a level lawn? ah, hope not thou
To lift the mountain there. Do mountains frown
Around? ah, wiſh not there the level lawn. 80
Yet ſhe permits thy art, diſcreetly us'd,
To ſmooth or ſcoop the rugged and the plain.
But dare with caution; elſe expect, bold man!
The injur'd Genius of the place to riſe
In ſelf-defence, and, like ſome giant fiend 85
That frowns in Gothic ſtory, ſwift deſtroy,
By night, the puny labours of thy day.

What then muſt he attempt, whom niggard fate
Has fixt in ſuch an inauſpicious ſpot

As bears no trace of beauty? muſt he ſit 90
Dull and inactive in the deſert waſte,
Since Nature there no happy feature wears
To wake and meet his ſkill? Believe the Muſe,
She does not know that inauſpicious ſpot
Where Beauty is thus niggard of her ſtore: 95
Believe the Muſe, thro' this terreſtrial vaſt
The ſeeds of grace are ſown, profuſely ſown,
Ev'n where we leaſt may hope: the deſert hills
Will hear the call of art; the vallies dank
Obey her juſt beheſts, and ſmile with charms 100
Congenial to the ſoil, and all its own.

For tell me, where's the deſert? there alone
Where man reſides not; or, if chance reſides,
He is not there the man his maker form'd,
Induſtrious man, by heav'n's firſt law ordain'd 105
To earn his food by labour. In the waſte
Place thou that man with his primæval arms,
His plough-ſhare, and his ſpade; nor ſhalt thou long

Impatient wait a change: the waſte ſhall ſmile
With yellow harveſts; what was barren heath
Shall ſoon be verdant mead. Now then ariſe;
Now let thy art, in union with his toil,
Exert its powers, and give, with varying ſkill,
The ſoil, already tam'd, its finiſh'd grace.

Nor leſs obſequious to the hand of toil,
If fancy guide that hand, will the dank vale
Receive improvement meet: but Fancy here
Muſt lead, not follow Labour; ſhe muſt tell
In what peculiar place the ſoil ſhall riſe,
Where ſink; preſcribe what form each ſluice ſhall wear,
And how direct its courſe; whether to ſpread
Broad as a lake, or, as a river pent
By fringed banks, weave its irriguous way
Thro' lawn and ſhade alternate: for if She
Preſide not o'er the taſk, the narrow drains
Will run in tedious parallel, or cut
Each other in ſharp angles; call her then

Swift to thy aid, ere the remorſeleſs ſpade
Too deeply wound the boſom of the ſoil.

Yet, in this lowly ſite, where all that charms 130
Within itſelf muſt charm, hard is the taſk
Impos'd on Fancy. Hence with idle fear!
Is ſhe not Fancy? and can Fancy fail
In ſweet deluſions, in concealments apt,
And wild creative power? She cannot fail. 135
And yet, full oft, when her creative power,
Her apt concealments, her deluſions ſweet
Have been profuſely laviſh'd; when her groves
Have ſhot, with vegetative vigour ſtrong,
Ev'n to their wiſh'd maturity; when Jove 140
Has roll'd the changeful ſeaſons o'er her lawns,
And each has left a bleſſing as it roll'd:
Ev'n then, perchance, ſome vain faſtidious eye
Shall rove unmindful of ſurrounding charms
And aſk for proſpect. Stranger! 'tis not here. 145
Go ſeek it on ſome gariſh turret's height;

Seek it on Richmond's or on Windſor's brow;
There gazing, on the gorgeous vale below,
Applaud beſure, with faſhion'd pomp of phraſe,
The good and bad, which, in profuſion, there
That gorgeous vale exhibits. Here meanwhile,
Ev'n in the dull, unſeen, unſeeing dell,
Thy taſte contemns, ſhall Contemplation imp
Her eagle plumes; the Poet here ſhall hold
Sweet converſe with his Muſe; the curious Sage,
Who comments on great Nature's ample tome,
Shall find that volume here. For here are caves,
Where riſe thoſe gurgling rills, that ſing the ſong
Which Contemplation loves; here ſhadowy glades,
Where thro' the tremulous foliage darts the ray,
That gilds the Poet's day-dream; here the turf
Teems with the vegetating race, the air
Is peopled with the inſect tribes, that float
Upon the noontide beam, and call the ſage
To number and to name them. Nor if here
The painter comes, ſhall his enchanting art

Go back without a boon: for Nature here
Has with her living colours, form'd a ſcene
Which Ruisdale beſt might rival: Chryſtal lakes,
O'er which the giant oak, himſelf a grove,
Flings his romantick branches, and beholds
His reverend image in th' expanſe below.
If diſtant hills be wanting, yet our eye
Forgets the want, and with delighted gaze
Reſts on the lovely foreground; there applauds
The art, which, varying forms and blending hues,
Gives that harmonious force of ſhade and light,
Which makes the landſcape perfect. Art like this
Is only art, all elſe abortive toil.

Thou then, the docile pupil of my ſong,
Attend; and learn how much on Painting's aid
Thy ſiſter art depends: learn now its laws;
Their practice may demand a future ſtrain.

Of Nature's various ſcenes the painter culls
That for his fav'rite theme, where the fair whole

Is broken into ample parts, and bold;
Where to the eye three well-mark'd diſtances
Spread their peculiar colouring. Vivid green,
Warm brown and black opake the foreground bears
Conſpicuous; ſober olive coldly marks
The ſecond diſtance; thence the third declines
In ſofter blue, or leſs'ning ſtill is loſt
In fainteſt purple. When thy taſte is call'd
To adorn a ſcene where Nature's ſelf preſents
All theſe diſtinct gradations, then rejoice
As does the painter, and like him apply
Thy colours; plant thou on each ſeparate part
Its proper foliage. Chief, for there thy ſkill
Has its chief ſcope, enrich with all the hues
That flowers, that ſhrubs, that trees can yield, the ſides
Of that fair path, from whence our ſight is led
Gradual to view the whole. Where'er thou wind'ſt
That path, take heed between the ſcene, and eye,
To vary and to mix thy choſen greens.
Here for a while with cedar or with larch,

That from the ground ſpread their cloſe texture, hide
The view entire. Then o'er ſome lowly tuft,
Where roſe and woodbine bloom, permit its charms
To burſt upon the ſight; now thro' a copſe
Of beech, that rear their ſmooth and ſtately trunks,
Admit it partially, and half exclude,
And half reveal its graces: in this path,
How long ſoe'er the wanderer roves, each ſtep
Shall wake freſh beauties; each ſhort point preſent
A different picture, new, and yet the ſame.

Yet ſome there are who deem this precept vain,
And fell each tree that intercepts the ſcene.
O great Poussin! O Nature's darling, Claude!
What if ſome raſh and ſacrilegious hand
Tore from your canvaſs thoſe umbrageous pines
That frown in front, and give each azure hill
The charm of contraſt! Nature ſuffers here
Like outrage, and bewails a beauty loſt
Which Time with tardy hand ſhall late reſtore.

Yet here the ſpoiler reſts not; ſee him riſe 225
Warm from his devaſtation, to improve,
For ſo he calls it, yonder champian wide.
There on each bolder brow in ſhapes acute
His fence he ſcatters; there the Scottiſh fir
In murky file lifts his inglorious head, 230
And blots the fair horizon. So ſhould art
Improve thy pencil's ſavage dignity,
SALVATOR! if where, far as eye can pierce,
Rock pil'd on rock, thy Alpine heights retire,
She flung her random foliage, and diſturb'd 235
The deep repoſe of the majeſtic ſcene.
This deed were impious. Ah, forgive the thought,
Thou more than painter, more than poet! HE,
Alone thy equal, who was "Fancy's child."

Does then the Song forbid the planter's hand 240
To clothe the diſtant hills, and veil with woods
Their barren ſummits? No, but it forbids
All poverty of clothing. Rich the robe,

And amply let it flow, that Nature wears
On her thron'd eminence: where'er ſhe takes
Her horizontal march, purſue her ſtep
With ſweeping train of foreſt; hill to hill
Unite with prodigality of ſhade.
There plant thy elm, thy cheſnut; nouriſh there
Thoſe ſapling oaks, which, at Britannia's call,
May heave their trunks mature into the main,
And float the bulwarks of her liberty:
But if the fir, give it its ſtation meet;
Place it an outgard to th' aſſailing north,
To ſhield the infant ſcions, till poſſeſt
Of native ſtrength, they learn alike to ſcorn
The blaſt and their protectors. Foſter'd thus,
The cradled hero gains from female care
His future vigor; but, that vigor felt,
He ſprings indignant from his nurſe's arms,
He nods the plumy creſt, he ſhakes the ſpear,
And is that awful thing which heav'n ordain'd
The ſcourge of tyrants, and his country's pride.

If then thou ſtill art dubious how to treat
Nature's neglected features, turn thy eye
To thoſe, the maſters of correct deſign,
Who, from her vaſt variety, have cull'd
The lovelieſt, boldeſt parts, and new arrang'd;
Yet, as herſelf approv'd, herſelf inſpir'd.
In their immortal works thou ne'er ſhalt find
Dull uniformity, contrivance quaint,
Or labour'd littleneſs; but contraſts broad,
And careleſs lines, whoſe undulating form
Plays thro' the varied canvaſs: theſe tranſplant
Again on Nature; take thy plaſtic ſpade,
It is thy pencil; take thy ſeeds, thy plants,
They are thy colours; and by theſe repay
With intereſt every charm ſhe lent thy art.

But, while I thus to Imitation's realm
Direct thy ſtep, deem not I lead thee wrong;
Nor aſk, why I forget great Nature's fount,
And bring thee not the bright inſpiring cup

From her original ſpring? Yet, if thou aſk'ſt,
Thyſelf ſhalt give the anſwer. Tell me why
Did Raphael ſteal, when his creative hand
Imag'd the Seraphim, ideal grace
And dignity ſupernal from that ſtore
Of Attic ſculpture, which the ruthleſs Goth
Spar'd in his headlong fury? Tell me this:
And then confeſs that beauty beſt is taught
By thoſe, the favor'd few, whom Heav'n has lent
The power to ſeize, ſelect, and reunite
Her lovelieſt features; and of theſe to form
One Archetype compleat of ſovereign Grace.
Here Nature ſees her faireſt forms more fair;
Owns them her own, yet owns herſelf excell'd
By what herſelf produc'd. Here Art and ſhe
Embrace; connubial Juno ſmiles benign,
And from the warm embrace perfection ſprings.

Rouſe then each latent energy of ſoul
To claſp ideal beauty. Proteus-like,

Think not the changeful Nymph will long elude
Thy chaſe, or with reluctant coyneſs frown.
Inſpir'd by her thy happy art ſhall learn
To melt in fluent curves whate'er is ſtraight,
Acute, or parallel. For, theſe unchang'd,
Nature and ſhe diſdain the formal ſcene.
'Tis their demand, that ev'ry ſtep of Rule
Be quite eraz'd. For know, their ev'ry charm
Springs from Variety; but all the boaſt
Of Rule is irkſome Uniformity.
That end to effect we own the cube, or cone,
Are well employ'd; but fair Variety
Lives only where ſhe undulates and ſports
In many a winding train. As Nature then
Avoids, diſdains, abhors all equal lines;
So Mechaniſm purſues, admires, adores.
Hence is their enmity; and ſooner hope
With hawks and doves to draw the Cyprian car,
Than reconcile theſe jarring principles.

Where then, alas, where ſhall the Dryads fly
That haunt yon antient Viſta? Pity, ſure,

Will ſpare the long cathedral iſle of ſhade
In which they ſojourn; Taſte were ſacrilege,
If, lifting there the axe, it dar'd invade 325
Thoſe ſpreading oaks that in fraternal files
Have pair'd for centuries, and heard the ſtrains
Of SIDNEY's, nay, perchance, of SURRY's reed.
Heav'ns! muſt they fall? They muſt, their doom is paſt.
None ſhall eſcape: unleſs mechanic Skill, 330
To ſave her offspring, rouſe at our command;
And, where we bid her move, with engine huge,
Each ponderous trunk, the ponderous trunk there move.
A work of difficulty and danger try'd,
Nor oft ſucceſsful found. But if it fails, 335
Thy axe muſt do its office. Cruel taſk,
Yet needful. Truſt me, tho' I bid thee ſtrike,
Reluctantly I bid thee: for my ſoul
Holds dear an antient oak, nothing more dear;
It is an antient Friend. Stay then thine hand; 340
And try by ſaplings tall, diſcreetly plac'd
Before, between, behind, in ſcatter'd groups,

To break th' obdurate line. So may'ſt thou ſave
A choſen few; and yet, alas, but few
Of theſe, the old protectors of the plain. 345
Yet ſhall theſe few give to thy opening lawn
That ſhadowy pomp, which only they can give:
For parted now, in patriarchal pride,
Each tree becomes the father of a tribe;
And, o'er the ſtripling foliage, riſing round, 350
Towers with parental dignity ſupreme.

And yet, My Albion! in that fair domain
Which Ocean made thy dowry, when his Love
Tempeſtuous tore thee from reluctant Gaul,
And bad thee be his Queen, there ſtill remains 355
Full many a lovely unfrequented wild,
Where change like this is needleſs; where no lines
Of hedge-row, avenue, or of platform ſquare
Demand deſtruction.. In thy fair domain,
Yes, my lov'd Albion! many a glade is found, 360
The haunt of Wood-gods only: where if Art

E'er dar'd to tread; 'twas with unſandal'd foot,
Printleſs, as if the place were holy ground.
And there are ſcenes, where, tho' ſhe whilom trod,
Led by the worſt of guides, fell Tyranny,
And ruthleſs Superſtition, we now trace
Her footſteps with delight; and pleas'd revere
What once we ſhould have hated. But to Time,
Not her, the praiſe is due: his gradual touch
Has moulder'd into beauty many a tower,
Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
Was only terrible; and many a fane
Monaſtic, which, when deck'd with all its ſpires,
Serv'd but to feed ſome pamper'd Abbot's pride,
And awe th' unletter'd vulgar. Generous Youth,
Whoe'er thou art, that liſten'ſt to my lay,
And feel'ſt thy ſoul aſſent to what I ſing,
Happy art thou if thou can'ſt call thine own
Such ſcenes as theſe: where Nature and where Time
Have work'd congenial; where a ſcatter'd hoſt
Of antique oaks darken thy ſidelong hills;

While, ruſhing thro' their branches, rifted cliffs
Dart their white heads, and glitter thro' the gloom.
More happy ſtill, if one ſuperior rock
Bear on its brow the ſhiver'd fragment huge 385
Of ſome old Norman fortreſs; happier far,
Ah, then moſt happy, if thy vale below
Waſh, with the chryſtal coolneſs of its rills,
Some mouldring abbey's ivy-veſted wall.

O how unlike the ſcene my fancy forms, 390
Did Folly, heretofore, with Wealth conſpire
To plan that formal, dull, disjointed ſcene,
Which once was call'd a Garden. Britain ſtill
Bears on her breaſt full many a hideous wound
Given by the cruel pair, when, borrowing aid 395
From geometric ſkill, they vainly ſtrove
By line, by plummet, and unfeeling ſheers,
To form * with verdure what the builder form'd

With

---

* Altho' this ſeems to be the principle upon which this falſe taſte was founded, yet the error was detected by one of our firſt writers upon architecture. I ſhall tranſcribe

With ſtone. Egregious madneſs; yet purſu'd
With pains unwearied, with expence unſumm'd,
And ſcience doating. Hence the ſidelong walls
Of ſhaven yew; the holly's prickly arms
Trimm'd into high arcades; the tonſile box
Wove, in moſaic mode of many a curl,
Around the figur'd carpet of the lawn.
Hence too deformities of harder cure;

The

---

tranſcribe the paſſage, which is the more remarkable as it came from the quaint pen of Sir Henry Wotton: "I muſt note (ſays he) a certain contrariety between building and gardening: for as fabricks ſhould be regular, ſo gar" dens ſhould be irregular, or at leaſt caſt into a very wild regularity. To " exemplify my conceit, I have ſeen a garden, for the manner perchance incom" parable; into which the firſt acceſs was a high walk like a terras, from whence " might be taken a general view of the whole plot below, but rather in a delight" ful confuſion, than with any plain diſtinction of the pieces. From this the " beholder deſcending many ſteps, was afterwards conveyed again by ſeveral " mountings and valings, to various entertainments of his ſcent and ſight: " which I ſhall not need to deſcribe, for that were poetical; let me only note " this, that every one of theſe diverſities, was as if he had been magically tranſ" ported into a new garden." Were the Terras and the ſteps omitted, this deſcription would ſeem to be almoſt entirely conformable to our preſent ideas of ornamental planting. The paſſage which follows is not leſs worthy of our notice. " But though other countries have more benefit of the Sun than we, and thereby

" more

The terras mound uplifted ; the long line
Deep delv'd of flat canal ; and all that toil,
Miſled by taſteleſs faſhion, could atchieve
To mar fair Nature's lineaments divine.

Long was the night of error, nor diſpell'd
By Him that roſe at learning's earlieſt dawn,
Prophet of unborn Science. On thy realm,
Philoſophy! his ſovereign luſtre ſpread,

Yet

" more properly tied to contemplate this delight ; yet have I ſeen in our own, " a delicate and diligent curioſity, ſurely without parallel among foreign nations, " namely in the garden of Sir Henry Fanſhaw, at his ſeat in Ware-Park ; where " I well remember, he did ſo preciſely examine the tinctures and ſeaſons of his " flowers, that in their ſettings, the inwardeſt of which that were to come up at " the ſame time, ſhould be always a little darker than the utmoſt, and ſo ſerve " them for a kind of gentle ſhadow." This ſeems to be the very ſame ſpecies of improvement which Mr. Kent valued himſelf for inventing, in later times, and of executing, not indeed with flowers, but with flowering ſhrubs and evergreens, in his more finiſhed pieces of ſcenery. The method of producing which effect has been deſcribed with great preciſion and judgment by a late ingenious writer. (See *Obſervations on modern Gardening*, ſect. 14th, 15th, and 16th). It may however be doubted whether Sir Henry Fanſhaw's garden were not too *delicate* and *diligent* a curioſity, ſince its panegyriſt concludes the whole with telling us, that it was " like a piece not of Nature, but of Art." See *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, page 64, edit. 4th.

Yet did he deign to light with caſual glance 415
The wilds of taſte. Yes, * ſageſt VERULAM,
'Twas thine to baniſh from the royal groves
Each childiſh vanity of criſped knot
And ſculptor'd foliage; to the lawn reſtore
Its ample ſpace, and bid it feaſt the ſight 420
With verdure pure, unbroken, unabridg'd:
For green is to the eye, what to the ear
Is harmony, or to the ſmell the roſe.

So

---

* Lord Bacon in the 46th of his eſſays deſcribes what he calls *the platform of a princely garden*. If the Reader compare this deſcription with that which Sir William Temple has given in his eſſay, entituled, *The Gardens of Epicurus*, written in a ſubſequent age, he will find the ſuperiority of the former very apparent; for tho' both of them are much obſcur'd by the falſe taſte of the times in which they were written, yet the vigor of Lord Bacon's genius breaks frequently thro' the cloud, and gives us a very clear diſplay of what the real merit of gardening would be when its true principles were aſcertained. For inſtance, out of thirty acres which he allots for the whole of his Pleaſure-ground, he ſelects the firſt four for a lawn, without any intervention of plot or parterre, "becauſe" ſays he, "nothing is more pleaſant to the eye than green graſs kept finely ſhorn." And "as for the making of knots of figures, with diverſe coloured "earths, that they may lie under the windows of the houſe, on that ſide which "the garden ſtands, they be but toys, you may ſee as good ſights many times "in tarts." Sir William Temple on the contrary tell us, that in the garden at Moor-park, which was his model of perfection, the firſt inlet to the whole

was

So taught the Sage, taught a degenerate reign
What in Eliza's golden day was taſte.
Not but the mode of that romantic age,
The age of tourneys, triumphs, and quaint maſques,
Glar'd with fantaſtic pageantry, which dimm'd
The ſober eye of truth, and dazzled ev'n
The Sage himſelf; witneſs his arched hedge,

---

was a very broad gravel walk garniſh'd with a row of Laurels which looked like Orange-trees, and was terminated at each end by a ſummer-Houſe. The parterre or principal garden which makes the ſecond part in each of their deſcriptions, it muſt be owned is equally devoid of ſimplicity in them both. " The " garden (ſays his Lordſhip) is beſt to be ſquare, encompaſſed with a ſtately " arched hedge, the arches to be upon carpenters work, over every arch a little " belly enough to receive a cage of birds, and, over every ſpace between the " arches, ſome other little figure with broad plates of round coloured glaſs, " gilt for the ſun to play upon." It would have been difficult for Sir William to make his more fantaſtic; he has however not made it more natural. The third part, which Lord Bacon calls the Heath, and the other the Wilderneſs, is that in which the Genius of Lord Bacon is moſt viſible; " for this," ſays he, " I wiſh to be framed as much as may be to a natural wildneſs." And accordingly he gives us a deſcription of it in the moſt agreeable and pictureſque terms, inſomuch that it ſeems leſs the work of his own fancy than a delineation of that ornamental ſcenery which had no exiſtence till above a century after it was written. Such, when he deſcended to matters of mere Elegance (for when we ſpeak of Lord Bacon, to treat of theſe was to deſcend) were the amazing powers of his univerſal Genius.

In pillar'd ſtate by carpentry upborn,
With colour'd mirrors deck'd, and caged birds:
But, when our ſtep has pac'd his proud parterres,
And reach'd the heath, then Nature glads our eye
Sporting in all her lovely careleſſneſs.
There ſmiles in varied tufts the velvet roſe,
There flaunts the gadding woodbine, ſwells the ground
In gentle hillocks, and around its ſides
Thro' bloſſom'd ſhades the ſecret pathway ſteals.

Thus, with a poet's power, the Sage's pen
Pourtray'd that nicer negligence of ſcene,
Which Taſte approves. While He, delicious Swain,
Who tun'd his oaten pipe by Mulla's ſtream,
Accordant touch'd the ſtops in Dorian mood;
What time he 'gan to paint the fairy vale,
Where ſtands the Fane of Venus. Well I ween
That then, if ever, Colin, thy fond hand
Did ſteep its pencil in the well-fount clear

Of true ſimplicity; and * " call'd in Art
" Only to ſecond Nature, and ſupply 450
" All that the Nymph forgot, or left forlorn."
Yet what avail'd the ſong? or what avail'd
Ev'n thine, Thou chief of Bards, whoſe mighty mind,
With inward light irradiate, mirror-like
Receiv'd, and to mankind with ray reflex 455
The ſov'reign Planter's primal work diſplay'd?
† That work, " where not nice Art in curious knots,
" But Nature boon pour'd forth on hill and dale
" Flowers worthy of Paradiſe; while all around
" Umbrageous grotts, and caves of cool receſs, 460
" And murmuring waters down the ſlope diſpers'd,

---

* See Spencer's Fairy Queen, Book 4th, Canto the 10th: the paſſage immediately alluded to is in the 21ſt Stanza.

> For all that Nature, by her mother wit,
> Could frame in earth and form of ſubſtance baſe
> Was there; and all that Nature did omit,
> Art (playing Nature's ſecond part) ſupplied it.

† See Milton's inimitable deſcription of the garden of Eden. Paradiſe Loſt, Book 4th, part of which is here inſerted.

"Or held, by fringed banks, in chryſtal lakes,
"Compoſe a rural ſeat of various view."
'Twas thus great Nature's Herald blazon'd high
That fair original impreſs, which ſhe bore
In ſtate ſublime; e'er miſcreated Art,
Offspring of ſin and ſhame, the banner ſeiz'd,
And with adulterate pageantry defil'd.
Yet vainly, MILTON, did thy voice proclaim
Theſe her primæval honours. Still ſhe lay
Defac'd, deflower'd, full many a ruthleſs year:
Alike, when Charles, the abject tool of France,
Came back to ſmile his ſubjects into ſlaves;
Or Belgic William, with his warriour frown,
Coldly declar'd them free; in fetters ſtill
The Goddeſs pin'd, by both alike oppreſt.

Go to the Proof! behold what TEMPLE call'd
A perfect Garden. There thou ſhalt not find
One blade of verdure, but with aching feet
From terras down to terras ſhalt deſcend,

Step following ſtep, by tedious flight of ſtairs:
On leaden platforms now the noon-day ſun
Shall ſcorch thee; now the dank arcades of ſtone
Shall chill thy fervour; happy, if at length
Thou reach the Orchard, where * the ſparing turf 485
Thro' equal lines all centring in a point
Yields thee a ſofter tread. And yet full oft
O'er TEMPLE's ſtudious hour did Truth preſide,
Sprinkling her luſtre o'er his claſſic page:
There hear his candor own in faſhion's ſpite, 490

---

* The French at preſent ſeem to be equally ſparing of this natural clothing of the Earth, altho' they have done us the honour to adopt our Bowling-Greens, and to improve upon them. This appears from the following article of the Encyclopedie tranſlated verbatim.

" Boulingrin. N. S. In gardening is a ſpecies of Parterre compoſed of pieces " of divided turf with borders ſloping *(en glacis)* and evergreens at the corners " and other parts of it. It is mowed four times a year to make the turf finer. " The invention of this kind of parterre comes from England, as alſo its name, " which is derived from *Boule* round, and *Grin* fine graſs or turf. Boulingrins " are either ſimple, or compound; the ſimple are all turf without ornament; " the compound are cut into compartments of turf, embroidered with knots, " mixt with little paths, borders of flowers, yew-trees, and flowering ſhrubs. " Sand alſo of different colours contributes greatly to their value."

In ſpite of courtly dulneſs, hear it own
" There is a grace in wild variety
" Surpaſſing rule and order." * TEMPLE, yes,
There is a grace; and let eternal wreaths
Adorn their brows who fixt its empire here. 495
The Muſe ſhall hail † the champions that herſelf
Led to the fair atchievement. ADDISON,

Thou

---

* The Paſſage here alluded to is as follows: " What I have ſaid of the beſt " forms of Gardens is meant only of ſuch as are in ſome ſort regular, *for there " may be other forms wholly irregular, that may, for ought I know, have more beauty " than any of the others:* But they muſt owe it to ſome extraordinary diſpoſitions " of Nature in the ſeat, or ſome great race of fancy and judgment in the contri- " vance, which may reduce many diſagreeing parts into ſome figure which ſhall " yet upon the whole be very agreeable. Something of this I have ſeen in ſome " places, and heard more of it from others who have lived much among the " Chineſes." Sir William then gives us a kind of general account of the Chineſe taſte, and of their *Sharawadgi*, and concludes thus: " But I ſhould " hardly adviſe any of theſe attempts in the figure of gardens among us, they " are adventures of too hardy atchievement for any common hands; and tho' " there may be more honour if they ſucceed well, yet there is more diſhonour " if they fail, and 'tis twenty to one they will, whereas in regular figures it is " hard to make any great and remarkable faults." See Temple's Miſcellanies, Vol. I. Page 186. Fol. Ed.

† I had before called Bacon the prophet, and Milton the herald of true taſte in Gardening. The former, becauſe in developing the conſtituent properties of a

princely

Thou poliſh'd Sage, or ſhall I call thee Bard,
I ſee thee come: around thy temples play
The lambent flames of humour, bright'ning mild 500
Thy judgment into ſmiles; gracious thou com'ſt
With Satire at thy ſide, who checks her frown,
But not her ſecret ſting. With bolder rage
Pope next advances: his indignant arm
Waves the poetic brand o'er Timon's ſhades, 505

---

princely garden he had largely expatiated upon that adorned natural wildneſs which we now deem the eſſence of the art. The latter, on account of his having made this natural wildneſs the leading idea in his exquiſite deſcription of paradiſe. I here call Addiſon, Pope, Kent, &c. the Champions of this true taſte, becauſe they abſolutely brought it into execution. The beginning therefore of an actual reformation may be fixed at the time when the Spectator firſt appeared. The reader will find an excellent chapter upon this ſubject in the Pleaſures of the Imagination, publiſhed in N°. 414 of the Spectator; and alſo another paper written by the ſame hand, N°. 447; but perhaps nothing went further towards deſtroying the abſurd taſte of clipp'd evergreens than the fine ridicule upon them in the 173d Guardian, written by Mr. Pope.

It may not be amiſs to inform the reader in this place, that *the hiſtory of modern Gardening*, of which the nature of didactic poetry would admit here only an epiſodical ſketch, will ſhortly appear in a more extenſive and methodical form, written with that peculiar taſte and ſpirit which characterizes the pen of Mr. Walpole.

And lights them to deſtruction; the fierce blaze
Sweeps thro' each kindred Viſta; * Groves to Groves
Nod their fraternal farewell, and expire.
And now, elate with fair-earn'd victory,
The Bard retires, and on the Bank of Thames 510
Erects his flag of triumph; wild it waves
In verdant ſplendor, and beholds, and hails
The King of Rivers, as he rolls along.
KENT is his bold aſſociate, KENT who felt
The pencil's power: † but, fir'd by higher forms 515
Of Beauty, than that pencil knew to paint,
Work'd with the living hues that Nature lent,
And realiz'd his Landſcapes. Generous He,
Who

---

* See Mr. Pope's Epiſtle on falſe taſte, inſcribed to the Earl of Burlington. Few readers, I ſuppoſe, need be informed that this line alludes to the following Couplet:

> Grove nods to Grove, each alley has a brother,
> And half the platform juſt reflects the other.

† It is ſaid that Mr. Kent frequently declared he caught his taſte in gardening from reading the pictureſque deſcriptions of Spenſer. However this may be, the deſigns which he made for the works of that poet, are an inconteſtible proof, that they had no effect upon his executive powers as a painter.

Who gave to Painting, what the wayward Nymph
Refus'd her Votary, thoſe Elyſian ſcenes, 520
Which would ſhe emulate, her daring hand
Muſt laviſh all its energy ſublime.
On thee too, SOUTHCOTE, ſhall the Muſe beſtow
No vulgar praiſe: for thou to humbleſt things
Could'ſt give ennobling beauties; deck'd by thee, 525
* The ſimple Farm eclips'd the Garden's pride,
Ev'n as the virgin bluſh of innocence,
The harlotry of Art. Nor, SHENSTONE, thou
Shalt paſs without thy meed, thou ſon of peace!
Who knew'ſt, perchance, to harmonize thy ſhades 530
Still ſofter than thy ſong; yet was that ſong
Nor rude, nor inharmonious, when attun'd
To paſtoral plaint, or tale of ſlighted love.
HIM too, the living leader of thy powers,
Great Nature! him the Muſe ſhall hail in notes 535
Which antedate the praiſe true Genius claims

---

* Mr. Southcote was the introducer, or rather the inventor of the *Ferme orné*, for it may be preſumed that nothing more than the term is of French extraction.

From juſt Poſterity; Bards yet unborn
Shall pay to BROWN that tribute, fitlieſt paid
In ſtrains, the beauty of his ſcenes inſpire.

Meanwhile, ye youths! whoſe ſympathetic ſouls
Would taſte thoſe genuine charms, which faintly ſmile
In my deſcriptive ſong, O viſit oft
The finiſh'd ſcenes, that boaſt the forming hand
Of theſe creative Genii! feel ye there
What REYNOLDS felt, when firſt the Vatican
Unbarr'd her gates, and to his raptur'd eye
Gave Raphael's glories; feel what GARRICK felt,
When firſt he breath'd the ſoul of Shakeſpear's page.
So ſhall your Art, if call'd to grace a ſcene
Yet unadorn'd, with taſte inſtinctive give
Each grace appropriate; ſo your active eye
Shall dart that glance prophetic, which awakes
The ſlumbring Wood-nymphs; gladly ſhall they riſe
Oread, and Dryad, from their verdurous beds,
And fling their foliage, and arrange their ſtems,

As you, and beauty bid: the Naiad train,
Alike obſequious, from a thouſand urns
Shall pour their chryſtaline tide; while, hand in hand,
Vertumnus, and Pomona bring their ſtores,
Fruitage, and flowers of ev'ry bluſh, and ſcent, 560
Each varied ſeaſon yields; to you they bring
The fragrant tribute; ye, with generous hand,
Diffuſe the bleſſing wide, till Albion ſmile
One ample theatre of ſylvan Grace.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOKS

Publiſhed by the ſame AUTHOR,

And ſold by J. Dodsley, Pall-Mall, and T. Cadell, in the Strand, London; and J. Todd, in York.

The ENGLISH GARDEN, Book the Second, Quarto, 2d Edition, Price 2 s.

CARACTACUS, a Dramatic Poem, written on the Model of the Ancient Greek Tragedy, and ſince altered for Repreſentation at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, Price 1 s. 6d.

POEMS by Mr. Gray, to which are added MEMOIRS of his Life and Writings, by W. Mason, Four Volumes Octavo, Price 10 s. in boards.

In the Preſs, and ſpeedily will be publiſhed,

POEMS by W. Mason, M. A. 5th Edition, Price 5 s. bound.

THE
ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOOK THE SECOND.

[Price Two Shillings.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author printed a certain number of copies of this ſecond book laſt year to give to his friends, intending at that time to defer the Publication till he had completed the whole of his plan in four Books. His experience of the fraudulent Practices of certain Bookſellers has ſince intimated to him the danger of a Piracy; and therefore he has thought it expedient to reprint it, for public ſale. He has alſo entered it (as the act directs) in Stationers-Hall, in order ſo far to prevent a violation of his property as the Law will permit him to do; which, though it encourages an injured Author to proſecute, ſeems not (as it now ſtands) to give him damages from the delinquent, adequate to the injury he may ſuſtain.

THE

ENGLISH GARDEN:

A

POEM.

BOOK THE SECOND.

BY

W. MASON, M.A.

YORK:

Printed by A. WARD; and ſold by J. DODSLEY, Pall-Mall; T. CADELL,
in the Strand; and H. DENOYER, in Liſle-ſtreet, London: alſo
by J. TODD, in Stonegate, York.
M.DCC.LXXVII.

THE

ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOOK THE SECOND.

HAIL to the Art, that teaches Wealth and Pride
How to poſſeſs their wiſh, the world's applauſe,
Unmixt with blame! that bids Magnificence
Abate its meteor glare, and learn to ſhine
Benevolently mild; like her, the Queen
Of Night, who ſailing thro' autumnal ſkies,
Gives to the bearded product of the plain
Her ripening luſtre, lingering as ſhe rolls,
And glancing cool the ſalutary ray
Which fills the fields with plenty*. Hail that Art

---

* This ſimile, founded on the vulgar error concerning the Harveſt Moon, however falſe in philoſophy, may, it is hoped, be admitted in poetry.

Ye ſwains! for, hark! with lowings glad, your herds
Proclaim its influence, wandering o'er the lawns
Reſtor'd to them and Nature; now no more
Shall Fortune's Minion rob them of their right,
Or round his dull domain with lofty wall
Oppoſe their jocund preſence. Gothic Pomp
Frowns and retires, his proud beheſts are ſcorn'd;
Now Taſte inſpir'd by Truth exalts her voice,
And ſhe is heard. "Oh let not man miſdeem,
"Waſte is not Grandeur, Faſhion ill ſupplies
"My ſacred place, and Beauty ſcorns to dwell
"Where Uſe is exil'd." At the awful ſound
The terrace ſinks ſpontaneous; on the green,
Broider'd with criſped knots, the tonſile yews
Wither and fall; the fountain dares no more
To fling its waſted cryſtal thro' the ſky,
But pours ſalubrious o'er the parched lawn
Rills of fertility. Oh beſt of Arts
That works this happy change! true Alchymy,
Beyond the Roſicruſian boaſt, that turns

Deformity to grace, expence to gain,
And pleas'd returns to Earth's maternal lap
The long-loſt ſtores of AMALTHEA's horn.

When ſuch the theme, the Poet ſmiles ſecure
Of candid audience, and with touch aſſur'd
Reſumes his reed ASCRÆAN; eager he
To ply its warbling ſtops of various note
In Nature's cauſe, that Albion's liſtening youths,
Inform'd erewhile to ſcorn the long-drawn lines
Of ſtraight formality, alike may ſcorn
Thoſe quick, acute, perplex'd, and tangled paths,
That, like the ſnake cruſh'd by the ſharpen'd ſpade,
Writhe in convulſive torture, and full oft,
Thro' many a dank and unſunn'd labyrinth,
Miſlead our ſtep; till giddy, ſpent, and foil'd,
We reach the point where firſt our race began.
Theſe Fancy priz'd erroneous, what time Taſte,
An infant yet, firſt join'd her to deſtroy
The meaſur'd platform; into falſe extremes

What marvel if they ſtray'd, as yet unſkill'd
To mark the form of that peculiar curve,
Alike averſe to crooked and to ſtraight,
Where ſweet Simplicity reſides; which Grace
And Beauty call their own; whoſe lambent flow
Charms us at once with ſymmetry and eaſe.
'Tis Nature's curve, inſtinctively ſhe bids
Her tribes of Being trace it. Down the ſlope
Of yon wide field, ſee, with its gradual ſweep,
The ploughing ſteers conduct their fallow ridge;
The peaſant, driving thro' each ſhadowy lane
His team, that bends beneath th' incumbent weight
Of laughing CERES, marks it with his wheel;
At night, and morn, the milkmaid's careleſs ſtep
Has, thro' yon paſture green, from ſtile to ſtile,
Impreſt a kindred curve; the ſcudding hare
Draws to her dew-ſprent ſeat, o'er thymy heaths,
A path as gently waving; mark them well;
Compare, pronounce, that, varying but in ſize,
Their forms are kindred all; go then, convinc'd

That Art's unerring rule is only drawn
From Nature's ſacred ſource; a rule that guides
Her ev'ry toil; or, if ſhe ſhape the path,
Or ſcoop the lawn, or, gradual, lift the hill.
For not alone to that embelliſh'd walk,
Which leads to ev'ry beauty of the ſcene,
It yields a grace, but ſpreads its influence wide,
Preſcribes each form of thicket, copſe, or wood,
Confines the rivulet, and ſpreads the lake.

Yet ſhall this graceful line forget to pleaſe,
If border'd cloſe by ſidelong parallels,
Nor duly mixt with thoſe oppoſing curves
That give the charm of contraſt. Vainly Taſte
Draws thro' the grove her path in eaſieſt bend,
If, on the margin of its woody ſides,
The meaſur'd greenſward waves in kindred flow;
Oft let the turf recede, and oft approach,
With varied breadth, now ſink into the ſhade,
Now to the ſun its verdant boſom bare.

As vainly wilt thou lift the gradual hill
To meet thy right-hand view, if, to the left,
An equal hill aſcends; in this, and all
Be free, be various, as is Nature's ſelf.

For in her wildneſs is there oft an art,
Or ſeeming art, which, by poſition apt,
Arranges ſhapes unequal, ſo to ſave
That correſpondent poize, which unpreſerv'd
Would mock our gaze with airy vacancy.
Yet fair Variety, with all her powers,
Aſſiſts the Balance; 'gainſt the barren crag
She lifts the paſtur'd ſlope; to diſtant hills
Oppoſes neighb'ring ſhades; and, central oft,
Relieves the flatneſs of the lawn, or lake,
With ſtudded tuft, or iſland. So to poize
Her objects, mimic Art may oft attain;
She rules the foreground; ſhe can ſwell or ſink
Its ſurface; here her leafy ſcreen oppoſe,
And there withdraw; here part the varying greens,

And croud them there in one promiſcuous gloom,
As beſt befits the Genius of the ſcene.

Him then, that ſov'reign Genius, Monarch ſole, 110
Who, from creation's primal day, derives
His right divine to this his rural throne,
Approach with meet obeiſance; at his feet
Let our aw'd art fall proſtrate. They of Ind,
The Tartar tyrants, Tamerlane's proud race, 115
Or they in Perſia thron'd, who ſhake the rod
Of power o'er myriads of enervate ſlaves,
Expect not humbler homage to their pride
Than does this ſylvan Deſpot*. Yet to thoſe
Who do him loyal ſervice, who revere 120
His dignity, nor aim, with rebel arms,
At lawleſs uſurpation, is he found

---

* See Book the Firſt, line 84. See alſo Mr. Pope's Epiſtle to Lord Burlington, line 57,

Conſult the Genius of the place in all, &c.

A fundamental rule, which is here further enlarged upon from line 126.

Patient and placable, receives well pleas'd
Their tributary treaſures, nor diſdains
To blend them with his own internal ſtore.

Stands he in blank and deſolated ſtate,
Where yawning crags disjointed, ſharp, uncouth,
Involve him with pale horror? in the clefts
Thy welcome ſpade ſhall heap that foſt'ring mould
Whence ſapling Oaks may ſpring; whence cluſt'ring crouds
Of early underwood ſhall veil their ſides,
And teach their rugged heads above the ſhade
To tow'r in ſhapes romantic: Nor, around
Their flinty roots, ſhall ivy ſpare to hang
Its gadding tendrils, nor the moſs-grown turf,
With wild thyme ſprinkled, there refuſe to ſpread
Its verdure. Awful ſtill, yet not auſtere,
The Genius ſtands; bold is his port, and wild,
But not forlorn, nor ſavage. On ſome plain
Of tedious length, ſay, are his flat limbs laid?
Thy hand ſhall lift him from the dreary couch,

Pillowing his head with ſwelling hillocks green,
While, all around, a foreſt-curtain ſpreads
Its waving folds, and bleſſes his repoſe.
What, if perchance in ſome prolific ſoil, 145
Where Vegetation ſtrenuous, uncontroll'd,
Has puſh'd her pow'rs luxuriant, he now pines
For air and freedom? ſoon thy ſturdy axe,
Amid its intertwiſted foliage driv'n,
Shall open all his glades, and ingreſs give 150
To the bright darts of day; his priſon'd rills,
That darkling crept amid the ruſtling brakes,
Shall glitter as they glide, and his dank caves,
Free to ſalubrious Zephyrs, ceaſe to weep.
Meanwhile his ſhadowy pomp he ſtill retains, 155
His Dryads ſtill attend him; they alone
Of race plebeian baniſh'd, who to croud
Not grace his ſtate, their boughs obtruſive flung.

But chief conſult him ere thou dar'ſt decide
Th' appropriate bounds of Pleaſure, and of Uſe; 160

For Pleaſure, lawleſs robber, oft invades
Her neighbour's right, and turns to idle waſte
Her treaſures; curb her then in ſcanty bounds,
Whene'er the ſcene permits that juſt reſtraint:
The curb reſtrains not Beauty; ſov'reign ſhe 165
Still triumphs, ſtill unites each ſubject realm,
And bleſſes both impartial. Why then fear
Leſt, if thy fence contract the ſhaven lawn,
It does her wrong? She points a thouſand ways,
And each her own, to cure the needful ill. 170
Where'er it winds, and freely muſt it wind,
She bids, at ev'ry bend, thick-bloſſom'd tufts
Croud their inwoven'd tendrils; is there ſtill
A void? Lo Lebanon her cedar lends!
Lo all the ſtately progeny of Pines 175
Come, with their floating foliage richly robed,
To fill that void! meanwhile acroſs the mead
The wand'ring flocks that browſe between the ſhades,
Seem oft to paſs their bounds; the dubious eye
Decides not if they crop the mead or lawn. 180

Browſe then your fill, fond Foreſters! to you
Shall ſturdy Labour quit his daily taſk
Well pleas'd; nor longer o'er his uſeleſs plots
Dip in the dew the ſplendor of his ſcythe.
He, leaning on that ſcythe, with carols gay 185
Salutes his fleecy ſubſtitutes, that ruſh
In bleating chace to their delicious taſk,
And, ſpreading o'er the plain, with eager teeth
Devour it into verdure. Browſe your fill
Fond Foreſters! the ſoil that you enrich 190
Shall ſtill ſupply your morn and evening meal
With choiceſt delicates; whether you chooſe
The vernal blades, that riſe with ſeeded ſtem
Of hue purpureal; or the clover white,
That in a ſpiked ball collects its ſweets; 195
Or trembling feſcue: ev'ry fav'rite herb
Shall court your taſte, ye harmleſs epicures!
Meanwhile permit that with unheeded ſtep
I paſs beſide you, nor let idle fear
Spoil your repaſt, for know the lively ſcene, 200

That you ſtill more enliven, to my ſoul
Darts inſpiration, and impells the ſong
To roll in bolder deſcant; while, within,
A gleam of happineſs primæval ſeems
To ſnatch me back to joys my nature claim'd,
Ere vice defil'd, ere ſlavery ſunk the world;
And all was faith and freedom: Then was man
Creation's king, yet friend; and all that browſe
The plain, or ſkim the air, or dive the flood,
Paid him their liberal homage; paid unaw'd
In love accepted, ſympathetic love
That felt for all, and bleſt them with its ſmiles.
Then, nor the curling horn had learn'd to ſound
The ſavage ſong of chace; the barbed ſhaft
Had then no poiſon'd point; nor thou, fell tube!
Whoſe iron entrails hide the ſulphurous blaſt,
Satanic engine, knew'ſt the ruthleſs power
Of thundering death around thee. Then alike
Were ye innocuous thro' your ev'ry tribe,
Or brute, or reptile; nor by rage or guile

Had giv'n to injur'd man his only plea
(And that the tyrant's plea *) to work your harm.
Inſtinct, alas, like wayward Reaſon, now
Veers from its pole. There was a golden time
When each created being kept its ſphere 225
Appointed, nor infring'd its neighbour's right.
The flocks, to whom the graſſy lawn was giv'n,
Fed on its blades contented; now they cruſh
Each ſcion's tender ſhoots, and, at its birth,
Deſtroy, what, ſav'd from their remorſeleſs tooth, 230
Had been the tree of Jove. Ev'n while I ſing,
Yon wanton lamb has cropt the woodbine's pride,
That bent beneath a full-blown load of ſweets,
And fill'd the air with perfume; ſee it falls;
The buſy bees, with many a murmur ſad, 235
Hang o'er their honied loſs. Why is it thus?
Ah, why muſt Art defend the friendly ſhades
She rear'd to ſhield you from the noontide beam?

Traitors,

---

* Alluding to Milton.

So ſpake the Fiend, and with *neceſſity*,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his deviliſh deeds.
Paradiſe Loſt, book iv. line 393.

Traitors, forbear to wound them! ſay, ye fools!
Does your rich herbage fail? do acrid leaves 240
Afford you daintier food? I plead in vain;
For now the father of the fleecy troop
Begins his devaſtation, and his ewes
Croud to the ſpoil, with imitative zeal.

Since then, conſtrain'd, we muſt expel the flock 245
From where our ſaplings riſe, our flow'rets bloom,
The ſong ſhall teach, in clear preceptive notes,
How beſt to frame the Fence, and beſt to hide
All its foreſeen defects; defective ſtill,
Tho' hid with happieſt art. Ingrateful ſure 250
When ſuch the theme, beſeems the Poet's taſk:
Yet muſt he try, by modulation meet
Of varied cadence, and ſelected phraſe,
Exact yet free, without inflation bold,
To dignify the ſubject; try to form 255
That magic ſympathy of ſenſe with ſound
Which pictures all it ſings; while Grace awakes

At each bleſt touch, and, on the lowlieſt things,
Scatters her rainbow hues.—The firſt and beſt
Is that, which, ſinking from our eye, divides, 260
Yet ſeems not to divide the ſhaven lawn,
And parts it from the paſture; for if there
Sheep feed, or dappled deer, their wandering teeth
Will, ſmoothly as the ſcythe, the herbage ſhave,
And leave a kindred verdure. This to keep 265
Heed that thy labourer ſcoop the trench with care;
For ſome there are who give their ſpade repoſe,
When broad enough the perpendicular ſides
Divide, and deep deſcend: To form perchance
Some vulgar drain, ſuch labour may ſuffice, 270
Yet not for beauty: here thy range of wall
Muſt lift its height erect, and, o'er its head
A verdant veil of ſwelling turf expand,
While ſmoothly from its baſe with gradual eaſe
The paſture meets its level, at that point 275
Which beſt deludes our eye, and beſt conceals
Thy lawn's brief limit. Down ſo ſmooth a ſlope

The fleecy foragers will gladly browſe;
The velvet herbage free from weeds obſcene
Shall ſpread its equal carpet, and the trench
Be paſture to its baſe. Thus form thy fence
Of ſtone, for ſtone alone, and pil'd on high,
Beſt curbs the nimble deer, that love to range
Unlimited; but where tame heifers feed,
Or innocent ſheep, an humbler mound will ſerve
Unlin'd with ſtone, and but a green-ſwerd trench.
Here midway down, upon the nearer bank
Plant thy thick row of thorns, and, to defend
Their infant ſhoots, beneath, on oaken ſtakes,
Extend a rail of elm, ſecurely arm'd
With ſpiculated pailing, in ſuch ſort
As, round ſome citadel, the engineer
Directs his ſharp ſtoccade. But when the ſhoots
Condenſe, and interweave their prickly boughs
Impenetrable, then withdraw their guard,
They've done their office; ſcorn thou to retain,
What frowns like military art, in ſcenes,

Where Peace ſhould ſmile perpetual. Theſe deſtroy'd,
Make it thy vernal care, when April calls
New ſhoots to birth, to trim the hedge aſlaunt, 300
And mould it to the roundneſs of the mound,
Itſelf a ſhelving hill; nor need we here
The rule or line preciſe, a caſual glance
Suffices to direct the careleſs ſheers.

Yet learn, that each variety of ground 305
Claims its peculiar barrier. When the foſs
Can ſteal tranſverſe before the central eye,
'Tis duly drawn; but, up yon neighb'ring hill
That fronts the lawn direct, if labour delve
The yawning chaſm, 'twill meet, not croſs our view; 310
No foliage can conceal, no curve correct
The deep deformity. And yet thou mean'ſt
Up yonder hill to wind thy fragrant way,
And wiſely doſt thou mean; for its broad eye
Catches the ſudden charms of laughing vales, 315
Rude rocks and headlong ſtreams, and antique oaks

Loſt in a wild horizon; yet the path
That leads to all theſe charms expects defence:
Here then ſuſpend the ſportſman's hempen toils,
And ſtretch their meſhes on the light ſupport
Of hazel plants, or draw thy lines of wire
In fivefold parallel; no danger then
That ſheep invade thy foliage. To thy herds,
And paſtur'd ſteeds an opener fence oppoſe,
Form'd by a triple row of cordage ſtrong,
Tight drawn the ſtakes between. The ſimple deer
Is curb'd by mimic ſnares; the ſlendereſt twine *

---

* Linnæus makes this a characteriſtical property of the fallow deer; his words are, *arcetur filo horizontali.* (See Syſt. Nat. Art. *Dama.*) I have ſometimes ſeen feathers tied to this line for greater ſecurity, though perhaps unneceſſarily. They ſeem however to have been in uſe in Virgil's time from the following paſſage in the Georgicks:

Stant circumfuſa pruinis
Corpora magna boum: confertoque agmine cervi
Torpent mole novâ, et ſummis vix cornibus extant.
Hos non emiſſis canibus, non caſſibus ullis,
Puniceæve agitant pavidos formidine pennæ:
Sed fruſtra oppoſitum trudentes pectore montem
Cominus obtruncant ferro. GEORG. lib. 3. v. 368.

Ruæus's comment on the fifth line is as follows: *linea, aut funiculus erat, cui Plumæ implicabantur variis tinctæ coloribus, ad feras terrendas, ut in retia agerentur.* And a ſimile, which Virgil uſes in the twelfth book of the Æneid, v. 749, and another in Lucan, Pharſ. lib. 4. v. 437, clearly prove that the learned Jeſuit has rightly explained the paſſage.

(If ſages err not) that the Beldame ſpins,
When by her wintry lamp ſhe plies her wheel,
Arreſts his courage; his impetuous hoof,
Broad cheſt, and branching antlers nought avail;
In fearful gaze he ſtands; the nerves that bore
His bounding pride o'er lofty mounds of ſtone,
A ſingle thread defies. Such force has Fear,
When viſionary Fancy wakes the fiend,
In brute, or man, moſt powerful when moſt vain.

Still muſt the ſwain, who ſpreads theſe corded guards,
Expect their ſwift decay. The noontide beams
Relax, the nightly dews contract the twiſt.
Oft too the coward hare, then only bold
When miſchief prompts, or wintry famine pines,
Will quit her ruſh-grown form, and ſteal, with ear
Up-prick'd, to gnaw the toils; and oft the ram
And jutting ſteer drive their entangling horns
Thro' the frail meſhes, and, by many a chaſm,
Proclaim their hate of thraldom. Nothing brooks

Confinement, ſave degenerate Man alone,
Who deems a monarch's ſmile can gild his chains.
Tir'd then, perchance, of nets that daily claim
Thy renovating labour, thou wilt form,
With elm and oak, a ruſtic baluſtrade
Of firmeſt juncture; happy could thy toil
Make it as fair as firm; but vain the wiſh,
Aim not to grace, but hide its formal line.

Let thoſe, who weekly, from the city's ſmoke,
Croud to each neighb'ring hamlet, there to hold
Their duſty ſabbath, tip with gold and red
The milk-white paliſades, that Gothic now,
And now Chineſe, now neither, and yet both,
Checquer their trim domain. Thy ſylvan ſcene
Would fade, indignant at the tawdry glare.

Come then, thou handmaid of that ſiſter Muſe!
Who, when ſhe calls to life and local form
Her mind's creation, on thy aid depends

For half her mimic power; ſweet Colouring! come, 365
Lend thy deluſive help, and pleas'd deſcend
Ev'n to thy meaneſt office; grind, compound,
Decide, what kindred hues may ſureſt veil
The barrier rude, and loſe it in the lawn.

She comes, and firſt, with ſnowy ceruſe, joins 370
The ochr'ous atoms that chalybeate rills
Waſh from their mineral channels, as they glide,
In flakes of earthly gold; with theſe unites
A tinge of blue, or that deep azure gray,
Form'd from the calcin'd fibres of the vine; 375
And, if ſhe blends, with ſparing hand ſhe blends
That baſe metallic drug then only priz'd,
When, aided by the humid touch of Time,
It gives a Nero's or ſome tyrant's cheek,
Its precious canker. Theſe with fluent oil 380
Attemper'd, on thy length'ning rail ſhall ſpread
That ſober olive-green which nature wears
Ev'n on her vernal boſom; nor miſdeem,

For that, illumin'd with the noontide ray,
She boaſts a brighter garment, therefore Art
A livelier verdure to thy aid ſhould bring.
Know when that Art, with ev'ry varied hue,
Portrays the living landſcape; when her hand
Commands the canvaſs plane to glide with ſtreams,
To wave the foliage, or with flowers to breathe,
Cool olive tints, in ſoft gradation laid,
Create the general herbage: there alone,
Where darts, with vivid force, the ray ſupreme,
Unſullied verdure reigns; and tells our eye
It ſtole its bright reflection from the ſun.

The paint is ſpread; the barrier pales retire,
Snatch'd, as by magic, from the gazer's view.
So, when the ſable enſign of the night,
Unfurl'd by miſt-impelling Eurus, veils
The laſt red radiance of declining day,
Each ſcatter'd village, and each holy ſpire
That deck'd the diſtance of the ſylvan ſcene,

Are ſunk in ſudden gloom: The plodding hind,
That homeward hies, kens not the chearing ſite
Of his calm cabbin, which, a moment paſt, 405
Stream'd from its roof an azure curl of ſmoke,
Beneath the ſheltering coppice, and gave ſign
Of warm domeſtic welcome from his toil.

Nor is that Cot, of which fond Fancy draws
This caſual picture, alien from our theme. 410
Reviſit it at morn; its opening latch,
Tho' Penury and Toil within reſide,
Shall pour thee forth a youthful progeny
Glowing with health and beauty: (ſuch the dower
Of equal heav'n) ſee, how the ruddy tribe 415
Throng round the threſhold, and, with vacant gaze,
Salute thee; call the loiterers into uſe,
And form of theſe thy fence, the living fence
That graces what it guards. Thou think'ſt, perchance,
That, ſkill'd in nature's heraldry, thy art 420
Has, in the limits of yon fragrant tuft,

Marſhall'd each roſe, that to the eye of June
Spreads its peculiar crimſon; do not err,
The lovelieſt ſtill is wanting; the freſh roſe
Of Innocence, it bloſſoms on their cheek, 425
And, lo, to thee they bear it! ſtriving each,
In panting race, who firſt ſhall reach the lawn,
Proud to be call'd thy ſhepherds. Want, alas!
Has o'er their little limbs her livery hung,
In many a tatter'd fold, yet ſtill thoſe limbs 430
Are ſhapely; their rude locks ſtart from their brow,
Yet, on that open brow, its deareſt throne,
Sits ſweet Simplicity. Ah, clothe the troop
In ſuch a ruſſet garb as beſt befits
Their paſtoral office; let the leathern ſcrip 435
Swing at their ſide, tip thou their crook with ſteel,
And braid their hat with ruſhes, then to each
Aſſign his ſtation; at the cloſe of eve,
Be it their care to pen in hurdled cote
The flock, and when the matin prime returns, 440
Their care to ſet them free; yet watching ſtill

The liberty they lend, oft ſhalt thou hear
Their whiſtle ſhrill, and oft their faithful dog
Shall with obedient barkings fright the flock
From wrong or robbery. The livelong day
Meantime rolls lightly o'er their happy heads;
They baſk on ſunny hillocks, or deſport
In ruſtic paſtime, while that lovelieſt grace,
Which only lives in action unreſtrain'd,
To ev'ry ſimple geſture lends a charm.

Pride of the year, purpureal Spring! attend,
And, in the cheeks of theſe ſweet innocents
Behold your beauties pictur'd. As the cloud
That weeps its moment from thy ſapphire heav'n,
They frown with cauſeleſs ſorrow; as the beam,
Gilding that cloud, with cauſeleſs mirth they ſmile.
Stay, pitying Time! prolong their vernal bliſs.
Alas! ere we can note it in our ſong,
Comes manhood's feveriſh ſummer, chill'd full ſoon

By cold autumnal care, till wintry age 460
Sinks in the frore ſeverity of death.

Ah! who, when ſuch life's momentary dream,
Would mix in hireling ſenates, ſtrenuous there
To cruſh the venal Hydra, whoſe fell creſts
Riſe with recruited venom from the wound! 465
Who, for ſo vain a conflict, would forego
Thy ſylvan haunts, celeſtial Solitude!
Where ſelf-improvement, crown'd with ſelf-content,
Await to bleſs thy votary. Nurtur'd thus
In tranquil groves, liſt'ning to nature's voice, 470
That preach'd from whiſpering trees, and babbling brooks,
A leſſon ſeldom learnt in reaſon's ſchool,
The wiſe Sidonian liv'd*: and, tho' the peſt
Of lawleſs tyranny around him rag'd;
Tho' Strato, great alone in Perſia's gold, 475

---

* Abdalominus. The fact, on which this epiſode is founded, is recorded by Diodorus Siculus, Plutarch, Juſtin, and Q. Curtius; the laſt is here chiefly followed. M. de Fontenelle and the Abbé Metaſtaſio have both of them treated the ſubject dramatically.

Uncall'd, unhallow'd by the people's choice,
Uſurp'd the throne of his brave anceſtors;
Yet was his ſoul all peace; a garden's care
His only thought, its charms his only pride.

But now the conquering arms of Macedon
Had humbled Perſia. Now Phænicia's realm
Receives the Son of Ammon; at whoſe frown
Her tributary kings or quit their thrones,
Or at his ſmile retain; and Sidon, now
Freed from her tyrant, points the Victor's ſtep
To where her rightful Sov'reign, doubly dear
By birth and virtue, prun'd his garden grove.

'Twas at that early hour, when now the Sun
Behind majeſtic Lebanon's dark veil
Hid his aſcending ſplendour; yet thro' each
Her cedar-veſted ſides, his ſlaunting beams
Shot to the ſtrand, and purpled all the main;
Where Commerce ſaw her Sidon's freighted wealth,

With languid ſtreamers, and with folded ſails,
Float in a lake of gold. The wind was huſh'd;
And, to the beech, each ſlowly-lifted wave,
Creeping with ſilver curl, juſt kiſt the ſhore,
And ſlept in ſilence. At this tranquil hour
Did Sidon's ſenate, and the Grecian hoſt,
Led by the conqueror of the world, approach
The ſecret glade that veil'd the man of toil.

Now near the mountain's foot the chief arriv'd,
Where, round that glade, a pointed aloe ſcreen,
Entwin'd with myrtle, met in tangled brakes,
That bar'd all entrance, ſave at one low gate,
Whoſe time-disjointed arch with ivy chain'd,
Bad ſtoop the warrior train. A pathway brown
Led thro' the paſs, meeting a fretful brook,
And wandering near its channel, while it leapt
O'er many a rocky fragment, where rude Art
Perchance had help'd, but not preſcrib'd its way.

Cloſe was the vale and ſhady; yet, erelong
Its foreſt ſides retiring, left a lawn
Of ample circuit, where the widening ſtream
Now, o'er its pebbled channel, nimbly tript
In many a lucid maze. From the flower'd verge
Of this clear rill now ſtray'd the devious path,
Amid ambroſial tufts where ſpicy plants,
Weeping their perfum'd tears of myrrh, and nard,
Stood crown'd with Sharon's roſe; or where, apart,
The patriarch Palm his load of ſugar'd dates
Shower'd plenteous; where the Fig, of ſtandard ſtrength,
And rich Pomegranate wrapt, in dulcet pulp,
Their racy ſeeds; or where, with golden fruit
Mature, the Citron wav'd its ſplendid bough:
Meanwhile the lawn beneath the ſcatter'd ſhade
Spread its ſerene extent; a ſtately file
Of circling Cypreſs mark'd the diſtant bound.

Now, to the left, the path aſcending pierc'd
A ſmaller ſylvan theatre, yet deck'd

With more majeſtic foliage. Cedars here,
Coeval with the ſky-crown'd mountain's ſelf,
Spread wide their giant arms; whence, from a rock
Craggy and black, that ſeem'd its fountain head,
The ſtream fell headlong; yet ſtill higher roſe, 535
Ev'n in th' eternal ſnow of Lebanon,
That hallow'd ſpring; thence, in the porous earth
Long while ingulph'd, its cryſtal weight here forc'd
Its way to light and freedom. Down it daſh'd;
A bed of native marble pure, receiv'd 540
The new-born Naiad, and repos'd her wave,
Till with o'er-flowing pride it ſkim'd the lawn.

Fronting this lake there roſe a ſolemn grot,
O'er which an ancient vine luxuriant flung
Its purple cluſters, and beneath its roof 545
An unhewn altar. Rich Sabæan gums
That altar pil'd, and there with torch of pine
The venerable Sage, now firſt deſcry'd,
The fragrant incenſe kindled. Age had ſhed

That duſt of ſilver o'er his ſable locks,
Which ſpoke his ſtrength mature beyond its prime,
Yet vigorous ſtill, for from his healthy cheek
Time had not cropt a roſe, or on his brow
One wrinkling furrow plow'd; his eagle eye
Had all its youthful lightning, and each limb
The ſinewy ſtrength that toil demands and gives.

The warrior ſaw and paus'd: his nod withheld
The crowd at awful diſtance, where their ears,
In mute attention, drank the ſage's prayer.
" Parent of good (he cried) behold the gifts
" Thy humble votary brings, and may thy ſmile
" Hallow his cuſtom'd offering. Let the hand
" That deals in blood, with blood thy ſhrines diſtain,
" Be mine this harmleſs tribute. If it ſpeaks
" A grateful heart, can hecatombs do more?
" Parent of Good! they cannot. Purple Pomp
" May call thy preſence to a prouder fane
" Than this poor cave; but will thy preſence there

" Be more devoutly felt? Parent of Good!
" It will not. Here then, ſhall the proſtrate heart,
" That deeply feels thy preſence, lift its pray'r. —
" But what has he to aſk who nothing needs,
" Save, what unaſk'd, is, from thy heav'n of heav'ns
" Giv'n in diurnal good? Yet, holy Power!
" Do all that call thee Father thus exult
" In thy propitious preſence? Sidon ſinks
" Beneath a tyrant's ſcourge. Parent of Good!
" Oh free my captive country."—Sudden here
He paus'd and ſigh'd. And now, the raptur'd crowd
Murmur'd applauſe: he heard, he turn'd, and ſaw
The King of Macedon with eager ſtep
Burſt from his warrior phalanx. From the youth,
Who bore its ſtate, the conqueror's own right hand
Snatch'd the rich wreath, and bound it on his brow.
His ſwift attendants o'er his ſhoulders caſt
The robe of empire, while the trumpet's voice
Proclaim'd him king of Sidon. Stern he ſtood,
Or, if he ſmil'd, 'twas a contemptuous ſmile,

That held the pageant honours in diſdain.
Then burſt the people's voice, in loud acclaim,
And bad him be their Father. At the word,
The honour'd blood, that warm'd him, fluſh'd his cheek;
His brow expanded; his exalted ſtep
March'd firmer; graciouſly he bow'd the head,
And was the Sire they call'd him. "Tell me, King,"
Young Ammon cried, while o'er his bright'ning form
He caſt the gaze of wonder, "how a ſoul
"Like thine could bear the toils of Penury?"
"Oh grant me, Gods!" he anſwer'd, "ſo to bear
"This load of Royalty. My toil was crown'd
"With bleſſings loſt to Kings; yet, righteous Powers!
"If to my country ye transfer the boon,
"I triumph in the loſs. Be mine the chains
"That fetter Sov'reignty; let Sidon ſmile
"With, your beſt bleſſings, Liberty and Peace."

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOKS

Publiſhed by the ſame AUTHOR,

Printed for, and ſold by, J. DODSLEY, Pall-Mall, and
T. CADELL, in the Strand, London; and J. TODD,
York.

The ENGLISH GARDEN, Book firſt, Quarto, 2d Edit. Price 2s.

CARACTACUS, a Dramatic Poem, written on the Model of the Ancient Greek Tragedy, and ſince altered for Repreſentation at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, Price 1 s. 6d.

POEMS by W. MASON, M. A. 4th Edit. Price 5s. bound.

POEMS by Mr. GRAY, to which are prefix'd, MEMOIRS of his Life and Writings, by W. MASON, Quarto, 2d Edit. Price 15 s. in Boards.

THE

ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOOK THE THIRD.

[Price Two Shillings.]

THE

ENGLISH GARDEN:

A

POEM.

BOOK THE THIRD.

BY

W. MASON, M. A.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY H. GOLDNEY,

FOR J. DODSLEY IN PALL-MALL, AND T. CADELL IN THE STRAND,

AND SOLD BY J. TODD, IN STONEGATE, YORK.

MDCCLXXIX.

THE

ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CLOS'D is that curious ear, by Death's cold hand,
That mark'd each error of my careleſs ſtrain
With kind ſeverity; to whom my Muſe
Still lov'd to whiſper, what ſhe meant to ſing
In louder accent; to whoſe taſte ſupreme
She firſt and laſt appeal'd, nor wiſh'd for praiſe,
Save when his ſmile was herald to her fame.
Yes, thou art gone; yet Friendſhip's fault'ring tongue
Invokes thee ſtill; and ſtill, by Fancy ſooth'd,
Fain would ſhe hope her GRAY attends the call.

Why then, alas! place I the funeral urn,
The ſculptur'd lyre, within this ſylvan dome, *
And fix this votive tablet, fair inſcrib'd
With numbers worthy thee, for they are thine?
Why, if thou hearſt me ſtill, theſe ſymbols ſad
Of fond memorial? ah! my penſive ſoul!
He hears not now, nor ever more ſhall hear
The theme his candour, not his taſte approv'd.

Oft, ſmiling as in ſcorn, oft would he cry,
" Why waſte thy numbers on a trivial art,
" That ill can mimic even the humbleſt charms
" Of all majeſtic Nature?" at the word

His

* Mr. Gray died July 31ſt, 1771. This book was begun a few months after. The three following lines allude to a ruſtic alcove the author was then building in his garden, in which he placed a medallion of his friend, and an urn. A lyre over the entrance with the motto from Pindar, which Mr. Gray had prefixt to his Odes ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙ, and under it on a tablet this ſtanza, taken from the firſt edition of his Elegy written in a country church-yard.

Here ſcatter'd oft, the lovlieſt of the year,
By hands unſeen, are ſhowers of violets found;
The Redbreaſt loves to build and warble *here*,
And little footſteps lightly print the ground.

His eye would gliſten, and his accents glow
With all the poets frenzy, " Sov'reign Queen!
" Behold, and tremble! while thou view'ſt her ſtate
" Thron'd on the heights of Skiddaw; call thy art
" To build her ſuch a throne; that art will ſink
" To its primeval nothing. Trace her march
" Amid the purple craggs of Borrowdale;
" And try like thoſe to pile thy range of rock
" In rude tumultuous chaos. See! ſhe mounts
" Her naiad car, and, down Lodore's dread cliff,
" Falls many a fathom with the headlong ſtream;
" Falls, like the Bard my fabling fancy hurl'd
" From the rough brow that frown'd o'er Conway's flood;
" Yet not like him to plunge in endleſs night;
" For, on its boiling boſom, ſtill ſhe guides
" Her buoyant ſhell, and leads the wave along,
" Or ſpreads it broad, a river, or a lake,
" As ſuits her ſov'reign pleaſure; will thy ſong
" E'er brace the ſinews of enervate art
" To ſuch dread daring? will it ev'n direct

" Her hand to emulate thoſe ſofter charms
" That deck the banks of Dove, or call to birth
" The bare romantic craggs, and copſes green, 45
" That ſidelong grace her circuit? whence the rills,
" Bright in their chryſtal purity, deſcend
" To meet their ſparkling Queen, around each fount
" The haw-thorns croud, and knit their bloſſom'd ſprays
" To keep their ſources ſacred. Here, even here, 50
" Thy art, each active ſinew ſtrain'd in vain,
" Would periſh in it's pride. Far rather thou
" Confeſs her ſcanty power, correct, controul,
" Tell her how far, nor farther, ſhe may go,
" And rein with Reaſon's curb fantaſtic Taſte." 55

Yes I will hear thee, dear lamented Shade,
Each accent ſhall retentive memory ſtamp
On her true tablet; what remains unſung,
As if ſtill guided by thy judgment ſage,
As if ſtill model'd to thy curious ear, 60
Shall flow with varied cadence: ſo ſhall praiſe,

If ought of praiſe the verſe I weave may claim,
From juſt Poſterity reward my ſong.

Erewhile to trace the path, to form the fence,
To mark the deſtin'd limits of the lawn,
The Muſe, with meaſur'd ſtep preceptive, pac'd.
Now from the ſurface with impatient flight
She mounts, Sylvanus! o'er thy world of ſhade
To ſpread her pinions. Open all thy glades,
Greet her from all thy ecchoes. Orpheus like,
Arm'd with the ſpell of harmony ſhe comes,
To lead thy foreſts forth to lovlier ſcenes,
Where Fancy waits to fix them; from the dells
Where now they lurk ſhe calls them to poſſeſs
Conſpicuous ſtations; to their varied forms
Allots congenial place; ſelects, divides,
And blends anew in one Elyzian whole.

Yet, while I thus exult, my weak tongue feels
The lack of antient phraſe which, ſpeaking, paints,

And is the thing it ſings. Ah Virgil! why
Leftſt thou this theme to grate on modern reed?
Why not array it in the radiant robe
Of thy rich diction, give it to the guard
Of Fame thy hand-maid, whoſe immortal plume
Had born its praiſe beyond the bounds of Time?

Countleſs is Vegetation's verdant brood
As are the ſtars that ſtud yon cope of heaven;
To marſhal all her tribes, in order'd file
Generic, or ſpecific, might demand
His ſcience, wond'rous Swede, whoſe ample mind,
Like antient Tadmor's philoſophic king,
Stretch'd from the Hyſſop creeping on the wall
To Lebanon's proudeſt cedars. Skill like this,
Which ſpans a copious third of Nature's realm,
Our art requires not, ſedulous alone
To note thoſe general properties of ſhape,
Dimenſion, growth, duration, ſtrength, and hue,
Then firſt impreſt, when, at the dawn of time,

The form-deciding life-inſpiring word
Pronounc'd them into being. Theſe prime marks, 100
Diſtinctive, docile Memory makes her own,
That each their ſhadowy ſuccour may ſupply
To her wiſh'd purpoſe; firſt, as firſt beſeems,
To veil whate'er of wall, or fence uncouth
Offends the eye, which tyrant Uſe has rear'd, 105
And ſtern Neceſſity forbids to change.

Lur'd with their haſty ſprouts, and branching ſtems,
Planters there are who chuſe the race of Pine
For this great end, erroneous; witleſs they
That, as their arrowy heads aſſault the ſky, 110
They leave their ſhafts unfeather'd; rather thou
Select the ſhrubs that, patient of the knife,
Will thank thee for the wound, the hardy Thorn,
Holly, or Box, Privet, or Pyracanth.
They, thickening from their baſe, with tenfold ſhade 115
Will ſoon repleniſh all thy judgment prun'd.

But chief, with willing aid, her glittering green
Shall England's Laurel bring; ſwift ſhall ſhe ſpread
Her broad-leav'd ſhade, and float it fair, and wide,
Proud to be call'd an inmate of the ſoil.
Let England prize this daughter of the Eaſt *
Beyond that Latian plant, of kindred name,
That wreath'd the head of Julius; baſely twin'd
Its flattering foliage on the traitor's brow
Who cruſh'd his country's freedom. Sacred tree
Ne'er be your brighter verdure thus debas'd!
Far happier thou, in this ſequeſter'd bower,
To ſhroud thy Poet, who, with foſt'ring hand,
Here bad thee flouriſh, and with grateful ſtrain
Now chaunts the praiſe of thy maturer bloom.
And happier far that Poet, if, ſecure
His Hearth and Altars from the pilfering ſlaves

---

* Our common laurel was firſt brought into the low countrys A. D. 1576, (together with the horſe cheſnut) from Conſtantinople, as a preſent from David Ungnad, the imperial Ambaſſador in Turkey, to Cluſius the famous Botaniſt. It was ſent him by the name of Trabiſon-Curmaſi, or the Date of Trebiſond, but he named it Lauro-Ceraſus.

Of Power, his little eve of lonely life
May here ſteal on, bleſt with the heartfelt calm
That competence and liberty inſpire. 135

Nor are the plants which England calls her own
Few, or unlovely, that, with laurel join'd,
And kindred foliage of perennial green,
Will form a cloſe-knit curtain. Shrubs there are
Of bolder growth, that, at the Spring's firſt call, 140
Burſt forth in bloſſom'd fragrance. Lilacs rob'd
In ſnow-white innocence, or purple pride,
The ſweet Syringa yielding but in ſcent
To the rich Orange, or the woodbine wild
That loves to hang, on barren boughs remote 145
Her wreaths of flowery perfume. Theſe beſide
Myriads, that here the Muſe neglects to name,
Will add a vernal luſtre to thy veil.

And what if chance collects the varied tribes,
Yet fear not thou but unexpected charms 150

Will from their union ſtart. But if our ſong
Supply one precept here, it bids retire
Each leaf of deeper dye, and lift in front
Foliage of paler verdure, ſo to ſpread
A canvas, which when touch'd by Autumn's hand 151
Shall gleam with duſky-gold, or ruſſet rays.
But why prepare for her funereal hand
That canvas? ſhe but comes to dreſs thy ſhades,
As lovelier victims for their wintry tomb;
Rather to flowery ſpring, to ſummer bright, 160
Thy labours conſecrate; their laughing reign,
The youth, the manhood of the growing year,
Deſerves thy labour, and rewards it's pain.
Yet, heedful ever of that ruthleſs time
When Winter ſhakes their ſtems, preſerve a file 165
With everduring leaf to brave his arm
And deepening ſpread their undiminiſh'd gloom.

But, if the tall defect demands a ſcreen
Of foreſt ſhade high-tow'ring, ſome broad roof

Perchance of glaring tile that guards the ſtores
Of Ceres, or the patch'd disjointed choir
Of ſome old Fane, whoſe ſteeple's Gothic pride
Or pinnacled, or ſpir'd, would bolder riſe
" In tufted trees high boſom'd." Here allot
Convenient ſpace to plant that lofty tribe
Behind thy underwood, leſt, o'er it's head
The foreſt tyrants ſhake their lordly arms,
And ſhed their baleful dew. Each plant that ſprings
Holds, like the people of ſome freeborn ſtate,
Its rights fair franchis'd; rooted to a ſpot
It yet has claim to air; from liberal heav'n
It yet has claim to ſunſhine, and to ſhowers:
Air, ſhowers, and ſunſhine are it's liberty.

That liberty ſecur'd, a general ſhade
Denſe, and impervious to thy wiſh ſhall riſe
To hide each form uncouth; and, this obtain'd,
All elſe we from the Dryad race implore
Is Grace, is Ornament. For ſee our lawn

Though cloath'd with ſofteſt verdure, though reliev'd
By many a gentle fall and eaſy ſwell,
Expects that harmony of light, and ſhade,
Which foliage only gives. Come then, ye plants!
That, like the village troop when Maia dawns,
Delight to mingle ſocial; to the creſt
Of yonder brow we ſafely may conduct
Your numerous train, no eye obſtructed there
Will blame your interpos'd ſociety;
But, on the plain below, in ſingle ſtems
Diſparted, or in ſparing groups diſtinct,
Wide muſt ye ſtand, in wild, diſorder'd mood,
As if the ſeeds from which your ſcyons ſprang
Had there been ſcatter'd from the affrighted beak
Of ſome maternal bird whom the fierce Hawk
Purſued with felon claw. Her young meanwhile
Callow, and cold, from their moſs-woven neſt
Peep forth; they ſtretch their little eager throats
Broad to the wind, and plead to the lone ſpray
Their famiſh'd plaint importunately ſhrill.

Yet in this wild diſorder Art preſides,
Deſigns, corrects, and regulates the whole, 210
Herſelf the while unſeen. No cedar broad
Drops his dark curtain where a diſtant ſcene
Demands diſtinction. Here the thin abele
Of lofty bole, and bare; the ſmooth-ſtem'd beech,
Or ſlender alder give our eye free ſpace 215
Beneath their boughs to catch each leſſening charm
Ev'n to the far horizon's azure bound.

Nor will that ſov'reign Arbitreſs admit,
Where'er her nod decrees a maſs of ſhade,
Plants of diſcordant ſort, unequal ſize, 220
Or rul'd by Foliation's different law;
Studious, with juſt ſelection, thoſe to join
That earlieſt flouriſh, and that lateſt fade.

Nor will that ſov'reign Arbitreſs devote
To ſtrange, and alien ſoils, her ſeedling ſtems; 225
Fix the dank ſallow on the mountain's brow,

Or, to the moſs-grown margin of the lake,
Bid the dry pine deſcend. From Nature's laws
She draws her own: Nature and ſhe are one.

Nor will that ſovereign Arbitreſs ſelect,
For objects interpos'd, the pigmy race
Of ſhrubs, or ſcatter with unmeaning hand
Their offspring o'er the lawn, ſcorning to patch
With many a meagre and disjointed tuft
Its ſober ſurface: ſidelong to her path
And poliſh'd foreground ſhe confines their growth
Where o'er their heads the liberal eye may range.

Nor will that ſov'reign arbitreſs, intent
To form one perfect whole, forego that aim
To give exotic wonders to our gaze.
She knows and truſts not in the faithleſs train:
Sagely ſhe calls on thoſe of hardy claſs
Indigenous, who, patient of the change
From heat to cold which Albion hourly feels,

Are brac'd with ſtrength to brave it. Theſe alone 245
She plants, and prunes, nor grieves if nicer eyes
Pronounce them vulgar. Theſe ſhe calls her friends,
That veteran troop who will not for a blaſt
Of nipping air like cowards quit the field.

Far to the north of thy imperial towers 250
Auguſta; in that wild and Alpine vale
Through which the Swale by mountain-torrents ſwell'd
Flings his redundant ſtream, there liv'd a youth
Of poliſh'd manners; ample his domain,
And fair the ſcite of his paternal dome. 255
He lov'd the art I ſing, a deep adept
In Nature's ſtory, well he knew the names
Of all her verdant lineage, yet that ſkill
Miſled his taſte; ſcornful of every bloom
That ſpread ſpontaneous, from remoteſt Ind 260
He brought his foliage; careleſs of its coſt,
Ev'n of its beauty careleſs; it was rare,
And therefore beauteous. Now his laurel ſcreen,

With roſe and woodbine negligently wove,
Bows to the ax; the rich Magnolias claim 265
The ſtation; now Herculean Beeches fell'd
Reſign their rights, and warm Virginia ſends
Her cedars to uſurp them; the proud Oak
Himſelf, ev'n He the ſov'reign of the ſhade,
Yields to the Fir that drips with Gilead's balm. 270
Now Albion gaze at glorys not thy own!
Pauſe rapid Swale! and ſee thy margin crown'd
With all the pride of Ganges: vernal ſhowers
Have fix'd their roots, nutricious ſummer ſuns
Favor'd their growth, and mildeſt autumn ſmil'd 275
Benignant o'er them; vigorous, fair, and tall,
They waft a gale of ſpices o'er the plain.
But Winter comes, and with him watry Jove,
And with him Boreas in his frozen ſhroud:
The ſavage ſpirit of old Swale is rous'd; 280
He howls amid his foam. At the dread ſight
The Aliens ſtand aghaſt; they bow their heads;
In vain the glaſſy penthouſe is ſupply'd,

The pelting ſtorm with icy bullets breaks
Its fragile barrier, ſee, they fade, they die. 285

Warn'd by his error, let the Planter ſlight
Theſe ſhiv'ring rarities, or if, to pleaſe
Faſtidious Faſhion, he muſt needs allot
Some ſpace for foreign foliage, let him chuſe
A ſidelong glade, ſhelter'd from eaſt and north, 290
And free to ſouthern and to weſtern gales;
There let him fix their ſtation, thither wind
Some devious path, that, from the general whole
Detach'd, may lead to where they ſafely bloom.
So in the web of epic ſong ſublime 295
The Bard Mæonian interweaves the charm
Of gentle epiſode, yet leaves unbroke
The golden thread of his majeſtic theme.

What elſe to ſhun of formal, falſe, or vain,
Of long-lin'd Viſtas, or plantations quaint 300
Our former ſtrains have taught: Inſtruction now

Withdraws; ſhe knows her limits; knows that Grace
Is caught by ſtrong perception, not from rules;
That undreſt Nature claims for all her limbs
Some ſimple garb peculiar, which, howe'er
Diſtant their ſize and ſhape, is ſimple ſtill:
This garb to chuſe, with clothing denſe, or thin,
A part to hide, another to adorn,
Is Taſte's important taſk; preceptive ſong
From error in the choice can only warn.

But vain that warning voice; vain ev'ry aid
Of Genius, Judgment, Fancy to ſecure
The Planter's laſting fame. There is a power,
A hidden power, at once his friend, and foe,
Tis Vegetation. Gradual to his groves
She gives their wiſh'd effect. O! for an arm
Supernal there to check her—impious wiſh!
She is high heaven's Vicegerent; ſhe muſt ſhape,
Muſt ſhoot, muſt ſwell each fibre as ſhe liſts,
Muſt reign in wild luxuriance. Happier far

Are you, ye ſons of Claude! who from the mine,
The earth, or juice of herb or flower concrete,
Mingle the maſs whence your Arcadia's ſpring;
The graceful outline of your pictur'd trees
Still keeps the bound you gave it; Time that pales
Your vivid hues, reſpects your pleaſing forms.
Not ſo our Landſcapes; though we paint like you,
We paint with growing colours; ev'ry year,
O'erpaſſing that which gives the breadth of ſhade
We ſought, by rude addition, mars our ſcene.

Rouſe then, ye Hinds! e'er yet yon cloſing boughs
Blot out the purple diſtance, rouſe ye ſoon,
Prevent the ſpreading evil. Thin the glades,
While yet of ſlender ſize each ſtem will thrive
Tranſplanted. Twice repeat the annual toil;
Nor let the ax its beak, the ſaw its tooth
Refrain, whene'er ſome random branch has ſtray'd
Beyond the bounds of beauty; elſe full ſoon,

Ev'n e'er the Planter's life has paſt its prime,
Will Albion's garden frown an Indian wild.

Forboding Fears avaunt! be ours to urge
Each preſent purpoſe by what favoring means
May work its end deſign'd. Why deprecate
The change that waits on ſublunary things,
Sad lot of their exiſtence? ſhall we pauſe
To give the charm of Water to our ſcene,
Becauſe the congregated rains may ſwell
Its tide into a flood? becauſe yon Sun
Now mounts the Lion; to his burning noon
Impells him; ſhaking from his fiery mane
A heat may parch its channel; O, ye caves,
Deepen your dripping roofs! this feveriſh hour *
Claims all your coolneſs. In your humid cells
Permit me to forget the Planter's toil;

---

* Theſe lines were written in June, 1778, when it was remarkably hot weather.

And, while I woo your Naiads to my aid, 355
Involve me in impenetrable gloom.

Bleſt be the Man (if bliſs be human boaſt)
Whoſe fertile ſoil is waſh'd with frequent ſtreams,
And ſprings ſalubrious. He diſdains to toſs
In rainbow dews their chryſtal to the ſun; 360
Or ſink, in ſubterranean ciſterns deep;
That ſo, through leaden ſyphons upward drawn,
Thoſe ſtreams may leap fantaſtic. He his ear
Shuts to the tuneful trifling of the Bard, *
Who trick'd a gothic theme with claſſic flowers, 365
And ſung of Fountains burſting from the ſhells
Of brazen Tritons, ſpouting through the jaws
" Of Gorgons, Hydras, and Chimæras dire."

---

* René Rapin, a learned Jeſuit of the laſt century, who writ a didactic Latin Poem on Gardens, in four books, by way of ſupplement to Virgil's Georgics. The third book treats the ſubject of water, or more properly of waterworks, for it is entirely made up of deſcriptions of Jet d'eaux, and ſuch ſort of artificial baubles.

Peace to his Manes! let the Nymphs of Seine
Cheriſh his fame. Thy Poet, Albion, ſcorns,
Ev'n for a cold unconſcious element,
To forge the fetters he would ſcorn to wear.
His ſong ſhall reprobate each effort vile,
That aims to force the Genius of the ſtream
Beyond his native level; this firſt law,
That Nature to her world of waters gave,
Let Art revere, as does impartial Heaven;
The poize of Juſtice; let her ſcorn to preſs,
Above that deſtin'd line, the balanc'd wave.

Is there within the circle of thy view
Some ſedgy flat, where the late-ripen'd ſheaves
Stand brown with unbleſt mildew? tis the bed
On which an ample lake in chryſtal peace
Might ſleep majeſtic. Pauſe we yet; perchance
Some midway channel, where the ſoil declines,
Might there be delv'd, by levels duly led
In bold and broken curves: (for water loves

A wilder outline than the woodland path,
Ev'n to acute extreams.)* To drain the reſt
The ſhelving ſpade may toil, till wintry ſhowers 390
Find their free courſe down each declining bank.
Quit then the thought; a River's winding form,
With many a ſinuous bay, and Iſland green,
At leſs expence of labour and of land,
Will give thee equal beauty; ſeldom art 395
Can emulate that magnitude ſublime
Which ſpreads the native Lake, and, failing there,
Her works betray their character, and name,
And dwindle into pools. Not that our ſtrain
Faſtidious, ſhall diſdain a ſmall expanſe 400
Of ſtagnant fluid, in ſome ſcene confin'd,
Circled with varied ſhade, where, through the leaves,
The half-admitted ſunbeam trembling plays

---

* See Book the ſecond, ver. 50 to ver. 78, where the curve of beauty, or a line waving very gently, is ſaid not only to prevail in natural pathways, but in the courſe of rivulets and the outline of lakes. It generally does ſo; yet in the latter it is ſometimes found more abrupt: in artificial pieces of water, therefore, bolder curves may be employed, than in the formation of the ſand or gravel walk.

On its clear boſom; where aquatic fowl
Of varied tribe, and varied feather ſail;
And where the finny race their glittering ſcales
Unwillingly reveal. There, there alone,
Where burſts the general proſpect on our eye,
We ſcorn theſe wat'ry patches; Thames himſelf,
Seen in disjointed ſpots, where Sallows hide
His firſt bold preſence, ſeems a ſtring of pools,
A chart and compaſs muſt explain his courſe.

He, who would ſeize the River's ſov'reign charm,
Muſt wind the moving mirror through his lawn
Ev'n to remoteſt diſtance; deep muſt delve
The gravelly channel that preſcribes its courſe;
Cloſely conceal each terminating bound
By hill or ſhade oppos'd; and to its bank
Lift the true level of the equal ſtream,
In ſparkling plenitude. But, if thy ſprings
Refuſe this large ſupply, ſteel thy firm ſoul

With ſtoic pride, imperfect charms deſpiſe,
Beauty, like Virtue, knows no groveling mean.

Who, but muſt pity that penurious taſte,
Which down the quick-deſcending vale prolongs,
Slope below ſlope, a ſtiff and unlink'd chain
Of flat canals; then leads the ſtranger's eye
To ſome predeſtin'd ſtation, there to catch
Their ſeeming union, and the fraud approve?
Who but muſt change that pity into ſcorn,
If down each verdant ſlope a narrow flight
Of central ſteps decline, where the ſpare ſtream
Steals trickling; or, withheld by cunning ſkill,
Hoards its ſcant treaſures, till the maſter's nod
Decree its fall. Then down the formal ſtairs
It leaps with ſhort-liv'd fury; waſting there,
Poor prodigal! what many a ſummer's rain,
And many a Winter's ſnow ſhall late reſtore.

Learn, that whene'er in ſome ſublimer ſcene
Imperial Nature of her headlong floods

Permits our imitation, ſhe herſelf
Prepares their reſervoir; conceal'd perchance
In neighbring hills, where firſt it well behoves
Our toil to ſearch, and ſtudiouſly augment
With ſidelong ſprings and ſluices frequent drawn 445
From pools, that on the heath drink up the rain.
Be theſe collected, like the Miſer's gold,
In one increaſing fund, nor dare to pour
Down thy impending mound the bright caſcade
Till richly ſure of its redundant fall. 450

That mound to raiſe alike demands thy toil,
Ere Art adorn it's ſurface. Here adopt
That facile mode which His inventive powers *
Firſt plann'd, who led to rich Mancunium's mart
His long-drawn line of navigated ſtream. 455
Stupendous taſk! in vain ſtood towering hills
Oppos'd, in vain did ample Irwell pour

---

* Mr. Brindley, who executed the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, and invented a method of making dams to hold water, without clay, uſing for this purpoſe any ſort of earth duly temper'd with water.

Her Tide tranſverſe; he pierc'd the towering hill,
He bridg'd the ample tide, and high in air,
And deep through earth, his freighted barge he bore. 460
This mode ſhall temper ev'n the lighteſt ſoil
To thy firm purpoſe; then let taſte ſelect
The unhewn fragments, that may give its front
A rocky rudeneſs; pointed ſome, that there
The frothy ſpouts may break; ſome ſlaunting ſmooth, 465
That there in ſilver ſheet the wave may ſlide.
Here too infix ſome moſſ-grown trunks of oak
Romantic, turn'd by gelid lakes to ſtone,
Yet ſo diſpos'd as if they owed their change
To what they now controul. Then open wide 470
Thy flood-gates: then let down thy torrent: then
Rejoice; as if the thund'ring Tees * himſelf
Reign'd there amid his cataracts ſublime.

And thou haſt cauſe for triumph! Kings themſelves,
With all a nation's wealth, an army's toil, 475

---

* The fall of the Tees, near Middleton, is eſteemed one of the greateſt in England.

If Nature frown averſe, ſhall ne'er atchieve
Such wonders. Nature's was the glorious gift;
Thy art her menial handmaid. Liſtening youths!
To whoſe ingenuous hearts I ſtill addreſs
The friendly ſtrain, from ſuch ſevere attempt 480
Let Prudence warn you. Turn to this clear rill,
Which, while I bid your bold ambition ceaſe,
Runs murmuring at my ſide. O'er many a rood
Your ſkill may lead the wanderer: many a mound
Of pebbles raiſe, to fret her in her courſe 485
Impatient: louder then will be her ſong:
For ſhe will 'plain, and gurgle, as ſhe goes,
As does the widow'd ring-dove. Take, vain Pomp!
Thy lakes, thy long canals, thy trim caſcades,
Beyond them all true taſte will dearly prize 490
This little dimpling treaſure. Mark the cleft,
Through which ſhe burſts to day. Behind that rock
A Naiad dwells: Ligea is her name;
And ſhe has ſiſters in contiguous cells,
Who never ſaw the ſun. Fond Fancy's eye, 495
That loves to give locality and form

To what ſhe prizes beſt, full oft pervades
Thoſe hidden caverns, where pale chryſolites,
And glittering ſpars dart a myſterious gleam
Of inborn luſtre, from the gariſh day 500
Unborrow'd. There, by the wild Goddeſs led,
Oft have I ſeen them bending o'er their urns,
Chaunting alternate airs of Dorian mood,
While ſmooth they comb'd their moiſt cerulean locks
With ſhells of living pearl. Yes, let me own, 505
To theſe, or claſſic deities, like theſe,
From very childhood was I prone to pay
Harmleſs idolatry. My infant eyes
Firſt open'd on that bleak and boiſt'rous ſhore,
Where Humber weds the nymphs of Trent and Ouſe, 510
To His, and Ocean's Tritons: thence full ſoon
My youth retir'd, and left the buſy ſtrand
To Commerce and to Care. In Margaret's grove,*
Beneath whoſe time-worn ſhade old Camus ſleeps,
Was next my tranquil ſtation: Science there 515

---

* St. John's College in Cambridge founded by Margaret Counteſs of Richmond, mother of Henry the Seventh.

Sate muſing; and to thoſe that lov'd the lore
Pointed, with myſtic wand, to truths involv'd
In geometric ſymbols, ſcorning thoſe,
Perchance too much, who woo'd the thriftleſs muſe.
Here though in warbling whiſper oft I breath'd
The lay, were wanting, what young Fancy deems
The life-ſprings of her being, rocks, and caves,
And huddling brooks, and torrent-falls divine.
In queſt of theſe, at ſummer's vacant hour,
Pleas'd would I ſtray, when in a northern vale
(So chance ordain'd) a Naiad ſad I found
Robb'd of her ſilver vaſe; I ſooth'd the nymph
With ſong of ſympathy, and curſt the fiend,
Who ſtole the gift of Thetis. * Hence the cauſe,
Why, favour'd by the blue-ey'd ſiſterhood,
They ſooth with ſongs my ſolitary ear.

Nor is Ligea ſilent—" Long," ſhe cries,
" Too long has Man wag'd ſacrilegious war

---

* Alluding to the Ode to a Water Nymph, which the author writ a year or two after his admiſſion into the univerſity. See his poems, Ode II.

"With the vext elements, and chief with that,
"Whom elder Thales, and the Bard of Thebes
"Held firſt of things terreſtrial; nor miſdeem'd:
"For, when the Spirit creative deign'd to move,
"He mov'd upon the waters. O revere
"Our power: for was its vital force withheld,
"Where then were Vegetation's vernal bloom,
"Where its autumnal Wealth? but we are kind,
"As powerful; O let reverence lead to love,
"And both to emulation! Not a rill,
"That winds its ſparkling current o'er the plain,
"Reflecting to the Sun bright recompenſe
"For ev'ry beam he lends, but reads thy ſoul
"A generous lecture. Not a panſy pale,
"That drinks its daily nurture from that rill,
"But breaths in fragrant accents to thy ſoul;
"So ſhould'ſt thou feed the poor." Whoe'er beheld
"Our humble train forſake their native mead
"To climb the haughty hill? Ambition, ſpeak.
"—He bluſhes, and is mute. When did our ſtreams,

" By force unpent, in dull ſtagnation ſleep?
" Let Sloth unfold his arms and tell the time. 555
" Or, if the tyranny of Art infring'd
" Our rights, when did our patient floods ſubmit
" Without recoil? Servility retires,
" And clinks his gilded chain. O, learn from us,
" And tell it to thy nation, Britiſh Bard! 560
" Ambition, Sloth, and ſlav'ry are the fiends,
" That pull down mighty empires. If they ſcorn
" The awful truth, be thine to hold it dear.
" So, through the vale of life, thy flowing hours
" Shall glide ſerene; and, like Ligea's rill, 565
" Their free, yet not licentious courſe fulfill'd,
" Sink in the ocean of Eternity."

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE
ENGLISH GARDEN:
A
POEM.
IN FOUR BOOKS.

BY

W. MASON, M. A.

> A GARDEN IS THE PUREST OF HUMAN PLEASURES, IT IS THE GREATEST REFRESHMENT TO THE SPIRITS OF MAN; WITHOUT WHICH BUILDINGS AND PALACES ARE BUT GROSS HANDY-WORKS. AND A MAN SHALL EVER SEE, THAT WHEN AGES GROW TO CIVILITY AND ELEGANCY, MEN COME TO BUILD STATELY, SOONER THAN TO GARDEN FINELY: AS IF GARDENING WERE THE GREATER PERFECTION.
>
> VERULAM.

YORK PRINTED BY A. WARD:
And ſold by J. DODSLEY, Pall-Mall; T. CADELL, in the Strand; and
R. FAULDER, in New Bond-Street, London: And J. TODD, in York.
M.DCC.LXXXI.

THE

ENGLISH GARDEN:

A

POEM.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

BY

W. MASON, M.A.

YORK PRINTED BY A. WARD:
And ſold by J. DODSLEY, Pall-Mall; T. CADELL, in the Strand; and
R. FAULDER, in New Bond-Street, London; and J. TODD, in York.
M.DCC.LXXXI.

THE

ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

NOR yet withdraw thy aid, thou NYMPH divine! *
That aid auſpicious, which, in Art's domain,
Already has reform'd whate'er prevail'd
Of foreign, or of falſe; has led the curve
That Nature loves thro' all her ſylvan haunts;
Has ſtol'n the fence unnotic'd that arreſts
Her vagrant herds; giv'n luſtre to her lawns,
Gloom to her groves, and, in expanſe ſerene,
Devolv'd that wat'ry mirror at her foot,
O'er which ſhe loves to bend and view her charms.

---

* SIMPLICITY. See the beginning of the Poem. The following lines recapitulate the ſubject of the three preceding Books. The 1ſt to the pauſe in ver. 4th; the 2d from thence to that in ver. 7th; and the third finiſhes with the paragraph.

And tell me Thou, whoe'er haſt new-arrang'd
By her chaſte rules thy garden, if thy heart
Feels not the warm, the ſelf-dilating glow
Of true Benevolence. Thy flocks, thy herds,
That browze luxurious o'er thoſe very plots
Which once were barren, bleſs thee for the change;
The birds of Air (which thy funereal Yews
Of ſhape uncouth, and leaden Sons of Earth,
Antæus and Enceladus, with clubs
Uplifted, long had frighted from the ſcene)
Now pleas'd return, they perch on ev'ry ſpray,
And ſwell their little throats, and warble wild
Their vernal minſtrelſy; to Heav'n and Thee
It is a hymn of thanks: do thou, like Heav'n,
With tutelary care reward their ſong.

Ere-while the Muſe, induſtrious to combine
Nature's own charms, with theſe alone adorn'd
The Genius of the Scene; but other gifts
She has in ſtore, which gladly now ſhe brings,
And he ſhall proudly wear. Know, when ſhe broke

The ſpells of Faſhion, from the crumbling wreck
Of her enchantments ſagely did ſhe cull
Thoſe reliques rich of old Vitruvian ſkill,
With what the Sculptor's hand in claſſic days
Made breathe in Braſs or Marble; theſe theHag
Had purloin'd, and diſpos'd in Folly's fane;
To him theſe trophies of her victory
She bears; and where his awful nod ordains
Conſpicuous means to place. He ſhall direct
Her dubious judgment, from the various hoard
Of ornamental treaſures, how to chuſe
The ſimpleſt and the beſt; on theſe his ſeal
Shall ſtamp great Nature's image and his own,
To charm for unborn ages.—Fling the reſt
Back to the Beldame, bid her whirl them all
In her vain vortex, lift them now to day,
Now plunge in night, as, thro' the humid rack
Of April cloud, ſwift flits the trembling beam.

But precepts tire, and this faſtidious Age
Rejects the ſtrain didactic: Try we then

In livelier Narrative the truths to veil
We dare not dictate. Sons of Albion, hear!
The tale I tell is full of ſtrange event,
And piteous circumſtance; yet deem not ye,
If names I feign, that therefore facts are feign'd: 55
Nor hence refuſe (what moſt augments the charm
Of ſtoried woe) that fond credulity
Which binds th'attentive ſoul in cloſer chains.

At manhood's prime ALCANDER's duteous tear
Fell on his Father's grave. The fair Domain, 60
Which then became his ample heritage,
That Father had reform'd; each line deſtroy'd
Which Belgic dulneſs plann'd; and Nature's ſelf
Reſtor'd to all the rights ſhe wiſh'd to claim.

Crowning a gradual hill his Manſion roſe 65
In antient Engliſh grandeur: Turrets, Spires,
And Windows, climbing high from baſe to roof
In wide and radiant rows, beſpoke its birth
Coëval with thoſe rich cathedral fanes,

(Gothic ill-nam'd) where harmony reſults
From diſunited parts; and ſhapes minute,
At once diſtinct and blended, boldly form
One vaſt majeſtic whole. No modern art
Had marr'd with miſplac'd ſymmetry the Pile.
Alcander held it ſacred: On a height,
Which weſtering to its ſite the front ſurvey'd,
He firſt his taſte employ'd: for there a line
Of thinly ſcatter'd Beech too tamely broke
The blank Horizon. "Draw we round yon knowl,"
Alcander cry'd, "in ſtately Norman mode,
"A wall embattled; and within its guard
"Let every ſtructure needful for a Farm
"Ariſe in Caſtle-ſemblance; the huge Barn
"Shall with a mock Portcullis arm the gate,
"Where Ceres entering, o'er the flail-proof floor
"In golden triumph rides; ſome Tower rotund
"Shall to the Pigeons and their callow young
"Safe rooſt afford; and ev'ry buttreſs broad,
"Whoſe proud projection ſeems a maſs of ſtone,

“ Give ſpace to ſtall the heifer, and the ſteed.
“ So ſhall each part, tho' turn'd to rural uſe,
“ Deceive the eye with thoſe bold feudal forms
“ That Fancy loves to gaze on.” This achiev'd,
Now nearer home he calls returning Art
To hide the ſtructure rude where Winter pounds
In conic pit his congelations hoar,
That Summer may his tepid beverage cool
With the chill luxury; his Dairy too
There ſtands of form unſightly: both to veil,
He builds of old disjointed moſs-grown ſtone
A time-ſtruck Abbey *. An impending grove
Screens it behind with reverential ſhade;
While bright in front the ſtream reflecting ſpreads,
Which winds a mimic River o'er his Lawn.
The Fane conventual there is dimly ſeen,

---

* It was ſaid in the firſt Book, ver. 384, that of thoſe architectural Objects which improved a fine natural *Engliſh* proſpect, the two principal ones were a *Caſtle* and an *Abbey*. In conformity with this Idea, ALCANDER firſt begins to exerciſe his taſte, by forming a reſemblance of thoſe two capital artificial features, *uniting them*, however, *with utility*. The precept is here meant to be conveyed by deſcription, which had before been given more directly in Book II. ver. 21.

Beauty ſcorns to dwell
Where *Uſe* is exil'd.

The mitred Window, and the Cloiſter pale,
With many a mouldering Column; Ivy ſoon
Round the rude chinks her net of foliage ſpreads;
Its verdant meſhes ſeem to prop the wall.

One native Glory, more than all ſublime,
ALCANDER's ſcene poſſeſt: 'Twas Ocean's ſelf——
He, boiſt'rous King, againſt the eaſtern cliffs
Daſh'd his white foam; a verdant vale between
Gave ſplendid ingreſs to his world of waves.
Slaunting this vale the mound of that clear ſtream
Lay hid in ſhade, which ſlowly lav'd his Lawn:
But there ſet free, the rill reſum'd its pace,
And hurried to the Main. The dell it paſt
Was rocky and retir'd: Here Art with eaſe
Might lead it o'er a Grot, and filter'd there,
Teach it to ſparkle down its craggy ſides,
And fall and tinkle on its pebbled floor.
Here then that Grot he builds, and conchs with ſpars,
Moſs petrified with branching corallines
In mingled mode arranges: All found here

Propriety of place; what view'd the Main
Might well the ſhelly gifts of Thetis bear.
Not ſo the inland cave: with richer ſtore
Than thoſe the neighb'ring mines and mountains yield
To hang its roof, would ſeem incongruous Pride, 130
And fright the local Genius from the ſcene *.

One vernal morn, as urging here the work
Surrounded by his hinds, from mild to cold
The Seaſon chang'd, from cold to ſudden ſtorm,
From ſtorm to whirlwind. To the angry main 135
Swiftly he turns and ſees a laden Ship
Diſmaſted by its rage. "Hie, hie we all,"
ALCANDER cry'd, "quick to the neighb'ring beach."
They flew; they came, but only to behold,
Tremendous ſight! the Veſſel daſh its poop 140
Amid the boiling breakers. Need I tell
What ſtrenuous Arts were us'd, when all were us'd,
To ſave the ſinking Crew? One tender Maid

---

* A precept is here rather more than hinted at; but it appeared to be ſo well founded and yet ſo ſeldom attended to by the fabricators of Grottos, that it ſeemed neceſſary to ſlide back a little from the narrative into the didactic to inculcate it the more ſtrongly.

Alone eſcap'd, ſav'd by ALCANDER's arm,
Who boldly ſwam to ſnatch her from the plank
To which ſhe feebly clung; ſwiftly to ſhore,
And ſwifter to his home the youth convey'd
His clay-cold prize, who at his portal firſt
By one deep ſigh a ſign of Life betray'd.
A Maid ſo ſav'd, if but by nature bleſt
With common charms, had ſoon awak'd a flame
More ſtrong than Pity, in that melting heart
Which Pity warm'd before. But ſhe was fair
As Poets picture Hebe, or the Spring;
Graceful withal, as if each limb were caſt
In that ideal mould whence RAPHAEL drew
His Galatea*: Yes, th' impaſſion'd Youth
Felt more than pity when he view'd her charms.
Yet ſhe, (ah, ſtrange to tell) tho' much he lov'd,
Suppreſt as much that ſympathetic flame

---

* Alluding to a Letter of that famous Painter, written to his Friend Count Baltaſer Caſtiglione, when he was painting his celebrated picture of Galatea, in which he tells him, "eſſendo careſtia di belle donne, io mi ſervo di certa idea che viene alla mente." See Bellori *Diſcriz. delle imagini dipinte da Raffaello d' Urbino*, or the Life of B. Caſtiglione, prefixt to the London Edition of his Book entitled, *Il Cortegiano*.

Which Love like his ſhould kindle: Did he kneel
In rapture at her feet? ſhe bow'd the head,
And coldly bad him riſe; or did he plead,
In terms of pureſt paſſion, for a ſmile?
She gave him but a tear: his manly form,
His virtues, ev'n the courage that preſerv'd
Her life, beſeem'd no ſentiment to wake
Warmer than gratitude; and yet the love
Withheld from him ſhe freely gave his ſcenes;
On all their charms a juſt applauſe beſtow'd;
And, if ſhe e'er was happy, only then
When wand'ring where thoſe charms were moſt diſplay'd.

As thro' a neighb'ring Grove, where antient beech
Their awful foliage flung, ALCANDER led
The penſive maid along, "Tell me," ſhe cry'd,
"Why, on theſe foreſt features all-intent,
"Forbears my friend ſome ſcene diſtinct to give
"To Flora and her fragrance? Well I know
"That in the general Landſcape's broad expanſe

“ Their little blooms are loſt; but here are glades,
“ Circled with ſhade, yet pervious to the ſun,
“ Where, if enamell'd with their rainbow-hues,
“ The eye would catch their ſplendor: turn thy Taſte,
“ Ev'n in this graſſy circle where we ſtand,
“ To form their plots; there weave a woodbine Bower,
“ And call that Bower NERINA's.” At the word
ALCANDER ſmil'd; his fancy inſtant form'd
The fragrant ſcene ſhe wiſh'd; and Love, with Art
Uniting, ſoon produc'd the finiſh'd whole.

Down to the South the glade by Nature lean'd;
Art form'd the ſlope ſtill ſofter, opening there
Its foliage, and to each Eteſian gale
Admittance free diſpenſing; thickeſt ſhade
Guarded the reſt.—His taſte will beſt conceive
The new arrangement, whoſe free footſteps, us'd
To foreſt haunts, have pierc'd their opening dells,
Where frequent tufts of ſweetbriar, box, or thorn,
Steal on the green ſward, but admit fair ſpace
For many a moſſy maze to wind between.

So here did Art arrange her flow'ry groups 200
Irregular, yet not in patches quaint *,
But interpos'd between the wand'ring lines
Of ſhaven turf which twiſted to the path,
Gravel or ſand, that in as wild a wave
Stole round the verdant limits of the ſcene; 205
Leading the Eye to many a ſculptur'd buſt
On ſhapely pedeſtal, of Sage, or Bard,
Bright heirs of fame, who living lov'd the haunts
So fragrant, ſo ſequeſter'd. Many an Urn
There too had place, with votive lay inſcrib'd 210
To Freedom, Friendſhip, Solitude, or Love.

And now each flow'r that bears tranſplanting change,
Or blooms indigenous, adorn'd the ſcene:

Only

---

* There is nothing in pictureſque Gardening which ſhould not have its archetype in unadorned Nature. Now, as we never ſee any of her plains dotted with diſſevered patches of any ſort of vegetables, except, perhaps, ſome of her more barren heaths, where even Furze can grow but ſparingly, and which form the moſt diſagreeable of her ſcenes, therefore the preſent common mode of dotting clumps of flowers, or ſhrubs on a graſs-plat, without union, and without other meaning than that of appearing irregular, ought to be avoided. It is the form and eaſy flow of the graſſy interſtices (if I may ſo call them) that the deſigner ought firſt to have a regard to; and if theſe be well formed, the ſpaces for flowers or ſhrubbery will be at the ſame time aſcertained.

Only NERINA's wiſh, her woodbine bower,
Remain'd to crown the whole. Here, far beyond 215
That humble wiſh, her Lover's Genius form'd
A glittering Fane, where rare and alien plants
Might ſafely flouriſh *; where the Citron ſweet,
And fragrant Orange, rich in fruit and flowers,
Might hang their ſilver ſtars, their golden globes, 220
On the ſame odorous ſtem: Yet ſcorning there
The glaſſy penthouſe of ignoble form,
High on Ionic ſhafts he bad it tower
A proud Rotunda; to its ſides conjoin'd
Two broad Piazzas in theatric curve, 225
Ending in equal Porticos ſublime.
Glaſs rooft the whole, and ſidelong to the South
'Twixt ev'ry fluted Column, lightly rear'd
Its wall pellucid. All within was day,

---

* *M. Le Giradin*, in an elegant French Eſſay, written on the ſame ſubject, and formed on the ſame principles, with this Poem, is the only writer that I have ſeen (or at leaſt recollect) who has attempted to give a ſtove or hot-houſe a picturefque effect. It is his hint, purſued and conſiderably dilated, which forms the deſcription of ALCANDER's Conſervatory. See his Eſſay, *De la compoſition des Payſages. Geneva*, 1777.

Was genial Summer's day, for ſecret ſtoves 230
Thro' all the pile ſolſtitial warmth convey'd.

These led thro' iſles of Fragrance to the Dome,
Each way in circling quadrant. That bright ſpace
Guarded the ſpicy tribes from Afric's ſhore,
Or Ind, or Araby, Sabæan Plants 235
Weeping with nard, and balſam. In the midſt
A Statue ſtood, the work of Attic Art;
Its thin light drapery, caſt in fluid folds,
Proclaim'd its antientry; all ſave the head,
Which ſtole (for Love is prone to gentle thefts) 240
The features of NERINA; yet that head,
So perfect in reſemblance; all its air
So tenderly impaſſion'd; to the trunk,
Which Grecian ſkill had form'd, ſo aptly join'd,
PHIDIAS himſelf might ſeem to have inſpir'd 245
The chiſſel, brib'd to do the am'rous fraud.
One graceful hand held forth a flow'ry wreath,
The other preſt her zone; while round the baſe
Dolphins, and Triton ſhells, and plants marine

Proclaim'd, that Venus, riſing from the ſea, 250
Had veil'd in Flora's modeſt veſt her charms.

Such was the Fane, and ſuch the Deity
Who ſeem'd, with ſmile auſpicious, to inhale
That incenſe which a tributary world
From all its regions round her altar breath'd: 255
And yet, when to the ſhrine ALCANDER led
His living Goddeſs, only with a ſigh,
And ſtarting tear, the ſtatue and the dome
Reluctantly ſhe view'd. And "why," ſhe cry'd,
"Why would my beſt Preſerver here erect, 260
"With all the fond idolatry of Love,
"A Wretch's image whom his Pride ſhould ſcorn,
"(For ſo his Country bids him). Drive me hence,
"Tranſport me quick to Gallia's hoſtile ſhore,
"Hoſtile to thee, yet not, alas! to her 265
"Who there was meant to ſojourn: there, perchance,
"My Father, wafted by more proſp'rous gales,
"Now mourns his Daughter loſt; my Brother there
"Perhaps now ſooths that venerable age

"He ſhould not ſooth alone. Vain thought! perchance
"Both periſh'd at Eſopus—do not bluſh,
"It was not thou that lit the ruthleſs flame;
"It was not thou, that, like remorſeleſs Cain,
"Thirſted for Brother's blood: thy heart diſdains
"The ſavage imputation. Reſt thee there,
"And, tho' thou pitieſt, yet forbear to grace,
"A wretched Alien, and a Rebel deem'd,
"With honors ill-beſeeming her to claim.
"My wiſh, thou know'ſt, was humble as my ſtate;
"I only begg'd a little woodbine bower,
"Where I might ſit and weep, while all around
"The lilies and the blue bells hung their heads
"In ſeeming ſympathy." "Does then the ſcene
"Diſpleaſe?" the diſappointed lover cry'd;
"Alas! too much it pleaſes," ſigh'd the fair;
"Too ſtrongly paints the paſſion which ſtern Fate
"Forbids me to return;" "Doſt thou then love
"Some happier youth?" "No, tell thy generous ſoul
"Indeed I do not." More ſhe would have ſaid,

But guſhing grief prevented. From the Fane 290
Silent he led her; as from Eden's bower
The Sire of Men his weeping Partner led,
Leſs lovely, and leſs innocent than ſhe.

Yet ſtill ALCANDER hop'd what laſt ſhe ſigh'd
Spoke more than gratitude; the War might end; 295
Her Father might conſent; for that alone
Now ſeem'd the duteous barrier to his bliſs.
Already had he ſent a faithful friend
To learn if France the reverend Exile held:
That friend return'd not. Mean-while ev'ry ſun 300
Which now (a year elaps'd) diurnal roſe
Beheld her ſtill more penſive; inward Pangs,
From grief's concealment, hourly ſeem'd to force
Health from her cheek, and Quiet from her ſoul.
ALCANDER mourn'd the change, yet ſtill he hop'd; 305
For Love to Hope his flickering taper lends,
When Reaſon with his ſteady torch retires:
Hence did he try by ever-varying arts,
And ſcenes of novel charm her grief to calm.

Nor did he not employ the Syren Powers
Of Muſic and of Song; or Painting, thine,
Sweet ſource of pure delight! But I record
Thoſe arts alone, which form my ſylvan theme.

At ſtated hours, full oft had he obſerv'd,
She fed with welcome grain the houſehold fowl
That treſpaſt on his lawn; this wak'd a wiſh
To give her feather'd fav'rites ſpace of land,
And lake appropriate: in a neighb'ring copſe
He plann'd the ſcene; for there the cryſtal ſpring,
That form'd his river, from a rocky cleft
Firſt bubbling broke to day; and ſpreading there
Slept on its ruſhes. "Here my delving hinds,"
He cry'd, "ſhall ſoon the marſhy ſoil remove,
"And ſpread, in brief extent, a glittering Lake
"Chequer'd with iſles of verdure; on yon Rock
"A ſculptur'd River-God ſhall reſt his urn;
"And thro' that urn the native fountain flow.
"Thy wiſh'd-for bower, NERINA, ſhall adorn
"The ſouthern bank; the downy race, that ſwim

" The lake, or pace the ſhore, with livelier charms,
" Yet no leſs rural, here will meet thy glance,
" Than flowers inanimate." Full ſoon was ſcoopt
The wat'ry bed, and ſoon, by margin green,
And riſing banks, inclos'd; the higheſt gave
Site to a ruſtic fabric, ſhelving deep
Within the thicket, and in front compos'd
Of three unequal arches, lowly all
The ſurer to expel the noontide glare,
Yet yielding liberal inlet to the ſcene;
Woodbine with jaſmine careleſsly entwin'd
Conceal'd the needful maſonry, and hung
In free feſtoons, and veſted all the cell.
Hence did the lake, the iſlands, and the rock,
A living landſcape ſpread; the feather'd fleet,
Led by two mantling ſwans, at ev'ry creek
Now touch'd, and now unmoor'd; now on full ſail,
With pennons ſpread and oary feet they ply'd
Their vagrant voyage; and now, as if becalm'd,
'Tween ſhore and ſhore at anchor ſeem'd to ſleep.

Around thoſe ſhores the Fowl that fear the ſtream 350
At random rove: hither hot Guinea ſends
Her gadding troop; here midſt his ſpeckled Dames
The pigmy Chanticleer of Bantam winds
His clarion; while, ſupreme in glittering ſtate,
The Peacock ſpreads his rainbow train, with eyes 355
Of ſapphire bright, irradiate each with gold.
Mean-while from ev'ry ſpray the Ringdoves coo,
The Linnets warble, captive none [*], but lur'd
By food to haunt the umbrage: all the Glade
Is Life, is Muſic, Liberty, and Love. 360

And is there now to Pleaſure or to Uſe
One ſcene devoted in the wide domain
Its Maſter has not poliſh'd? Rumour ſpreads
Its praiſes far, and many a ſtranger ſtops
With curious eye to cenſure or admire. 365

---

[*] See Rouſſeau's charming deſcription of the Garden of Julie, *Nouvelle Eloiſe, 4 partie. Lett. 11th.* In conſequence of purſuing his idea, no birds are introduced into ALCANDER's Menagerie, but ſuch as are either domeſticated, or chuſe to viſit it for the ſecurity and food they find there. If any of my more delicate readers wiſh to have theirs ſtocked with rarer kind of fowls, they muſt invent a picturesque Bird-cage for themſelves.

To all his Lawns are pervious; oft himſelf
With courteous greeting will the critic hail,
And join him in the circuit. Give we here
(If Candour will with patient ear attend)
The ſocial dialogue ALCANDER held
With one, a Youth of mild yet manly mein,
Who ſeem'd to taſte the beauties he ſurvey'd.

"Little, I fear me, will a ſtranger's eye
" Find here to praiſe, where rich Vitruvian Art
" Has rear'd no temples, no triumphal arcs;
" Where no Palladian bridges ſpan the ſtream,
" But all is homebred Fancy." " For that cauſe,
" And chiefly that," the poliſh'd Youth reply'd,
" I view each part with rapture. Ornament,
" When foreign or fantaſtic, never charm'd
" My judgment; here I tread on Britiſh ground;
" With Britiſh annals all I view accords.
" Some Yorkiſt, or Lancaſtrian Baron bold,
" To awe his vaſſals, or to ſtem his foes,
" Yon maſſy bulwark built; on yonder pile,

" In ruin beauteous, I diſtinctly mark
" The ruthleſs traces of ſtern HENRY's hand.

" Yet," cry'd ALCANDER, (interrupting mild
The ſtranger's ſpeech) " if ſo yon antient ſeat,
" Pride of my anceſtors, had mock'd repair,
" And by Proportion's Greek or Roman laws
" That pile had been rebuilt, thou wouldſt not then,
" I truſt, have blam'd, if, there on Doric ſhafts
" A temple roſe; if ſome tall obeliſk
" O'ertopt yon grove, or bold triumphal arch
" Uſurpt my Caſtle's ſtation."—" Spare me yet
" Yon ſolemn Ruin," the quick youth return'd,
" No mould'ring aqueduct, no yawning crypt
" Sepulchral, will conſole me for its fate."

" I mean not that," the Maſter of the ſcene
Reply'd; " tho' claſſic rules to modern piles
" Should give the juſt arrangement, ſhun we here
" By thoſe to form our Ruins; much we own

" They pleaſe, when, by PANINI's pencil drawn,
" Or darkly grav'd by PIRANESI's hand,
" And fitly might ſome Tuſcan garden grace;
" But Time's rude mace has here all Roman piles
" Levell'd ſo low, that who, on Britiſh ground
" Attempts the taſk, builds but a ſplendid lye
" Which mocks hiſtoric credence. Hence the cauſe
" Why Saxon piles or Norman here prevail:
" Form they a rude, 'tis yet an Engliſh whole."

" And much I praiſe thy choice," the ſtranger cry'd;
" Such chaſte ſelection ſhames the common mode,
" Which, mingling ſtructures of far diſtant times,
" Far diſtant regions, here, perchance, erects
" A fane to Freedom, where her BRUTUS ſtands
" In act to ſtrike the tyrant; there a Tent,
" With creſcent crown'd, with ſcymitars adorn'd,
" Meet for ſome BAJAZET; northward we turn,
" And lo! a pigmy Pyramid pretends
" We tread the realms of PHARAOH; quickly thence
" Our ſouthern ſtep preſents us heaps of ſtone
" Rang'd in a DRUID circle. Thus from age

“ To age, from clime to clime inceſſant borne,
“ Imagination flounders headlong on,
“ Till, like fatigu'd VILLARIO *, ſoon we find
“ We better like a field.” “ Nicely thy hand
“ The childiſh landſcape touches,” cries his hoſt,
“ For Faſhion ever is a wayward child;
“ Yet ſure we might forgive Her faults like theſe,
“ If but in ſeparate or in ſingle ſcenes
“ She thus with Fancy wanton'd: Should I lead
“ Thy ſtep, my Friend, (for our accordant taſtes
“ Prompt me to give thee that familiar name)
“ Behind this ſcreen of Elm, thou there might'ſt find
“ I too had idly play'd the truant's part,
“ And broke the bounds of judgment.” “ Lead me there,”
Briſkly the Youth return'd, “ for having prov'd
“ Thy Epic Genius here, why not peruſe
“ Thy lighter Ode or Eclogue?” Smiling thence
ALCANDER led him to the Woodbine bower
Which laſt our Song deſcrib'd, who ſeated there,
In ſilent tranſport view'd the lively ſcene.

---

* See Pope's Epiſtle to Lord Burlington, ver. 88.

"I ſee," his hoſt reſum'd, "my ſportive art 445
"Finds pardon here; not ev'n yon claſſic form,
"Pouring his liquid treaſures from his vaſe,
"Tho' foreign from the ſoil, provokes thy frown. *
"Try we thy candor further: higher art,
"And more luxurious, haply too more vain, 450
"Adorns yon ſouthern coppice." On they paſt
Thro' a wild thicket, till the perfum'd air
Gave to another ſenſe its prelude rich
On what the eye ſhould feaſt. But now the grove
Expands; and now the Roſe, the garden's Queen, 455
Amidſt her blooming ſubjects' humbler charms,
On ev'ry plot her crimſon pomp diſplays.
"Oh Paradiſe!" the ent'ring youth exclaim'd,
"Groves whoſe rich trees weep odorous gums and balm,
"Others whoſe fruit, burniſh'd with golden rind, 460

---

* It is hoped that, from the poſition of this River-God in the menagerie; from the ſituation of the buſts and vaſes in the flower-garden; and that of the ſtatue in the conſervatory, the reader will deduce the following general precept, "that all adventitious ornaments of ſculpture ought either to be accompanied with a proper back-ground, (as the Painters term it) or introduced as a part of architectural ſcenery; and that when, on the contrary, they are placed in open lawns or parterres, according to the old mode, they become, like Antæus and Enceladus, mentioned in the beginning of this book, mere *ſcare-crows*."

" Hang amiable, Heſperian fables true,
" If true, here only *." Thus, in Milton's phraſe
Sublime, the youth his admiration pour'd,
While paſſing to the dome; his next ſhort ſtep
Unveil'd the central ſtatue: " Heav'ns! juſt Heav'ns," 465
He cry'd, " tis my NERINA." " Thine, mad Youth?
" Forego the word," ALCANDER ſaid, and paus'd;
His utterance fail'd; a thouſand cluſt'ring thoughts,
And all of blackeſt omen to his peace,
Recoil'd upon his brain, deaden'd all ſenſe, 470
And at the ſtatue's baſe him headlong caſt,
A lifeleſs load of being.—Ye, whoſe hearts
Are ready at Humanity's ſoft call
To drop the tear, I charge you weep not yet,
But fearfully ſuſpend the burſting woe: 475
NERINA's ſelf appears; the further iſle
She, fate-directed, treads. Does ſhe too faint?
Would Heav'n ſhe could! it were a happy ſwoon
Might ſoften her fixt form, more rigid now

Than

---

* See Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, book iv. ver. 248, &c.

Than is her marble ſemblance. One ſtiff hand
Lies leaden on her breaſt; the other rais'd
To heav'n, and half-way clench'd; ſtedfaſt her eyes,
Yet viewleſs; and her lips, which op'd to ſhriek,
Can neither ſhriek nor cloſe: So might ſhe ſtand
For ever: He, whoſe ſight caus'd the dread change,
Tho' now he claſps her in his anxious arms,
Fails to unbend one ſinew of her frame;
'Tis ice; 'tis ſteel. But ſee, ALCANDER wakes;
And waking, as by magic ſympathy,
NERINA whiſpers, " All is well, my friend;
" 'Twas but a viſion; I may yet revive——
" But ſtill his arm ſupports me; aid him, friend,
" And bear me ſwiftly to my woodbine bower;
" For there indeed I wiſh to breathe my laſt."

So ſaying, her cold cheek, and parched brow,
Turn'd to a livid paleneſs; her dim eyes
Sunk in their ſockets; ſharp contraction preſt
Her temples, ears, and noſtrils: ſigns well known

To thoſe that tend the dying.* Both the youths
Perceiv'd the change; and had ſtern Death himſelf 500
Wav'd his black banner viſual o'er their heads,
It could not more appall. With trembling ſtep,
And ſilent, both convey'd her to the bower.

Her languid limbs there decently compos'd,
She thus her ſpeech reſum'd: "Attend my words 505
"Brave CLEON! dear ALCANDER! generous Pair:
"For both have tender intereſt in this heart
"Which ſoon ſhall beat no more. That I am thine
"By a dear Father's juſt commands I own,
"Much honour'd CLEON! take the hand he gave, 510
"And with it, Oh, if I could give my heart,
"Thou wert its worthy owner. All I can,
"(And that preſerv'd with chaſteſt fealty)
"Duteous I give thee, CLEON it is thine;

---

* Theſe lines are taken from the famous paſſage in Hippocrates in his book of Prognoſtics, which has been held ſo accurately deſcriptive, that dying perſons are, from hence, uſually ſaid to have the *facies Hippocratica.* The paſſage is as follows: Ῥὶς ὀξεῖα, ὀφθαλμοὶ κοῖλοι, κρόταφοι ζυμπεπτωκότες, ὦτα ψυχρὰ ϗ ξυνεσταλμένα, ϗ ὅ λόβοι τῶν ὤτων ἀπεστραμμένοι, ϗ τὸ δέρμα τὸ περὶ τὸ μέτωπον, σκληρόν τε ϗ περιτεταμένον ϗ καρφαλέον ἐὸν, ϗ τὸ χρῶμα τοῦ ξύμπαντος προσώπου χλωρόν τε ἢ ϗ μέλαν ἐὸν ϗ πελιὸν ἢ μολιβδῶδες.

" Not ev'n this dear preſerver, e'er could gain
" More from my ſoul than Friendſhip—that be his;
" Yet let me own, what, dying, ſooths the pang,
" That, had thyſelf and duty ne'er been known,
" He muſt have had my love." She paus'd; and dropt
A ſilent tear; then preſt the Stranger's hand;
Then bow'd her head upon ALCANDER's breaſt,
And " bleſs them both, kind Heav'n!" ſhe pray'd and died.

" And bleſt art thou," cry'd CLEON, (in a voice
Struggling with grief for utterance) bleſt to die
" Ere thou hadſt queſtion'd me, and I perforce
" Had told a tale which muſt have ſent thy ſoul
" In horror from thy boſom. Now it leaves
" A ſmile of peace upon thoſe pallid lips,
" That ſpeaks its parting happy. Go fair ſaint!
" Go to thy palm-crown'd father! thron'd in bliſs,
" And ſeated by his ſide, thou wilt not now
" Deplore the ſavage ſtroke that ſeal'd his doom;
" Go hymn the Fount of Mercy, who, from ill
" Educing good, makes ev'n a death like his,

“ A life ſurcharg'd with tender woes like thine,
“ The road to Joys eternal. Maid, farewell!
“ I leave the caſket that thy virtues held
“ To Him whoſe breaſt ſuſtains it; more belov'd,
“ Perhaps more worthy, yet not loving more
“ Than did thy wretched CLEON.” At the word
He bath'd in tears the hand ſhe dying gave,
Return'd it to her ſide, and haſty roſe.
ALCANDER, ſtarting from his trance of grief,
Cry'd “ ſtay, I charge thee ſtay;” “ and ſhall he ſtay,”
CLEON reply'd, “ whoſe preſence ſtabb'd thy peace?
“ Hear this before we part: That breathleſs Maid
“ Was daughter to a venerable Sage,
“ Whom Boſton, when with peace and ſafety bleſt,
“ In rapture heard pour from his hallow'd tongue
“ Religion's pureſt dictates. 'Twas my chance,
“ In early period of our civil broils,
“ To ſave his precious life: And hence the Sire
“ Did to my love his Daughter's charms conſign;
“ But, till the war ſhould ceaſe, if ever ceaſe,

"Deferr'd our nuptials. Whither ſhe was ſent
"In ſearch of ſafety, well, I truſt, thou know'ſt;
"He meant to follow; but thoſe ruthleſs flames,
"That ſpar'd nor friend nor foe, nor ſex nor age,
"Involv'd the village, where on ſickly couch
"He lay confin'd, and whither he had fled
"Awhile to ſojourn. There (I ſee thee ſhrink)
"Was he that gave NERINA being burnt!
"Burnt by thy Countrymen! to Aſhes burnt!
"Fraternal hands and chriſtian lit the flame.—
"Oh thou haſt cauſe to ſhudder. I meanwhile
"With his brave ſon a diſtant warfare wag'd;
"And him, now I have found the prize I ſought,
"And finding loſt, I haſten to rejoin;
"Vengeance and glory call me." At the word,
Not fiercer does the Tigreſs quit her cave
To ſeize the hinds that robb'd her of her young,
Than he the Bower. "Stay, I conjure thee, ſtay,"
ALCANDER cry'd, but ere the word was ſpoke
CLEON was ſeen no more. "Then be it ſo,"

The youth continu'd, claſping to his heart
The beauteous corſe, and ſmiling as he ſpoke,
(Yet ſuch a ſmile as far out-ſorrows tears)
" Now thou art mine entirely—Now no more
" Shall Duty dare diſturb us—Love alone—
" But hark! he comes again—Away vain fear!
" 'Twas but the fluttering of thy feather'd flock.
" True to their cuſtom'd hour, behold they troop
" From iſland, grove, and lake. Ariſe my Love,
" Extend thy hand—I lift it, but it falls.
" Hence then, fond fools, and pine! NERINA's hand
" Has loſt the power to feed you. Hence and die."

Thus plaining, to his lips the icy palm
He lifted, and with ardent paſſion kiſt,
Then cry'd in agony, " on this dear hand,
" Once tremblingly alive to Love's ſoft touch,
" I hop'd to ſeal my faith:" This thought awak'd
Another ſad ſoliloquy, which they,
Whoe'er have lov'd, will from their hearts ſupply,
And they who have not will but hear and ſmile.

And let them ſmile, but let the ſcorners learn
There is a ſolemn luxury in grief
Which they ſhall never taſte; well known to thoſe,
And only thoſe, in Solitude's deep gloom
Who heave the ſigh ſincerely: Fancy there
Waits the fit moment; and, when Time has calm'd
The firſt o'erwhelming tempeſt of their woe,
Piteous ſhe ſteals upon the mourner's breaſt
Her precious balm to ſhed: Oh, it has power,
Has magic power to ſoften and to ſooth,
Thus duly miniſter'd. Alcander felt
The charm, yet not till many a ling'ring moon
Had hung upon her zenith o'er his couch,
And heard his midnight wailings. Does he ſtray
But near the fated temple, or the bower?
He feels a chilly monitor within,
Who bids him pauſe. Does he at diſtance view
His grot? 'tis darken'd with Nerina's ſtorm
Ev'n at the blaze of noon. Yet there are walks
The loſt one never trod, and there are ſeats

Where he was never happy by her ſide, 615
And theſe he ſtill can ſigh in. Here at length,
As if by chance, kind Fancy brought her aid,
When wand'ring thro' a grove of ſable yew,
Rais'd by his anceſtors; their Sabbath-path
Led thro' its gloom, what time too dark a ſtole 620
Was o'er Religion's decent features drawn
By Puritanic zeal. Long had their boughs
Forgot the ſheers; the ſpire, the holy ground
They baniſh'd by their umbrage. "What if here,"
Cry'd the ſweet Soother, in a whiſper ſoft, 625
"Some open ſpace were form'd, where other ſhades,
"Yet all of ſolemn ſort, Cypreſs and Bay
"Funereal, penſive Birch its languid arms
"That droops, with waving Willows deem'd to weep,
"And ſhiv'ring Aſpens mixt their varied green; 630
"What if yon trunk, ſhorn of its murky creſt,
"Reveal'd the ſacred Fane?" ALCANDER heard
The Charmer; ev'ry accent ſeem'd his own,
So much they touch'd his heart's ſad uniſon.

“ Yes, yes,” he cry’d, “ Why not behold it all?
“ That bough remov’d ſhews me the very vault
“ Where my NERINA ſleeps, and where, when Heav’n
“ In pity to my plaint the mandate ſeals,
“ My duſt with her’s ſhall mingle.” Now his hinds,
Call’d to the taſk, their willing axes wield;
Joyful to ſee, as witleſs of the cauſe,
Their much-lov’d Lord his ſylvan arts reſume.
And next, within the centre of the gloom,
A ſhed of twiſting roots and living moſs,
With ruſhes thatch’d, with wattled oziers lin’d,
He bids them raiſe[*]: it ſeem’d a Hermit’s cell;

---

[*] If this building is found to be in its right poſition, ſtructures of the ſame kind will be thought improperly placed when ſituated, as they frequently are, on an eminence commanding an extenſive proſpect. I have either ſeen or heard of one of this kind, where the builder ſeemed to be ſo much convinced of its incongruity, that he endeavoured to atone for it by the following ingenious motto:

Deſpicere unde queas alios, paſſimque videre
Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ. Luc. lib. ii. v. 9.

But it may be ſaid, that real Hermitages are frequently found on high mountains. Yet there the difficulty of acceſs gives that idea of retirement, not eaſily to be conveyed by imitations of them in a garden ſcene, without much accompanying ſhade and that lowneſs of ſituation, which occaſions a ſecluſion from all gay objects.

Yet void of hour-glaſs, ſcull, and maple diſh,
Its mimic garniture: ALCANDER's taſte
Diſdains to trick with emblematic toys
The place where He and Melancholy mean
To fix NERINA's buſt, her genuine buſt,
The model of the marble. There he hides,
Cloſe as a Miſer's gold, the ſculptur'd clay;
And but at early morn and lateſt eve
Unlocks the ſimple ſhrine, and heaves a ſigh;
Then does he turn, and thro' the glimm'ring glade
Caſt a long glance upon her houſe of death;
Then views the buſt again, and drops a tear.
Is this idolatry, ye ſage ones ſay? ——
Or, if ye doubt, go view the num'rous train
Of poor and fatherleſs his care conſoles;
The ſight will tell thee, he that dries their tears
Has unſeen angels hov'ring o'er his head,
Who leave their heav'n to ſee him ſhed his own.

Here cloſe we, ſweet SIMPLICIY! the tale,
And with it let us yield to youthful bards
That Dorian reed we but awak'd to voice
When Fancy prompted, and when Leiſure ſmil'd;
Hopeleſs of general praiſe, and well repaid,
If they of claſſic ear, unpall'd by rhyme,
Whom changeful pauſe can pleaſe, and numbers free,
Accept our ſong with candour. They perchance,
Led by the Muſe to ſolitude and ſhade,
May turn that Art we ſing to ſoothing uſe,
At this ill-omen'd hour, when Rapine rides
In titled triumph; when Corruption waves
Her banners broadly in the face of day,
And ſhews th' indignant world the hoſt of ſlaves
She turns from Honour's ſtandard. Patient there,
Yet not deſponding, ſhall the ſons of Peace
Await the day, when, ſmarting with his wrongs,
Old England's Genius wakes; when with him wakes
That plain Integrity, Contempt of gold,
Diſdain of ſlav'ry, liberal Awe of rule,

Which fixt the rights of People, Peers, and Prince, 685
And on them founded the majeſtic pile
Of BRITISH FREEDOM; bad fair ALBION riſe
The ſcourge of tyrants; ſovereign of the ſeas;
And arbitreſs of empires. Oh return,
Ye long-loſt train of Virtues! ſwift return 690
To ſave ('tis ALBION prompts your Poet's prayer)
Her Throne, her Altars, and her laureat Bowers.

THE END.

GENERAL POSTSCRIPT.

FEW Poems, in the courſe of their compoſition, have been laid aſide and reſumed more caſually, or, in conſequence, publiſhed more leiſurely, than the foregoing; on which account, while it does not pretend to the Horatian merit of a nine-years ſcrutiny under the correcting hand of its Author, it will not thence, he may perhaps hope, be found to have that demerit which ariſes from ill-connected parts and an indigeſted plan. For, as a ſcheme was formed for the whole four books before even the firſt was written; and as that ſcheme has ſince been purſued with very little, if any deviation, it is preſumed that the three latter books will be found ſtrictly conſonant with the general principles advanced in the former; which, as it contained the principles, and ended epiſodically with a kind of hiſtoric deduction of the riſe and progreſs of the Art, might have been conſidered in the light of an entire work, (as the advertiſement before it hinted) had the ſucceeding books been never written.

However, as the whole deſign is at length completed, it may not be amiſs to give in this place a ſhort analyſis of the ſeveral books, in their order, to ſhew their connection one with another; and to obviate a few objections which have been made to certain parts of each, by ſome perſons whoſe opinions I highly reſpect; objections which I flatter myſelf might ariſe from their having examined thoſe parts ſeparately, as the ſeparate publication of the books neceſſarily led them to do; and which, perhaps, had they ſeen the whole together, they would not have found of ſo much importance.

I. The firſt book, as I have ſaid, contains the general Principles of the Art, which are ſhewn to be no other than thoſe which conſtitute Beauty in the ſiſter art of Landſcape Painting; Beauty which reſults from a well-choſen variety of curves, in contradiſtinction to that of Architecture which ariſes from a judicious ſymmetry of right lines, and which is there ſhewn to have afforded the principle on which that formal diſpoſition of Garden Ground, which our anceſtors borrowed from the French and Dutch, proceeded. A principle never adopted by Nature herſelf, and therefore conſtantly to be avoided by thoſe whoſe buſineſs it is to embelliſh Nature.

I know of no objection that has been made to any thing that I have aſſerted on this head, except to that part in which I have exploded Viſtas and Avenues, which, it has been ſaid, have in themſelves a conſiderable ſhare of intrinſic beauty. I am myſelf far from denying this; I only aſſert that their beauty is not pictureſque beauty; and therefore, that it is to be rejected by thoſe who follow pictureſque principles. It is architectural beauty, and accords only with architectural works. Where the Artiſt follows thoſe principles, viſtas are certainly admiſſible; and the French, who have ſo long followed them, have therefore not improperly (though one cannot help ſmiling at the title) given us in their Dictionary of Sciences, an article of *Architecture du Jardinage*. But did Gaſpar Pouſſin, or Claude Lorrain, ever copy theſe beauties on their canvas? Or would they have produced a pictureſque effect by their means if they had? I think this ſingle conſideration will induce every perſon of common taſte to allow that theſe two principles oppoſe one another, and that, whenever they appear together, they offend the eye of the beholder by their heterogeneous beauty: If therefore viſtas are ever to be admitted, or rather to be retained, it is only where they form an approach to ſome ſuperb manſion, ſo ſituated, that the principal proſpect and ground allotted to picturesque improvement lie entirely on the other ſide; ſo much ſo, that the two different modes of planting can never appear together from any given point of view; and this is the utmoſt that I can concede on this ſubject.

II. The pictureſque principle being thus eſtabliſhed in the firſt book, as well by proofs of its beauty when followed, as of the deformity which reſults from its being deſerted, the ſecond book proceeds to a more practical diſcuſſion of the ſubject, but confines itſelf to one point only, the diſpoſition of the ground-plan, and, that very material buſineſs immediately united with it, the proper diſpoſition and formation of the paths and fences. The neceſſity of attending conſtantly to the curvilinear principle is firſt ſhewn, not only in the formation of the ground-plan, with reſpect to its external boundary, but in its internal ſwellings and ſinkings, where all abruptneſs or angular appearances are as much to be avoided as in the form of the outline that ſurrounds the whole.

The pathways or walks are next conſidered, and that peculiar curve recommended for their imitation which is ſo frequently found in common roads, foot-paths, &c. and which being caſually produced appears to be the general curve of nature.

The reſt of the book is employed in minutely deſcribing the method of making ſunk fences, and other neceſſary diviſions of the pleaſure-ground or lawn from the adjacent field or park; a part of the art which is of moſt eſſential conſequence, and which is frequently very difficult both to deſign and execute.

The dryneſs of this part of the ſubject led me to enliven the book with a concluding Epiſode, and alſo to throw into other places of it as much as I could of poetical embelliſhment; in one inſtance perhaps improperly, becauſe I have found it has generally been blamed. It is the apoſtrophe which I have made to the Genius or Muſe of Painting, when I am about to teach the beſt colour for concealing upright fences. It has been ſaid, "Why all this parade about daubing a rail?" Now, though I believe I might defend myſelf by the practice of my Maſters in Didactic Poetry, who frequently by ſuch apoſtrophes endeavour to beſtow conſequence on little matters, to which they think it neceſſary to call the attention, yet I rather chuſe to give the objection its full force, and promiſe to ſoften the paſſage in the next edition; taking leave, however, here to aſſert in proſe that it is highly neceſſary to obſerve the rule in queſtion; becauſe if ſuch means be not taken for concealment, fences of that kind create much deformity in the general ſcene.

III. The Third Book proceeds to add natural ornament to that ground-plan which the ſecond book had aſcertained, in its two capital branches, Wood and Water.

The formation of the outline and poſition of the latter might indeed have been treated in the former book: But as Water, though the greateſt ornament of any rural ſcene, is certainly but an ornament, inaſmuch as the ſcene may exiſt without it; and as there are many beautifully-adorned Places where this additional grace cannot be produced, I thought proper to conſider it only as an adjunct. Somebody has ſaid (perhaps rather quaintly, yet certainly not without good meaning) that "water is the eye, and wood the eye-brow of nature;" and if ſo, there is ſurely no impropriety in treating the two features together. Certain it is, that, when united, they contribute more than any thing elſe to what may be called Scenical Expreſſion, without which the pictureſque Beauty we treat of loſes much of its value.

With reſpect to the judicious arrangement of Wood, conſidered ſeparately, I treat it under two diſtinct heads, that of planting it with a view of concealing defects, and introducing beauty in their place; and for the purpoſe of ornamenting the opener lawns. On the former of theſe I am more diffuſe, becauſe it is a ſubject which admits of preciſe rules. On the latter, as it is the peculiar province of Taſte, and depends chiefly on the eye of the Planter, who muſt neceſſarily vary his mode of planting as peculiar ſituations vary, more could not be ſaid with propriety: For, where the only thing needful is to avoid formality, and to treat Nature (as Mr. Pope excellently expreſſes it)

like a modeſt fair,
Not over dreſs, nor leave her wholly bare,

explicit rules rather tend to miſlead than to direct. I have, however, from ver. 209 to ver. 250, ventured to preſcribe a few material precepts which are incapable of being miſapplied;

and

and if to theſe be added, what I have ſaid in the firſt book concerning the falſe taſte of planting diſtances, I am in hopes I ſhall not be thought to have treated this part of my ſubject ſuperficially.

For I would wiſh my reader to conſider that the Plan of this Poem differs very materially in one reſpect from that of the Georgics of Virgil; and when I ſpeak merely of Plan, I may hope, without appearing arrogant, to bring them to a compariſon. His four books treat of four diſtinct ſubjects; Tillage, Planting, Breeding of Cattle, and Bees. He has no introductory book which treats of the general Art of Agriculture: Whereas this Poem, as appears from the analyſis here given, employs the firſt book entirely on that general ſubject, of which the three following are to be conſidered only as illuſtrations and amplifications: Where therefore that book had ſufficiently explained any topic, more could not be added in any ſucceeding one without tautology. And this, I hope, will ſufficiently obviate the objection which has been made to this part of the third book.

As to the ſecond general topic, Water, as I have heard no objections made to what I have there aſſerted, and believe every aſſertion conſonant to the general principles of the art, I ſhall here add nothing. Yet in the little Epiſode at the end of it, I have been frequently queſtioned whom I meant by LIGEA; and it has been thought that I ought not to have run away with one of Virgil's Sea-Nymphs*, to tranſport her into an Engliſh inland ſcene. There is ſome weight in this objection; and to ſhew that I think ſo, I will here diſcover what I have hitherto kept as a ſort of ſecret. The lines, where this Nymph is mentioned, were written in a very retired grove belonging to Mr. Frederic Montagu, who has long honoured me with his friendſhip, where a little clear trout-ſtream (dignified perhaps too much by the name of a River) gurgles very deliciouſly. The name of this ſtream is the LIN, and the ſpring itſelf riſes but a little way from his plantations †. I ſeem to find myſelf aſked here pretty abruptly, Why then did you not call your Nymph LINEA? I will own the truth. I had reſolved, when I firſt planned my Poem, to bring no inſtances from any individual ſcene: For I thought the nature of its compoſition, as it excluded particular ſatire, would not, with more propriety admit of particular panegyric; and therefore, by a ſlight alteration in the name, and by ſome other as ſlight deviations from the ſcenery, I cautiouſly maſked the Naiad in queſtion.

---

* Drymoque, Zanthoque, *Ligeaque*, Phyllodoceque. GEOR. iv. ver. 336.

† At Papplewick, in Nottinghamſhire, on the edge of the Foreſt of Sherwood. The village itſelf has not been without poetical notice before, Ben Johnſon having taken ſome of his *perſonæ dramatis* from it, in his unfiniſhed Paſtoral Comedy, called *The Sad Shepherd*.

I will here give the reader another inſtance of ſimilar caution: Finding, in the ſame book, occaſion to explode the too great fondneſs for exotic plants, I thought that the moſt poetical way of doing it was to exhibit an inſtance ſomewhat in the ſame manner in which Virgil introduces his old Corycian Gardener: But to prevent all poſſible application, as I thought, I laid my ſcene on the banks of the remote Swale, where I imagined the taſte for exotics had not yet reached, or at leaſt had not yet been carried to any exceſs; yet I have been ſince told, that the neighbourhood immediately pointed out a certain very worthy Gentleman as the undoubted object of my ſatire, whoſe improvements I had never ſeen, nor even heard, that, from the inclemency of the climate, his plantations had ever ſuffered in the way that I have deſcribed. I have, therefore, only to deſire that my readers, now poſſeſſed of one of my ſecrets, would ſubſtitute an N for a G where the name Ligea occurs; and that the reſpectable Gentleman, now acquainted with the other, would acquit me of any premeditated ridicule on his ſubject.

IV. Factitious or artificial ornaments, in contradiſtinction to natural ones laſt treated, form the general ſubject of the Fourth Book, and conclude the plan. By theſe is meant not only every aid which the art borrows from architecture; but thoſe ſmaller pieces of ſeparate ſcenery appropriated either to ornament or uſe, which do not make a neceſſary part of the whole; and which, if admitted into it, would frequently occaſion a littleneſs ill-ſuiting with that unity and ſimplicity which ſhould ever be principally attended to in an extenſive pleaſure-ground.

Though this ſubject was in itſelf as ſuſceptible of poetical embelliſhment as any that preceded it, and much more ſo than thoſe contained in the ſecond book; yet I was apprehenſive that deſcriptive poetry, however varied, might pall when continued through ſo long a poem; and therefore, by interweaving a tale with the general theme, I have given the whole a narrative, and in ſome places a dramatic caſt. The idea was new, and I found the execution of it ſomewhat difficult: However, if I have ſo far ſucceeded as to have conveyed, thro' the medium of an intereſting ſtory, thoſe more important principles of taſte which this part of my ſubject required, and if thoſe rules only are omitted which readily reſult from ſuch as I have deſcriptively given; if the judicious place and arrangement of thoſe artificial forms, which give the chief embelliſhment to a finiſhed garden-ſcene, be diſtinctly noticed, I am not without hope that this concluſion will be thought (as Sir Henry Wotton ſaid of Milton's juvenile Poems at the end of a miſcellany) to leave the reader in ſome ſmall degree *con la bocca dolce.*

With reſpect to the criticiſms, which may be made on this laſt book, there is one ſo likely to come from certain readers, that I am inclined to anticipate it; and taking for granted that it will be ſaid to breathe too much of the ſpirit of party, to return the following ready anſwer; The word *Party,* when applied to thoſe men, who, from private and perſonal motives, compoſe either a majority or minority in a houſe of parliament, or to thoſe who out of it, on ſimilar principles, approve or condemn the meaſures of any adminiſtration, is certainly in its place: But in a matter of ſuch magnitude as the preſent American War, in which the deareſt intereſts of mankind are concerned, the puny term has little or no meaning. If, however, it be applied to me on this occaſion, I ſhall take it with much complacency, conſcious that no ſentiment appears in my Poem which does not prove its author to be of THE PARTY OF HUMANITY.

The whole of the Plan being now explained, I might here finiſh, did not a general objection remain which I have heard made to the ſpecies of Verſification in which I choſe to compoſe it. I muſt, therefore, beg the reader's patience while I inform him why I preferred blank verſe to rhyme on this occaſion.

When I firſt had the ſubject in contemplation, I found it admitted of two very different modes of compoſition: One was that of the regular Didactic Poem, of which the Georgics of Virgil afford ſo perfect an example; the other that of the preceptive epiſtolary eſſay, the model of which Horace has given in his Epiſtles *Ad Auguſtum & ad Piſones*. I balanced ſometime which of theſe I ſhould adopt, for both had their peculiar merit. The former opened a more ample field for pictureſque deſcription and poetical embelliſhment; the latter was more calculated to convey exact precept in conciſe phraſe*. The one furniſhed better means of illuſtrating my ſubject, and the other of defining it; the former admitted thoſe ornaments only which reſulted from lively imagery and figurative diction, the latter ſeemed rather to require the ſeaſoning of wit and ſatire; this, therefore, appeared beſt calculated to expoſe falſe taſte, and that to elucidate the true. But falſe taſte, on this ſubject, had been ſo inimitably ridiculed by Mr. Pope, in his Epiſtle to Lord Burlington, that it ſeemed to preclude all other authors (at leaſt it precluded me) from touching it after him; and therefore, as he had left much unſaid on that part of the art on which it was my purpoſe principally to enlarge, I thought the Didactic method not only more open but more proper for my attempt. This matter once determined, I did not heſitate as to my choice between blank verſe and rhyme; becauſe it clearly appeared, that numbers of the moſt varied kind were moſt proper to illuſtrate a ſubject *whoſe every charm ſprings from variety*, and which painting Nature, as *ſcorning control*, ſhould employ a verſification for that end as unfettered as Nature itſelf. Art at the ſame time, in rural improvements, pervading the province of Nature, unſeen and unfelt, ſeemed to bear a ſtriking analogy to that ſpecies of verſe, the harmony of which reſults from meaſured quantity and varied cadence, without the too ſtudied arrangement of final ſyllables, or regular return of conſonant ſounds. I was, notwithſtanding, well aware, that by chooſing to write in blank verſe, I ſhould not court popularity, becauſe I perceived it was growing much out of vogue; but this reaſon, as may be ſuppoſed, did not weigh much with a writer, who meant to combat Faſhion in the very theme he intended to write upon; and who was alſo convinced that a mode of Engliſh verſification, in which ſo many good poems, with

---

* See Mr. Pope's account of his *deſign* in writing the Eſſay on Man, in which the peculiar merit of that way, in which he ſo greatly excelled, is moſt happily explained. He choſe, as he ſays, "Verſe, and even Rhyme, for two reaſons: Verſe, becauſe precepts, ſo written, ſtrike more ſtrongly, and are retained more eaſily: Rhyme, becauſe it expreſſes arguments or inſtructions more conciſely than even Proſe itſelf."

Paradiſe Loſt at their head, have been written, could either not long continue unfaſhionable; or if it did, that Faſhion had ſo completely deſtroyed Taſte, it would not be worth any writer's while, who aimed at more than the reputation of the day, to endeavour to amuſe the public.

FINIS.

ERRATUM.

Ver. 665. For SIMPLICIY, read SIMPLICITY.

CHARLES ALPHONSE DU FRESNOY'S

ART of PAINTING

Tranſlated into ENGLISH VERSE.

THE

ART of PAINTING

OF

CHARLES ALPHONSE DU FRESNOY.

Tranſlated into ENGLISH VERSE

BY

WILLIAM MASON, M.A.

With ANNOTATIONS

BY

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, Knt.
Preſident of the ROYAL ACADEMY.

YORK:
Printed by A. WARD, and ſold by J. DODSLEY, Pall-Mall; T. CADELL, in the Strand; R. FAULDER, New Bond-ſtreet, London; and J. TODD, York.
M.DCC.LXXXIII.

EPISTLE

TO

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

WHEN DRYDEN, worn with ſickneſs, bow'd with years,
Was doom'd (my Friend let Pity warm thy tears)
The galling pang of penury to feel,
For ill-plac'd Loyalty, and courtly Zeal,
To ſee that Laurel, which his brows o'erſpread,
Tranſplanted droop on SHADWELL's barren head,
The Bard oppreſs'd, yet not ſubdu'd by Fate,
For very bread deſcended to tranſlate:
And He, whoſe Fancy, copious as his Phraſe,
Could light at will Expreſſion's brighteſt blaze,
On FRESNOY's Lay employ'd his ſtudious hour;
But niggard there of that melodious power,
His pen in haſte the hireling taſk to cloſe,
Transform'd the ſtudied ſtrain to careleſs proſe,
Which, fondly lending faith to French pretence,
Miſtook its meaning, or obſcur'd its ſenſe.

Yet

Yet ſtill he pleas'd, for DRYDEN ſtill muſt pleaſe,
Whether with artleſs elegance and eaſe
He glides in Proſe, or from its tinkling chime,
By varied pauſes, purifies his rhyme,
And mounts on MARO's plumes, and ſoars his heights ſublime.

This artleſs Elegance, this native fire
Provok'd his tuneful Heir * to ſtrike the Lyre,
Who, proud his numbers with that proſe to join,
Wove an illuſtrious wreath for Friendſhip's ſhrine.

How oft, on that fair ſhrine when Poets bind
The flowers of Song, does partial Paſſion blind
Their judgment's eye! How oft does Truth diſclaim
The deed, and ſcorn to call it genuine Fame!
How did ſhe here, when JERVAS was the theme,
Waft thro' the Ivory Gate the Poet's dream!
How view, indignant, Error's baſe alloy
The ſterling luſtre of his Praiſe deſtroy,
Which now, if Praiſe like his my Muſe could coin,
Current thro' Ages, ſhe would ſtamp for Thine.

Let Friendſhip, as ſhe caus'd, excuſe the deed;
With Thee, and ſuch as Thee, ſhe muſt ſucceed.

---

* Mr. POPE, in his Epiſtle to JERVAS, has theſe lines,
Read theſe inſtructive leaves in which conſpire
FRESNOY's cloſe art with DRYDEN's native fire.

But what, if Faſhion tempted Pope aſtray?
The Witch has ſpells, and Jervas knew a day
When mode-ſtruck Belles and Beaux were proud to
come
And buy of him a thouſand years of bloom. †

Ev'n then I deem it but a venial crime:
Periſh alone that ſelfiſh ſordid rhyme,
Which flatters lawleſs Sway, or tinſel Pride;
Let black Oblivion plunge it in her tide.

From Fate like this my truth-ſupported lays,
Ev'n if aſpiring to thy Pencil's praiſe,
Would flow ſecure; but humbler Aims are mine;
Know, when to thee I conſecrate the line,
'Tis but to thank thy Genius for the ray
Which pours on Fresnoy's rules a fuller day:
Thoſe candid ſtrictures, thoſe reflexions new,
Refin'd by Taſte, yet ſtill as Nature true,
Which, blended here with his inſtructive ſtrains,
Shall bid thy Art inherit new domains;
Give her in Albion as in Greece to rule,
And guide (what thou haſt form'd) a Britiſh School.

---

† Alluding to another couplet in the ſame Epiſtle.
Beauty, frail Flower, that every Seaſon fears,
Blooms in thy colours *for a thouſand years.*

And, O, if ought thy Poet can pretend
Beyond his fav'rite wiſh to call thee Friend,
Be it that here his tuneful toil has dreſt
The Muſe of Fresnoy in a modern veſt;
And, with what ſkill his Fancy could beſtow,
Taught the cloſe folds to take an eaſier flow;
Be it, that here thy partial ſmile approv'd
The Pains he laviſh'd on the Art he lov'd.

Oct. 10, 1782.

W. MASON.

PREFACE.

PREFACE.

THE Poem of M. Du Fresnoy, when conſidered as a Treatiſe on Painting, may unqueſtionably claim the merit of giving the leading Principles of the Art with more preciſion, conciſeneſs, and accuracy, than any work of the kind that has either preceded or followed it; yet as it was publiſhed about the middle of the laſt century, many of the precepts it contains have been ſo frequently repeated by later writers, that they have loſt the air of novelty, and will, conſequently, now be held common; ſome of them too may, perhaps, not be ſo generally true as to claim the authority of abſolute rules: Yet the reader of taſte will always be pleaſed to ſee a Frenchman holding out to his countrymen the Study of Nature, and the chaſte Models of Antiquity, when (if we except Le Sueur and Nicolo Poussin, who were Fresnoy's contemporaries) ſo few Painters of that nation have regarded either of theſe architypes. The modern Artiſt alſo will be proud to emulate that ſimplicity of ſtyle, which this work has for more than a century recommended, and which, having only very lately got the better of fluttering drapery and theatrical attitude, is become one of the principal teſts of Pictureſque excellence.

But if the Text may have loſt ſomewhat of its original merit, the Notes of Mr. Du Piles, which have hitherto accompanied it, have loſt much more. Indeed it may be doubted whether they ever had merit in any conſiderable degree. Certain it is that they contain ſuch a parade of common-place quotation, with ſo ſmall a degree of illuſtrative ſcience, that I have thought proper to expel them from this edition, in order to make room for their betters.

As to the poetical powers of my Author, I do not ſuppoſe that theſe alone would ever have given him a place in the numerous libraries which he now holds; and I have, therefore, often wondered that M. De Voltaire, when he gave an account of the authors who appeared in the age of Louis XIV. ſhould diſmiſs Fresnoy, with ſaying, in his deciſive manner, that "his Poem has ſucceeded with ſuch perſons as could bear to read Latin Verſe, not of the Auguſtan Age *. This is the criticiſm of a mere Poet. No body, I ſhould ſuppoſe, ever read Fresnoy to admire, or even criticiſe his verſification, but either

---

* Du Frenoi (Charles) né à Paris 1611, peintre & poëte. Son poeme de la peinture a reuſſi aupres de ceux qui peuvent lire d'autres vers latins que ceux du ſiecle d'Auguſte. Siecle de Louis XIV. Tom. I.

either to be inſtructed by him as a Painter, or improved as a Virtuoſo.

It was this latter motive only, I confeſs, that led me to attempt the following tranſlation; which was begun in very early youth, with a double view of implanting in my own memory the principles of a favourite art, and of acquiring a habit of verſification, for which purpoſe the cloſe and condenſed ſtile of the original ſeemed peculiarly calculated, eſpecially when conſidered as a ſort of ſchool exerciſe. However the taſk proved ſo difficult, that when I had gone through a part of it I remitted of my diligence, and proceeded at ſuch ſeparate intervals, that I had paſſed many poſterior productions thro' the preſs before this was brought to any concluſion in manuſcript; and, after it was ſo, it lay long neglected, and would certainly have never been made public, had not SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS requeſted a ſight of it, and made an obliging offer of illuſtrating it by a ſeries of his own notes. This prompted me to reviſe it with all poſſible accuracy; and as I had preſerved the ſtrictures which my late excellent friend Mr. GRAY had made many years before on the verſion, as it then ſtood, I attended to each of them in their order with that deference which every criticiſm of his muſt demand. Beſides this, as much more time was now elapſed ſince I had myſelf peruſed the copy, my own eye was become more open to its defects. I found the rule which my Author had given to his Painter full as uſeful to a Writer,

(Aſt ubi conſilium deerit ſapientis amici
Id tempus dabit, atque mora intermiſſa labori.)

And I may ſay, with truth, that having become from this circumſtance, as impartial, if not as faſtidious, to my own work, as any other critic could poſſibly have been, I hardly left a ſingle line in it without giving it, what I thought, an emendation. It is not, therefore, as a juvenile work that I now preſent it to the public, but as one which I have improved to the utmoſt of my mature abilities, in order to make it more worthy of its Annotator.

In the preceding Epiſtle I have obviated, I hope, every ſuſpicion of arrogance in attempting this work after Mr. DRYDEN. The ſingle conſideration that his Verſion was in Proſe were in itſelf ſufficient; becauſe, as Mr. POPE has juſtly obſerved, Verſe and even Rhyme is the beſt mode of conveying preceptive truths, "as in this way they are more ſhortly expreſſed, and more eaſily retained*." Still leſs need

---

* See his Advertiſement before the Eſſay on Man.

I make an apology for undertaking it after Mr. Wills, who, in the year 1754, publiſhed a Tranſlation of it in Metre without Rhyme *.

This Gentleman, a Painter by profeſſion, aſſumed for his motto,

Tractant Fabrilia Fabri;

but however adroit he might be in handling the tools of his own art, candour muſt own that the tools of a Poet and a Tranſlator were beyond his management; attempting alſo a taſk abſolutely impoſſible, that of expreſſing the ſenſe of his Author in an equal number of lines, he produced a verſion which (if it was ever read through by any perſon except myſelf) is now totally forgotten. Nevertheleſs I muſt do him the juſtice to own that he underſtood the original text; that he detected ſome errors in Mr. Dryden's Tranſlation, which had eſcaped Mr. Jervas

---

* I call it ſo rather than Blank Verſe, becauſe it was devoid of all harmony of numbers. The beginning, which I ſhall here inſert, is a ſufficient proof of the truth of this aſſertion.

> As Painting, Poeſy, ſo ſimilar
> To Poeſy be Painting; emulous
> Alike, each to her ſiſter doth refer,
> Alternate change the office and the name;
> Mute verſe is this, that ſpeaking picture call'd.

From this little ſpecimen the reader will eaſily form a judgment of the whole.

JERVAS (aſſiſted, as it is ſaid, by his friend Mr. POPE) in that corrected Edition which Mr. GRAHAM inſcribed to the Earl of BURLINGTON; and that I have myſelf ſometimes profited by his labours. It is alſo from his Edition that I reprint the following Life of the Author, which was drawn up from Felibien and other Biographers by the late Dr. BIRCH, who, with his uſual induſtry, has collected all they have ſaid on FRESNOY's ſubject.

THE

LIFE

OF

Monſ. DU FRESNOY.

CHARLES ALPHONSE DU FRESNOY was born at Paris in the year 1611. His father, who was an eminent apothecary in that city, intending him for the profeſſion of phyſic, gave him as good an education as poſſible. During the firſt year, which he ſpent at the college, he made a very conſiderable progreſs in his ſtudies: but as ſoon as he was raiſed to the higher claſſes, and began to contract a taſte of poetry, his genius for it opened itſelf, and he carried all the prizes in it, which were propoſed to excite the emulation of his fellow-ſtudents. His inclination for it was heightened by exerciſe; and his earlieſt performances ſhewed, that he was capable of becoming one of the greateſt poets of his age, if his love of painting, which equally poſſeſſed him, had not divided his time and application. At laſt he laid aſide all thoughts of the ſtudy of phyſic, and declared abſolutely for that of painting, notwithſtanding the oppoſition of his parents, who, by all kinds of ſeverity, endeavoured to divert him from purſuing his paſſion for that art, the profeſſion of which they unjuſtly conſidered in a very contemptible light. But the ſtrength of his inclination defeating all the meaſures taken to ſuppreſs it, he took the firſt opportunity of cultivating his favourite ſtudy.

He was nineteen or twenty years of age when he began to learn to deſign under Francis Perier; and having ſpent two years in the ſchool of that painter, and of Simon Voüet, he thought proper to take a journey into Italy, where he arrived in the end of 1633, or the beginning of 1634.

As he had, during his ſtudies, applied himſelf very much to that of geometry, he began, upon his coming to Rome, to paint landſkips, buildings, and antient ruins. But, for the firſt two years of his reſidence in that city, he had the utmoſt difficulty to ſupport himſelf, being abandoned by his parents, who reſented his having rejected their advice in the choice of his profeſſion; and the little ſtock of money, which he had provided before he left France, proving ſcarce ſufficient for the expences of his journey to Italy. Being deſtitute, therefore, of friends and acquaintance at Rome, he was reduced to ſuch diſtreſs, that his chief ſubſiſtence for the greateſt part of that time was bread and a ſmall quantity of cheeſe. But he diverted the ſenſe of his uneaſy circumſtances by an intenſe and indefatigable application to painting, till the arrival of the celebrated Peter Mignard, who had been the companion of his ſtudies under Voüet, ſet him more at eaſe. They immediately engaged in the ſtricteſt friendſhip, living together in the ſame houſe, and being commonly known at Rome by the name of the *Inſeparables*. They were employed by the Cardinal of Lyons in copying all the beſt pieces in the Farneſe Palace. But their principal ſtudy was the works of Raphael and other great maſters, and the antiques; and they were conſtant in their attendance every evening at the academy in deſigning after models. Mignard had ſuperior talents in practice; but Du Freſnoy was a greater maſter of the rules, hiſtory, and theory of his profeſſion. They communicated to each other their remarks and ſentiments, Du Freſnoy furniſhing his friend with noble and excellent ideas, and the latter inſtructing the former to paint with greater expedition and eaſe.

Poetry ſhared with Painting the time and thoughts of Du Fresnoy, who, as he penetrated into the ſecrets of the latter art, wrote down his obſervations; and having at laſt acquired a full knowledge of the ſubject, formed a deſign of writing a Poem upon it, which he did not finiſh till many years after, when he had conſulted the beſt writers, and examined with the utmoſt care the moſt admired pictures in Italy.

While he reſided there he painted ſeveral pictures, particularly the Ruins of the Campo Vaccino, with the city of Rome in the figure of a woman; a young woman of Athens going to ſee the monument of a lover; Æneas carrying his father to his tomb; Mars finding Lavinia ſleeping on the banks of the Tyber, deſcending from his chariot, and lifting up the veil which covered her, which is one of his beſt pieces; the birth of Venus, and that of Cupid. He had a peculiar eſteem for the works of Titian, ſeveral of which he copied, imitating that excellent Painter in his colouring, as he did Carrache in his deſign.

About the year 1653 he went with Mignard to Venice *, and travelled throughout Lombardy; and during his ſtay in that city painted a Venus for Signor Mark Paruta, a noble Venetian, and a Madonna, a half length. Theſe pictures

---

* This is the account of Monſ. Felibien, *Entretiens ſur les vies et ſur les ouvrages des plus excellens peintres*, tom. II. edit. *Lond.* 1705, p. 333. But the late author of *Abregé de la vie des plus fameux peintres*, part II. p. 284, edit. *Par.* 1745, in 4to, ſays, that Freſnoy went to Venice without Mignard; and that the latter, being importuned by the letters of the former, made a viſit to him in that city.

ſhewed that he had not ſtudied thoſe of Titian without ſucceſs. Here the two friends ſeparated, Mignard returning to Rome, and Du Freſnoy to France. He had read his Poem to the beſt Painters in all places through which he paſſed, and particularly to Albano and Guercino, then at Bologna; and he conſulted ſeveral men famous for their ſkill in polite literature.

He arrived at Paris in 1656, where he lodged with Monſ. Potel, Greffier of the council, in the ſtreet Beautreillis, where he painted a ſmall room; afterwards a picture for the altar of the Church of St. Margaret in the ſuburb St. Antoine. Monſ. Bordier, Intendant of the finances, who was then finiſhing his houſe of Rinci, now Livry, having ſeen this picture, was ſo highly pleaſed with it, that he took Du Freſnoy to that houſe, which is but two leagues from Paris, to paint the Salon. In the ceiling was repreſented the burning of Troy; Venus is ſtanding by Paris, who makes her remark how the fire conſumes that great city; in the front is the God of the river, which runs by it, and other deities: This is one of his beſt performances, both for diſpoſition and colouring. He afterwards painted a conſiderable number of pictures for the cabinets of the curious, particularly an altar-piece for the Church of Lagni, repreſenting the aſſumption of the virgin and the twelve apoſtles, all as large as life. At the Hotel d'Erval (now d'Armenonville) he painted ſeveral pictures, and among them a ceiling of a room with four beautiful landſkips, the figures of which were by Mignard. As he underſtood Architecture very well, he drew for Monſ. de Vilargelé all the deſigns of a houſe, which that Gentleman built four leagues from Avignon; as likewiſe thoſe for the Hotel de Lyonne, and for that of the Grand Prior de Souvré. The high altar of the Filles-Dieu, in the ſtreet St. Denis, was alſo deſigned by him.

Tho' he had finiſhed his Poem before he had left Italy, and communicated it, as has been already mentioned, to the beſt judges of that country; yet, after his return to France, he continued ſtill to reviſe it, with a view to treat more at length of ſome things, which did not ſeem to him ſufficiently explained. This employment took up no ſmall part of his time, and was the reaſon of his not having finiſhed ſo many pictures as he might otherwiſe have done. And tho' he was deſirous to ſee his work in print, he thought it improper to publiſh it without a French tranſlation, which he deferred undertaking from time to time, out of diffidence of his own ſkill in his native language, which he had in ſome meaſure loſt by his long reſidence in Italy. Monſ. de Piles was therefore at laſt induced, at his deſire, and by the merit of the Poem, to tranſlate it into French, his verſion being reviſed by Du Freſnoy himſelf; and the latter had begun a commentary upon it, when he was ſeized with a palſy, and after languiſhing four or five months under it, died at the houſe of one of his brothers at Villiers-le-bel, four leagues from Paris, in 1665, at the age of fifty-four, and was interred in the pariſh Church there. He had quitted his lodgings at Monſ. Potel's upon Mignard's return to Paris in 1658, and the two friends lived together from that time till the death of Du Freſnoy.

His Poem was not publiſhed till three years after his death, when it was printed at Paris in 12mo. with the French verſion and remarks of Monſ. de Piles, and has been juſtly admired for its elegance and perſpicuity.

THE

ART of PAINTING

WITH THE

Original Text ſubjoined.

THE ART OF PAINTING.

TRUE Poetry the Painter's power diſplays;
True Painting emulates the Poet's lays;
The rival Siſters, fond of equal fame,
Alternate change their office and their name;
Bid ſilent Poetry the canvaſs warm;
The tuneful page with ſpeaking Picture charm.
What to the ear ſublimer rapture brings,
That ſtrain alone the genuine Poet ſings;

PROVINCE OF POET

DE ARTE GRAPHICA.

UT Pictura Poeſis erit; ſimiliſque Poeſi
Sit Pictura; refert par æmula quæque ſororem,
Alternantque vices & nomina; muta Poeſis
Dicitur hæc, Pictura loquens ſolet illa vocari.
Quod fuit auditu gratum cecinere Poetæ;

That form alone where glows peculiar grace,
[illegible] (in PAINTING) The genuine Painter condeſcends to trace:
No ſordid theme will Verſe or Paint admit,
Unworthy colours if unworthy wit.
From you, bleſt Pair! Religion deigns to claim
Her ſacred honours; at her awful name
High o'er the ſtars you take your ſoaring flight,
And rove the regions of ſupernal light,
Attend to lays that flow from tongues divine,
Undazzled gaze where charms ſeraphic ſhine;
Trace beauty's beam to its eternal ſpring,
And pure to man the fire cœleſtial bring.

Quod pulchrum aſpectu Pictores pingere curant:
Quæque Poetarum numeris indigna fuêre,
Non eadem Pictorum operam ſtudiumq; merentur:
Ambæ quippe ſacros ad religionis honores
Sydereos ſuperant ignes, aulamque tonantis
Ingreſſæ, Divûm aſpectu, alloquioque fruuntur;
Oraque magna Deûm, & dicta obſervata reportant,
Cœleſtemque ſuorum operum mortalibus ignem.

Then round this globe on joint purſuit ye ſtray,
Time's ample annals ſtudiouſly ſurvey;
And from the eddies of Oblivion's ſtream,
Propitious ſnatch each memorable theme.

Thus to each form, in heav'n, and earth, and ſea,
That wins with grace, or awes with dignity,
To each exalted deed, which dares to claim
The glorious meed of an immortal fame,
That meed ye grant. Hence, to remoteſt age,
The Hero's ſoul darts from the Poets page; HERO
Hence, from the canvaſs, ſtill, with wonted ſtate,
He lives, he breaths, he braves the frown of Fate.

Inde per hunc Orbem ſtudiis coëuntibus errant,
Carpentes quæ digna ſui, revolutaque luſtrant
Tempora, quærendis conſortibus argumentis.

Denique quæcunq; in cœlo, terrâque, marique
Longius in tempus durare, ut pulchra, merentur,
Nobilitate ſuâ, claroque inſignia caſu,
Dives & ampla manet Pictores atque Poetas
Materies; inde alta ſonant per ſæcula mundo
Nomina, magnanimis Heroibus inde ſuperſtes
Gloria, perpetuoque operum miracula reſtant:

Such powers, ſuch praiſes, heav'n-born Pair, belong
To magic colouring, and creative ſong.
  But here I pauſe, nor aſk Pieria's train,
Nor Phœbus ſelf to elevate the ſtrain;
Vain is the flow'ry verſe, when reaſoning ſage,
And ſober precept fill the ſtudied page;
Enough if there the fluent numbers pleaſe,
With native clearneſs, and inſtructive eaſe.
  Nor ſhall my rules the Artiſt's hand confine,
Whom Practice gives to ſtrike the free deſign;
Or baniſh Fancy from her fairy plains,
Or fetter Genius in didactic chains:

Tantus ineſt divis honor artibus atque poteſtas.
  Non mihi Pieridum chorus hic, nec Apollo vocandus,
Majus ut eloquium numeris, aut gratia fandi
Dogmaticis illuſtret opus rationibus horrens:
Cum nitidâ tantum & facili digeſta loquelâ,
Ornari præcepta negent, contenta doceri.
  Nec mihi mens animuſve fuit conſtringere nodos
Artificum manibus, quos tantùm dirigit uſus;
Indolis ut vigor inde potens obſtrictus hebeſcat,
Normarum numero immani, Geniumq; moretur:

No, 'tis their liberal purpoſe to convey 45
That ſcientific ſkill which wins its way WR
On docile Nature, and tranſmits to youth,
Talents to reach, and taſte to reliſh truth;
While inborn Genius from their aid receives WR
Each ſupplemental Art that Practice gives. 50
'Tis Painting's firſt chief buſineſs to explore,
What lovelier forms in Nature's boundleſs ſtore,
Are beſt to Art and antient Taſte allied,
For antient Taſte thoſe forms has beſt applied.
'Till this be learn'd, how all things diſagree; 55
How all one wretched, blind barbarity!

I.
Of the
Beautiful.

PAINT EXP
For

Sed rerum ut pollens ars cognitione, gradatim
Naturæ ſeſe inſinuet, verique capacem 35
Tranſeat in Genium; Geniuſq; uſu induat artem.
Præcipua imprimis artiſque potiſſima pars eſt,
Nôſſe quid in rebus natura creârit ad artem
Pulchrius, idque modum juxta, mentemque vetuſtam:
Quâ ſine barbaries cæca & temeraria pulchrum 40
Negligit, inſultans ignotæ audacior arti,

I.
De Pulchro.

The fool to native ignorance confin'd,
No beauty beaming on his clouded mind;
Untaught to reliſh, yet too proud to learn,
He ſcorns the grace his dulneſs can't diſcern. 60
Hence Reaſon to Caprice reſigns the ſtage,
And hence that maxim of the antient Sage,
" Of all vain fools with coxcomb talents curſt,
" Bad Painters and bad Poets are the worſt."
When firſt the orient rays of beauty move
The conſcious ſoul, they light the lamp of love, 65
Love wakes thoſe warm deſires that prompt our chace,
To follow and to fix each flying grace:
But earth-born graces ſparingly impart
The ſymmetry ſupreme of perfect art;

Ut curare nequit, quæ non modo noverit eſſe;
Illud apud veteres fuit unde notabile dictum,
" Nil Pictore malo ſecurius atque Poetâ."
Cognita amas, & amata cupis, ſequeriſq; cupita; 45
Paſſibus aſſequeris tandem quæ fervidus urges:
Illa tamen quæ pulchra decent; non omnia caſus
Qualiacumque dabunt, etiamve ſimillima veris:

For tho' our caſual glance may ſometimes meet
With charms that ſtrike the ſoul, and ſeem compleat,
Yet if thoſe charms too cloſely we define,
Content to copy nature line for line,
Our end is loſt. Not ſuch the Maſter's care,
Curious he culls the perfect from the fair;
Judge of his art, thro' beauty's realm he flies,
Selects, combines, improves, diverſifies;
With nimble ſtep purſues the fleeting throng,
And claſps each Venus as ſhe glides along.

II. Of Theory and Practice.

Yet ſome there are who indiſcreetly ſtray,
Where purblind Practice only points the way,
Who ev'ry theoretic truth diſdain,
And blunder on mechanically vain.

Nam quamcumque modo ſervili haud ſufficit ipſam
Naturam exprimere ad vivum; ſed ut arbiter artis,
Seliget ex illâ tantùm pulcherrima Pictor.
Quodque minus pulchrum, aut mendoſum, corriget ipſe
Marte ſuo, formæ Veneres captando fugaces.

II. De Speculatione & Praxi.

Utque manus grandi nil nomine practica dignum
Aſſequitur, primum arcanæ quam deficit artis
Lumen, & in præceps abitura ut cæca vagatur;

Ignore theory
lazy

Some too there are within whoſe languid breaſts,
A lifeleſs heap of embryo knowledge reſts,
When nor the pencil feels their drowzy art,
Nor the ſkill'd hand explains the meaning heart.
In chains of Sloth ſuch talents droop confin'd:
'Twas not by words Apelles charm'd mankind.
 Hear then the Muſe; tho' perfect beauty towers
Above the reach of her deſcriptive powers,
Yet will ſhe ſtrive ſome leading rules to draw
From ſovereign Nature's univerſal law;
Stretch her wide view o'er antient Art's domain,
Again eſtabliſh Reaſon's legal reign,

W2

Sic nihil ars operâ manuum privata ſupremum
Exequitur, ſed languet iners uti vincta lacertos;
Diſpoſitumque typum non linguâ pinxit Apelles.
 Ergo licet totâ normam haud poſſimus in arte
Ponere (cum nequeant quæ ſunt pulcherrima dici)
Nitimur hæc paucis, ſcrutati ſumma magiſtræ
Dogmata Naturæ, artiſque exemplaria prima
Altius intuiti; ſic mens habiliſque facultas

Genius again correct with Science ſage,
And curb luxuriant Fancy's headlong rage.
" Right ever reigns its ſtated bounds between,
" And Taſte, like Morals, loves the golden mean."
Some lofty theme let judgment firſt ſupply,
III. Of the Subject.
Supremely fraught with grace and majeſty;
For fancy copious, free to ev'ry charm
That lines can circumſcribe or colours warm,
Still happier if that artful theme diſpenſe
A poignant moral and inſtructive ſenſe. EWD
Then let the virgin canvas ſmooth expand,
Invention the firſt Part of Painting.
To claim the ſketch and tempt the Artiſt's hand:

Indolis excolitur, Geniumque Scientia complet;
Luxurianſque in monſtra furor compeſcitur Arte.
" *Eſt modus in rebus, ſunt certi denique fines,*
" *Quos ultra citraque nequit conſiſtere rectum.*"
His poſitis, erit optandum thema nobile, pulchrum,
III. De Argumento.
Quodque venuſtatum, circa formam atque colorem,
Sponte capax, amplam emeritæ mox præbeat Arti
Materiam, retegens aliquid ſalis & documenti.
Tandem opus aggredior; primoq; occurrit in albo
Inventio prima Picturæ Pars.
Diſponenda typi, concepta potente Minervâ,

Then bold Invention all thy powers diffuſe,
Of all thy ſiſters thou the nobleſt Muſe.
Thee ev'ry Art, thee ev'ry Grace inſpires,
Thee Phœbus fills with all his brighteſt fires.

IV.
Diſpoſition, or Oeconomy of the whole.

Chuſe ſuch judicious force of ſhade and light
As ſuits the theme, and ſatisfies the ſight;
Weigh part with part, and with prophetic eye,
The future power of all thy tints deſcry;
And thoſe, thoſe only on the canvas place,
Whoſe hues are ſocial, whoſe effect is grace.

V.
The Subject to be treated faithfully.

Vivid and faithful to the hiſtoric page,
Expreſs the cuſtoms, manners, forms, and age;

Machina, quæ noſtris Inventio dicitur oris.
Illa quidem priùs ingenuis inſtructa ſororum
Artibus Aonidum, & Phœbi ſublimior æſtu.

IV.
Diſpoſitio, ſive operis totius œconomia.

Quærendaſque inter poſituras, luminis, umbræ,
Atque futurorum jam præſentire colorum
Par erit harmoniam, captando ab utriſque venuſtum.

V.
Fidelitas Argumenti.

Sit thematis genuina ac viva expreſſio, juxtà
Textum antiquorum, propriis cum tempore formis.

Nor paint conſpicuous on the foremoſt plain
Whate'er is falſe, impertinent, or vain;
But like the Tragic Muſe, thy luſtre throw,
Where the chief action claims its warmeſt glow.

VI.
Every foreign Ornament to be rejected.

This rare, this arduous taſk no rules can teach,
No ſkill'd preceptor point, no practice reach;
'Tis Taſte, 'tis Genius, 'tis the heav'nly ray
Prometheus raviſh'd from the car of day.

In Egypt firſt the infant Art appear'd,
Rude and unform'd; but when to Greece ſhe ſteer'd

Nec quod inane, nihil facit ad rem, ſive videtur
Improprium, miniméque urgens, potiora tenebit
Ornamenta operis; Tragicæ ſed lege ſororis,
Summa ubi res agitur, vis ſumma requiritur Artis.

VI.
Inane rejiciendum.

Iſta labore gravi, ſtudio, monitiſque magiſtri
Ardua pars nequit addiſci: rariſſima namque,
Ni priùs æthereo rapuit quod ab axe Prometheus
Sit jubar infuſum menti cum flamine vitæ.
Mortali haud cuivis divina hæc munera dantur;
Non uti Dædaleam *licet omnibus ire Corinthum.*

Her proſperous courſe, fair Fancy met the Maid;
Wit, Reaſon, Judgment, lent their powerful aid;
Till all compleat the gradual wonder ſhone,
And vanquiſh'd Nature own'd herſelf outdone.
  'Twas there the Goddeſs fixt her bleſt abodes,
There reign'd in Corinth, Athens, Sicyon, Rhodes.
Her various vot'ries various talents crown'd,
Yet each alike her inſpiration own'd:
Witneſs thoſe marble miracles of grace,
Proportion
Thoſe teſts of ſymmetry where ſtill we trace
All Art's perfection: With reluctant gaze
To theſe the Genius of ſucceeding days
Looks dazzled up, and, as their glories ſpread,
Hides in his mantle his diminiſh'd head.

  Ægypto informis quondam pictura reperta,
Græcorum ſtudiis, & mentis acumine crevit:
Egregiis tandem illuſtrata & adulta magiſtris,
Naturam viſa eſt miro ſuperare labore.
  Quos inter, Graphidos Gymnaſia prima fuêre
Portus Athenarum, Sicyon, Rhodos, atque Corinthus,
Diſparia inter ſe modicùm ratione laboris;
Ut patet ex veterum Statuis, formæ atque decoris

VII.
Deſign or Poſition the ſecond Part of Painting.

Learn then from Greece, ye Youths, Proportion's law,
Inform'd by her, each juſt Position draw;
Skilful to range each large unequal part,
With varied motion and contraſted art;
Full in the front the nobler limbs to place,
And poiſe each figure on its central baſe.

But chief from her that flowing outline take,
Which floats, in wavy windings, like the ſnake,
Or lambent flame; which, ample, broad, and long,
Reliev'd not ſwell'd, at once both light and ſtrong,
Glides thro' the graceful whole. Her art divine
Cuts not, in parts minute, the tame deſign,

outline

Archetypis; queis poſterior nil protulit ætas
Condignum, & non inferius longè, arte modoque.

VII.
Graphis ſeu Poſitura ſecunda Picturæ pars.

Horum igitur vera ad normam poſitura legetur:
Grandia, inæqualis, formoſaque partibus amplis
Anteriora dabit membra, in contraria motu
Diverſo variata, ſuo librataque centro;

Membrorumque ſinus ignis flammantis ad inſtar,
Serpenti undantes flexu; ſed lævia, plana,
Magnaque ſigna, quaſi ſine tubere ſubdita tactu,

But by a few bold ſtrokes, diſtinct and free,
Calls forth the charms of perfect ſymmetry.
True to anatomy, more true to grace,
She bids each muſcle know its native place;
Bids ſmall from great in juſt gradation riſe,
And, at one viſual point, approach the eyes.

NOT PERSP. alone

Yet deem not, Youths, that perſpective can give
Thoſe charms compleat by which your works ſhall live;
What tho' her rules may to your hand impart
A quick mechanic ſubſtitute for art;
Yet formal, geometric ſhapes ſhe draws;
Hence the true Genius ſcorns her rigid laws,

Ex longo deducta fluant, non ſecta minutim.
Inſertiſque toris ſint nota ligamina, juxta
Compagem anatomes, & membrificatio Græco
Deformata modo, pauciſque expreſſa lacertis,
Qualis apud veteres; totoque Eurythmia partes
Componat; genitumque ſuo generante ſequenti
Sit minus, & puncto videantur cuncta ſub uno.
Regula certa licet nequeat proſpectica dici,
Aut complementum graphidos; ſed in arte juvamen,
Et modus accelerans operandi: at corpora falſo

By Nature taught he ſtrikes th' unerring lines,
Conſults his eye, and as he ſees deſigns.

Man's changeful race, the ſport of chance and time,
Varies no leſs in aſpect than in clime;
Mark well the difference, and let each be ſeen
Of various age, complexion, hair, and mein.

VIII.
Variety in the Figures.

DEcorum

Yet to each ſep'rate form adapt with care
Such limbs, ſuch robes, ſuch attitude and air, 175
As beſt befit the head, and beſt combine
To make one whole, one uniform deſign;

IX.
Conformity of the Limbs, and Drapery to the Head.

Learn action from the dumb, the dumb ſhall teach
How happieſt to ſupply the want of ſpeech.

X.
Action of Mutes to be imitated.

Sub viſu in multis referens, mendoſa labaſcit: 120
Nam Geometralem nunquam ſunt corpora juxtà
Menſuram depicta oculis, ſed qualia viſa.

Non eadem formæ ſpecies, non omnibus ætas
Æqualis, ſimileſque color, crineſque figuris:
Nam, variis velut orta plagis, gens diſpare vultu eſt. 125

VIII.
Varietas in Figuris.

Singula membra, ſuo capiti conformia, fiant
Unum idemque ſimul corpus cum veſtibus ipſis:

IX.
Figura ſit una membris et veſtibus.

Mutorumque ſilens poſitura imitabitur actus.

X.
Mutorum actiones imitandæ.

XI.
The principal Figure.

Fair in the front in all the blaze of light,
The Hero of thy piece ſhould meet the ſight,
Supreme in beauty; laviſh here thine Art,
And bid him boldly from the canvas ſtart; LIFE

XII.
Groups of Figures.

While round that ſov'reign form th' inferior train
In groups collected fill the pictur'd plain:
Fill, but not croud; for oft ſome open ſpace
Muſt part their ranks, and leave a vacant place,
Leſt artleſsly diſpers'd the ſever'd Crew
At random ruſh on our bewilder'd view;
Or parts with parts in thick confuſion bound,
Spread a tumultuous Chaos o'er the ground.

XI.
Figura princeps.

Prima figurarum, ſeu princeps dramatis, ultrò
Proſiliat media in tabula, ſub lumine primo
Pulchrior ante alias, reliquis nec operta figuris.

XII.
Figurarum globi ſeu cumuli.

Agglomerata ſimul ſint membra, ipſæque figuræ
Stipentur, circumque globos locus uſque vacabit;
Nè, malè diſperſis dum viſus ubique figuris
Dividitur, cunctiſque operis fervente tumultu
Partibus implicitis, crepitans confuſio ſurgat.

XIII.
Diverſity of Attitude in Groups

In ev'ry figured group the judging eye
Demands the charms of contrariety,
In forms, in attitudes expects to trace,
Diſtinct inflections, and contraſted grace,
Where Art diverſely leads each changeful line,
Oppoſes, breaks, divides the whole deſign;
Thus when the reſt in front their charms diſplay,
Let one with face averted turn away,
Shoulders oppoſe to breaſts, and left to right,
With parts that meet and parts that ſhun the ſight.
This rule in practice uniformly true
Extends alike to many forms or few.

XIV.
A Balance to be kept in the Picture.

Yet keep thro' all the piece a perfect poize:
If here in frequent troops the figures riſe,

XIII.
Poſiturarum diverſitas in cumulis.

Inque figurarum cumulis non omnibus idem
Corporis inflexus, motuſque; vel artubus omnes
Converſis pariter non connitantur eodem;
Sed quædam in diverſa trahant contraria membra,
Tranſverſéque aliis pugnent, & cætera frangant.
Pluribus adverſis averſam oppone figuram,
Pectoribuſque humeros, & dextera membra ſiniſtris,
Seu multis conſtabit opus, paucisve figuris.

XIV.
Tabulæ libramentum.

Altera pars tabulæ vacuo neu frigida campo,
Aut deſerta fiet, dum pluribus altera formis

There let ſome object tower with equal pride;
And ſo arrange each correſpondent ſide
That, thro' the well-connected plan appear
No cold vacuity, no deſert drear.

XV.
Of the Number of Figures

Say does the Poet glow with genuine rage,
Who crouds with pomp and noiſe his buſtling ſtage?
Devoid alike of taſte that Painter deem,
Whoſe flutt'ring works with num'rous figures teem;
A taſk ſo various how ſhall Art fulfill,
When oft the ſimpleſt forms elude our ſkill?
But, did the toil ſucceed, we ſtill ſhould loſe,
That ſolemn majeſty, that ſoft repoſe,

Fervida mole ſua ſupremam exſurgit ad oram.
Sed tibi ſic poſitis reſpondeat utraque rebus,
Ut ſi aliquid ſurſum ſe parte attollat in unâ,
Sic aliquid parte ex aliâ conſurgat, & ambas
Æquiparet, geminas cumulando æqualiter oras.

XV.
Numerus Figurarum.

Pluribus implicitum perſonis drama ſupremo
In genere, ut rarum eſt, multis ita denſa figuris
Rarior eſt tabula excellens; vel adhuc ferè nulla
Præſtitit in multis, quod vix bene præſtat in unâ:
Quippe ſolet rerum nimio diſperſa tumultu,
Majeſtate carere gravi, requieque decora;

Dear to the curious eye, and only found,
Where few fair objects fill an ample ground.
Yet if ſome grand important theme demand
Of many needful Forms a buſy band,
Judgment will ſo the ſeveral groups unite,
That one compacted whole ſhall meet the ſight.
The joints in each extreme diſtinctly treat,

XVI. The Joints of the Feet.

Nor e'er conceal the outline of the feet:
The hands alike demand to be expreſt
In half-ſhewn figures rang'd behind the reſt.
Nor can ſuch forms with force or beauty ſhine,
Save when the head and hands in action join.

XVII. The Motion of the Hands with the Head.

Nec ſpecioſa nitet, vacuo niſi libera campo.
Sed ſi opere in magno, plures thema grande requirat
Eſſe figurarum cumulos, ſpectabitur unà
Machina tota rei; non ſingula quæque ſeorſim.
Præcipua extremis raro internodia membris
Abdita ſint; ſed ſumma pedum veſtigia nunquam.

XVI. Internodia & Pedes.

Gratia nulla manet, motuſque, vigorque figuras
Retro aliis ſubter majori ex parte latentes,
Ni capitis motum manibus comitentur agendo.

XVII. Motus Manuum motui capitis jungendus.

XVIII.
What Things are to be avoided in the Diſtribution of the Piece.

Each air conſtrain'd and forc'd, each geſture rude,
Whate'er contracts or cramps the attitude,
With ſcorn diſcard. When ſquares or angles join,
When flows in tedious parallel the line,
Acute, obtuſe, whene'er the ſhapes appear,
Or take a formal geometric air,
Theſe all diſpleaſe, and the diſguſted eye
Nauſeates the tame and irkſome ſymmetry.
Mark then * our former rule; with contraſt ſtrong
And mode tranſverſe the leading lines prolong,
For theſe in each deſign, if well expreſt,
Give value, force, and luſtre to the reſt.

Away from geometry

XVIII.
Quæ fugienda in diſtributione & compoſitione.

Difficiles fugito aſpectus, contractaque viſu
Membra ſub ingrato, motuſque, actuſque coactos;
Quodque refert ſignis, rectos quodammodo tractus,
Sive parallelos plures ſimul, & vel acutas,
Vel geometrales (ut quadra, triangula) formas:
Ingratamque pari ſignorum ex ordine quandam
Symmetriam: ſed præcipua in contraria ſemper
Signa volunt duci tranſverſa, ut * diximus antè.
Summa igitur ratio ſignorum habeatur in omni
Compoſito; dat enim reliquis pretium, atque vigorem.

* Rule XIII.

XIX.
Nature to be accommodated to Genius.

Nor yet to Nature ſuch ſtrict homage pay
As not to quit when Genius leads the way;
Nor yet, tho' Genius all his ſuccour ſends, 245
Her mimic pow'rs tho' ready Mem'ry lends,
Preſume from Nature wholly to depart,
For Nature is the arbitreſs of art.
In Error's grove ten thouſand thickets ſpread;
Ten thouſand devious paths our ſteps miſlead; 250
'Mid curves, that vary in perpetual twine,
Truth owns but one direct and perfect line.

Error vs. Truth

XX.
The Antique the Model to be copied.

Spread then her genuine charms o'er all the piece,
Sublime and perfect as they glow'd in Greece.

XIX.
Natura genio accommodanda.

Non ita naturæ aſtanti ſis cuique revinctus,
Hanc præter nihil ut genio ſtudioque relinquas;
Nec ſine teſte rei natura, artiſque magiſtra,
Quidlibet ingenio, memor ut tantummodo rerum, 180
Pingere poſſe putes; errorum eſt plurima ſylva,
Multipliceſque viæ, bene agendi terminus unus,
Linea recta velut ſola eſt, & mille recurvæ;

XX.
Signa antiqua Naturæ modum conſtituunt.

Sed juxta antiquos naturam imitabere pulchram,
Qualem forma rei propria, objectumque requirit. 185

Thoſe genuine Charms to ſeize, with zeal explore
The vaſes, medals, ſtatues, form'd of yore,
Relievos high that ſwell the column's ſtem,
Speak from the marble, ſparkle from the gem:
Hence all-majeſtic on th' expanding ſoul,
In copious tide the bright ideas roll;
Fill it with radiant forms unknown before,
Forms ſuch as demigods and heroes wore:
Here pauſe and pity our enervate days,
Hopeleſs to rival their tranſcendant praiſe.

XXI.
How to paint a ſingle Figure.

Peculiar toil on ſingle forms beſtow,
There let Expreſſion lend its finiſh'd glow;
There each variety of tint unite
With the full harmony of ſhade and light.

Non te igitur lateant antiqua numiſmata, gemmæ,
Vaſa, typi, ſtatuæ, cælataque marmora ſignis,
Quodque refert ſpecie veterum poſt ſæcula mentem:
Splendidior quippe ex illis aſſurgit imago,
Magnaque ſe rerum facies aperit meditanti;
Tunc noſtri tenuem ſæcli miſerebere ſortem,
Cùm ſpes nulla ſiet rediture æqualis in ævum.

XXI.
Sola Figura quomodo tractanda.

Exquiſita ſiet formâ, dum ſola figura
Pingitur; & multis variata coloribus eſto.

Free o'er the limbs the flowing veſture caſt, XXII. Of Drapery.
The light broad folds with grace majeſtic plac'd;
And as each figure turns a different way, 271
Give the large plaits their correſponding play;
Yet devious oft and ſwelling from the part,
The flowing robe with eaſe ſhould ſeem to ſtart;
Not on the form in ſtiff adheſion laid, 275
But well reliev'd by gentle light and ſhade.

Where'er a flat vacuity is ſeen,
There let ſome ſhadowy bending intervene,
Above, below, to lead its varied line,
As beſt may teach the diſtant folds to join; 280

Lati, amplique ſinus pannorum, & nobilis ordo 195 XXII. Quid in Pannis obſervandum.
Membra ſequens, ſubter latitantia lumine & umbrâ
Exprimet; ille licet tranſverſus ſæpe feratur,
Et circumfuſos pannorum porrigat extra
Membra ſinus, non contiguos, ipſiſque figuræ
Partibus impreſſos, quaſi pannus adhæreat illis; 200
Sed modicè expreſſos cum lumine ſervet & umbris:

Quæque intermiſſis paſſim ſunt diſſita vanis,
Copulet, inductis ſubtérve, ſupérve lacernis.

And as the limbs by few bold ſtrokes expreſt
Excel in beauty, ſo the liberal veſt
In large, diſtinct, unwrinkled folds ſhould fly;
→ Beauty's beſt handmaid is Simplicity.
To diff'rent Ranks adapt their proper robe
With ample pall let monarchs ſweep the globe;
In garb ſuccinct and coarſe, array the Swain.
In light and ſilken veils the Virgin train.
Where in black ſhade the deeper hollow lies
Aſſiſting art ſome midway fold ſupplies
That gently meets the light, and gently ſpreads
To break the hardneſs of oppoſing ſhades.

Et Membra, ut magnis, pauciſque expreſſa lacertis,
Majeſtate aliis præſtant, forma, atque decore:
Haud ſecus in pannis, quos ſupra optavimus amplos,
Perpaucos ſinuum flexus, rugaſque, ſtriaſque,
Membra ſuper, verſu faciles, inducere præſtat.
Naturæque rei proprius ſit pannus, abundans
Patriciis; ſuccinctus erit, craſſuſque bubulcis,
Mancipiiſque; levis teneris, graciliſque puellis.
Inque cavis maculiſque umbrarum aliquando tumeſcet,
Lumen ut excipiens, operis quà maſſa requirit,
Latius extendat, ſublatiſque aggreget umbris.

XXIII.
Of Pictureſque
Ornament.

Each nobler ſymbol claſſic Sages uſe
To mark a Virtue, or adorn a Muſe,
Enſigns of War, of Peace, or Rites divine,
Theſe in thy work with dignity may ſhine:

XXIV.
Ornament of
Gold and
Jewels.

But ſparingly thy earth-born ſtores unfold,
Nor load with gems, nor lace with tawdry gold;
Rare things alone are dear in Cuſtom's eye,
They loſe their value as they multiply.

XXV.
Of the Model.

Of abſent forms the features to define,
Prepare a model to direct thy line;

XXVI.
Union of the
Piece.

Each garb, each cuſtom, with preciſion trace,
Unite in ſtrict decorum time with place;

XXVII.
Grace and
Majeſty.

And emulous alone of genuine fame,
Be Grace, be Majeſty thy conſtant aim,

XXIII.
Tabulæ Ornamentum.

Nobilia arma juvant Virtutum ornantque figuras,
Qualia Muſarum, Belli, cultuſque Deorum.

XXIV.
Ornamentum
Auri & Gemmarum.

Nec ſit opus nimiùm gemmis auroque refertum;
Rara etenim magno in pretio, ſed plurima vili.

XXV.
Prototypus.

Quæ deinde ex vero nequeant præſente videri,
Prototypum prius illorum formare juvabit.

XXVI.
Convenientia
rerum cum
Scena.

Conveniat locus, atque habitus; rituſque decuſque
Servetur: Sit nobilitas, Charitumque venuſtas,

XXVII.
Charites &
Nobilitas.

That Majeſty, that Grace ſo rarely given
To mortal man, not taught by art but Heav'n.

XXVIII. Every Thing in its proper Place.

In all to ſage propriety attend,
Nor ſink the clouds, nor bid the waves aſcend;
Lift not the manſions drear of Hell or Night
Above the Thunderer's lofty arch of light;
Nor build the column on an oſier baſe,
But let each object know its native place.

XXIX. The Paſſions.

Thy laſt, thy nobleſt taſk remains untold,
Paſſion to paint, and ſentiment unfold;
Yet how theſe motions of the mind diſplay!
Can colours catch them, or can lines portray?

(Rarum homini munus, Cœlo, non arte petendum.)

XXVIII. Res quæque locum ſuum teneat.

Naturæ ſit ubique tenor, ratioque ſequenda.
Non vicina pedum tabulata excelſa tonantis
Aſtra domus depicta gerent, nubeſque, notoſque;
Nec mare depreſſum laquearia ſumma, vel Orcum;
Marmoreamque feret cannis vaga pergula molem:
Congrua ſed propriâ ſemper ſtatione locentur.

XXIX. Affectus.

Hæc præter, motus animorum, & corde repoſtos
Exprimere affectus, pauciſque coloribus ipſam

Who ſhall our pigmy Pencils arm with might
To ſeize the Soul and force her into ſight?
Jove, Jove alone; his highly-favor'd few
Alone can call ſuch miracles to view.

XXX.
Gothic Ornament to be avoided.

But this to Rhet'ric and the Schools I leave,
Content from antient lore one rule to give,
" By tedious toil no Paſſions are expreſt,
" His hand who feels them ſtrongeſt paints them beſt."
Yet ſhall the Muſe with all her force proſcribe
Of baſe and barbarous forms that Gothic tribe

Pingere poſſe animam, atque oculis præbere videndam,
" *Hoc opus, hic labor eſt. Pauci, quos æquus amavit*
" *Juppiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus,*
" *Dis ſimiles potuere*" manu miracula tanta.
Hos ego Rhetoribus tractandos deſero; tantùm
Egregii antiquum memorabo ſophiſma magiſtri,
" *Verius affectus animi vigor exprimit ardens,*
" *Solliciti nimiùm quam ſedula cura laboris.*

XXX.
Gothorum Ornamenta fugienda.

Denique nil ſapiat Gothorum barbara trito
Ornamenta modo, ſæclorum & monſtra malorum:

Which ſprang to birth, what time, thro' luſt of ſway,
Imperial Latium bad the world obey:
Fierce from the north the headlong Demons flew,
The wreaths of Science wither'd at their view,
Plagues were their harbingers, and War accurſt,
And Luxury of every fiend the worſt;
Then did each Muſe behold her triumphs fade,
Then penſive Painting droop'd the languiſh'd head;
And ſorrowing Sculpture, while the ruthleſs flame
Involv'd each trophy of her ſiſter's fame,
Fled to ſepulchral cells her own to ſave,
And lurk'd a patient inmate of the grave.
Meanwhile beneath the frown of angry Heav'n,
Unworthy ev'ry boon its ſmile had given,

Queis ubi bella, ſamem, & peſtem, diſcordia, luxus,
Et Romanorum res grandior intulit orbi,
Ingenuæ periere artes, periere ſuperbæ
Artificum moles; ſua tunc miracula vidit
Ignibus abſumi Pictura, latere coacta
Fornicibus, ſortem & reliquam confidere cryptis;
Marmoribuſque diu Sculptura jacere ſepultis.
Imperium interea, ſcelerum gravitate fatiſcens,

Involv'd in Error's cloud, and ſcorn'd of light
The guilty Empire ſunk. Then horrid Night,
And Dullneſs drear their murky vigils kept,
In ſavage gloom the impious Ages ſlept,
Till Genius, ſtarting from his rugged bed,
Full late awoke the ceaſeleſs tear to ſhed
For periſh'd Art; for thoſe celeſtial Hues,
Which Zeuxis, aided by the Attic Muſe,
Gave to the wond'ring Eye: She bad his name,
With thine, Apelles! gild the liſts of Fame,
With thine to Coloring's brighteſt glories ſoar,
The Gods applaud him, and the World adore.

REMNANTS

Colouring the third Part of Painting.

Horrida nox totum invaſit, donoque ſuperni
Luminis indignum, errorum caligine merſit,
Impiaque ignaris damnavit ſæcla tenebris.
Unde coloratum Graiis huc uſque magiſtris
Nil ſupereſt tantorum hominum, quod mente modoque
Noſtrates juvet artifices, doceatque laborem;
Nec qui Chromaticês nobis, hoc tempore, partes
Reſtituat, quales Zeuxis tractaverat olim,
Hujus quando magâ velut arte æquavit Apellem
Pictorum archigraphum, meruitque coloribus altam
Nominis æterni famam, toto orbe ſonantem.

Chromatices tertia Pars Picturæ.

Alas! how loſt thoſe magic mixtures all! 355
No hues of his now animate the wall;
How then ſhall modern Art thoſe hues apply,
How give Deſign its finiſh'd dignity?
Return fair COLORING! all thy lures prepare,
Each ſafe deception, every honeſt ſnare, 360
Which brings new lovers to thy ſiſter's train,
Skilful at once to charm, and to retain;
Come faithful Siren! chaſt ſeducer! ſay,
What laws control thee, and what powers obey.

Know firſt that Light diſplays and ſhade deſtroys
Refulgent Nature's variegated dyes.

Thus bodies near the light diſtinctly ſhine
With rays direct, and as it fades decline.

Hæc quidem ut in tabulis fallax, ſed grata venuſtas,
Et complementum graphidos, mirabile viſu,
Pulchra vocabatur, ſed ſubdola, lena ſororis:
Non tamen hoc lenocinium, fucuſque, doluſque
Dedecori fuit unquam; illi ſed ſemper honori, 265
Laudibus & meritis; hanc ergo noſſe juvabit.

Lux varium, vivumque dabit, nullum umbra, colorem.

Quo magis adverſum eſt corpus, lucique propinquum,
Clarius eſt lumen; nam debilitatur eundo.

Thus to the eye oppos'd with ſtronger light
They meet its orb, for diſtance dims the ſight.

XXXI.
The Conduct of the Tints of Light and Shadow.

Learn hence to paint the parts that meet the view
In ſpheric forms, of bright, and equal hue;
While from the light receding or the Eye
The ſinking outlines take a fainter dye.
Loſt and confus'd progreſſively they fade,
Not fall precipitate from light to ſhade.
This Nature dictates, and this Taſte purſues,
Studious in gradual gloom her lights to loſe,
The various whole with ſoft'ning tints to fill
As if one ſingle head employ'd her ſkill.
Thus if bold Fancy plan ſome proud deſign,
Where many various groups divide or join,

Quo magis eſt corpus directum, oculiſque propinquum,
Conſpicitur melius; nam viſus hebeſcit eundo.

XXXI.
Tonorum Luminum & Umbrarum ratio.

Ergo in corporibus, quæ viſa adverſa, rotundis,
Integra ſunt, extrema abſcedant perdita ſignis
Confuſis, non præcipiti labentur in umbram
Clara gradu, nec adumbrata in clara alta repentè
Prorumpant; ſed erit ſenſim hinc atque inde meatus
Lucis & umbrarum; capitiſque unius ad inſtar,
Totum opus, ex multis quamquam ſit partibus, unus

(Tho' ſure from more than three confuſion ſprings)
One globe of light and ſhade o'er all ſhe flings;
Yet ſkill'd the ſeparate maſſes to diſpoſe, 385
Where'er, in front, the fuller radiance glows,
Behind, a calm repoſing gloom ſhe ſpreads,
Relieving ſhades with light, and light with ſhades.
And as the centre of ſome convex glaſs
Draws to a point the congregated maſs 390
Of dazzling rays, that, more than nature bright,
Reflect each image in an orb of light,
While from that point the ſcatter'd beams retire,
Sink to the verge and there in ſhade expire;

Luminis umbrarumque globus tantummodo fiet,
Sive duas, vel tres ad ſummum, ubi grandius eſſet 280
Diviſum pegma in partes ſtatione remotas.
Sintque ita diſcreti inter ſe, ratione colorum,
Luminis, umbrarumque, antrorſum ut corpora clara
Obſcura umbrarum requies ſpectanda relinquat;
Claroque exiliant umbrata atque aſpera campo. 285
Ac veluti in ſpeculis convexis, eminet ante
Aſperior reipsâ vigor, & vis aucta colorum
Partibus adverſis; magis & fuga rupta retrorſum
Illorum eſt (ut viſa minùs vergentibus oris)

So ſtrongly near, ſo ſoftly diſtant throw 395
On all thy rounded groups the circling glow.

As is the Sculptor's ſuch the Painter's aim,
Their labor different, but their end the ſame;
What from the marble the rude chiſſel breaks
The ſofter pencil from the canvas takes, 400
And, ſkill'd remoter diſtances to keep,
Surrounds the outline pale in ſhadows deep:
While on the front the ſparkling luſtre plays,
And meets the eye in full meridian blaze.
True Coloring thus in plaſtic power excells, 405
Fair to the viſual point her forms ſhe ſwells,

Sculpture
Painting

Corporibus dabimus formas hoc more rotundas. 290
Mente modoque igitur plaſtes, & pictor, eodem
Diſpoſitum tractabit opus; quæ ſculptor in orbem
Atterit, hæc rupto procul abſcedente colore
Aſſequitur pictor, fugientiaque illa retrorſum
Jam ſignata minùs confuſa coloribus aufert: 295
Anteriora quidem directè adverſa, colore
Integra vivaci, ſummo cum lumine & umbra
Antrorſum diſtincta refert, velut aſpera viſu;
Sicque ſuper planum inducit leucoma colores,

And lifts them from their flat aëral ground
Warm as the life, and as the ſtatue round.

XXXII. Denſe and opake Bodies with tranſlucent ones.

In ſilver clouds in æther's blue domain,
Or the clear mirror of the watry plain
If chance ſome ſolid ſubſtance claim a place,
Firm and opaque amid the lucid ſpace,
Rough let it ſwell and boldly meet the ſight,
Mark'd with peculiar ſtrength of ſhade and light;
There blend each earthy tint of heavieſt ſort,
At once to give conſiſtence and ſupport,
While the bright wave, ſoft cloud, or azure ſky,
Light and pellucid from that ſubſtance fly.

Hos velut ex ipsâ naturâ immotus eodem
Intuitu circum ſtatuas daret inde rotundas.

XXII. Corpora denſa & opaca cum tranſlucentibus.

Denſa figurarum ſolidis quæ corpora formis
Subdita ſunt tactu, non tranſlucent, ſed opaca
In tranſlucendi ſpatio ut ſuper aëra, nubes,
Limpida ſtagna undarum, & inania cætera debent
Aſperiora illis prope circumſtantibus eſſe;
Ut diſtincta magis firmo cum lumine & umbra,
Et gravioribus ut ſuſtenta coloribus, inter
Aërias ſpecies ſubſiſtant ſemper opaca:
Sed contra, procul abſcedant perlucida, denſis
Corporibus leviora; uti nubes, aër, & undæ.

Permit not two conſpicuous lights to ſhine

With rival radiance in the ſame deſign; 420

But yield to one alone the power to blaze

And ſpread th' extenſive vigor of its rays,

There where the nobleſt figures are diſplay'd;

Thence gild the diſtant parts and leſſening fade:

As fade the beams which Phœbus from the Eaſt

Flings vivid forth to light the diſtant Weſt, 426

Gradual thoſe vivid beams forget to ſhine,

So gradual let thy pictur'd lights decline.

XXXIII. There muſt not be two equal Lights in the Picture.

Non poterunt diverſa locis duo lumina eâdem

In tabulâ paria admitti, aut æqualia pingi:

Majus at in mediam lumen cadet uſque tabellam

Latius infuſum, primis qua ſumma figuris 315

Res agitur, circumque oras minuetur eundo:

Utque in progreſſu jubar attenuatur ab ortu

Solis, ad occaſum paulatìm, & ceſſat eundo;

Sic tabulis lumen, tota in compage colorum,

Primo à fonte, minus ſenſim declinat eundo. 320

XXXIII. Non duo ex Cœlo Lumina in Tabulam æqualia.

The ſculptur'd forms which ſome proud Circus
grace,
In Parian Marble or Corinthian Braſs, 430
Illumin'd thus, give to the gazing eye,
Th' expreſſive head in radiant Majeſty,
While to each lower limb the fainter ray
Lends only light to mark, but not diſplay:
So let thy pencil fling its beams around, 435
Nor e'er with darker ſhades their force confound,
For ſhades too dark diſſever'd ſhapes will give,
And ſink the parts their ſoftneſs would relieve;
Then only well reliev'd, when like a veil
Round the full lights the wandring ſhadows ſteal;
Then only juſtly ſpread, when to the ſight 441
A breadth of ſhade purſues a breadth of light.

Majus ut in ſtatuis, per compita ſtantibus urbis,
Lumen habent partes ſuperæ, minus inferiores;
Idem erit in tabulis; majorque nec umbra, vel ater
Membra figurarum intrabit color, atque ſecabit:
Corpora ſed circum umbra cavis latitabit oberrans; 325
Atquè ita quæretur lux opportuna figuris,
Ut late infuſum lumen lata umbra ſequatur.

This charm to give, great Titian wiſely made
The cluſter'd grapes his rule of light and ſhade.

XXXIV.
Of White and Black.

White, when it ſhines with unſtain'd luſtre clear,
May bear an object back or bring it near,
Aided by black it to the front aſpires,
That aid withdrawn it diſtantly retires;
But Black unmixt, of darkeſt midnight hue,
Still calls each object nearer to the view.

XXXV.
The Reflection of Colours.

Whate'er we ſpy thro' color'd light or air,
A ſtain congenial on their ſurface bear,
While neighb'ring forms by joint reflection give,
And mutual take the dyes that they receive.

Unde, nec immeritò, fertur Titianus ubique
Lucis & umbrarum normam appellâſſe *racemum*.

XXXIV.
Album & Nigrum.

Purum album eſſe poteſt propiuſque magiſque remotum:
Cum nigro antevenit propiùs; fugit abſque, remotum;
Purum autem nigrum antrorſum venit uſque propinquum.

Lux fucata ſuo tingit miſcetque colore
Corpora, ſicque ſuo, per quem lux funditur, aër.

XXXV.
Colorum reflectio.

Corpora juncta ſimul, circumfuſoſque colores
Excipiunt, propriumque aliis radioſa reflectunt.

XXXVI. The Union of Colours.

But where on both alike one equal light
Diffuſive ſpreads, the blending tints unite.
For *breaking* Colors thus (the antient phraſe
By Artiſts us'd) fair Venice claims our praiſe ;
She, cautious to tranſgreſs ſo ſage a rule,
Confin'd to ſobereſt tints her learned ſchool,
For tho' ſhe lov'd by varied mode to join
Tumultuous crowds in one immenſe deſign,
Yet there we ne'er condemn ſuch hoſtile hues
As cut the parts or glaringly confuſe ;
In tinſel trim no foppiſh form is dreſt,
Still flows in graceful unity the veſt,

XXXVI. UnioColorum.

Pluribus in ſolidis liquidâ ſub luce propinquis,
Participes, mixtoſque ſimul decet eſſe colores.
Hanc normam Veneti pictores ritè ſequuti,
(Quæ fuit antiquis *corruptio* dicta *colorum)*
Cùm plures opere in magno poſuêre figuras,
Nè conjuncta ſimul variorum inimica colorum
Congeries formam implicitam, & conciſa minutis
Membra daret pannis, totam unamquamque figuram
Affini, aut uno tantùm veſtire colore,

And o'er that veſt a kindred mantle ſpreads,
Unvaried but by power of lights and ſhades,
Which mildly mixing, ev'ry ſocial dye
Unites the whole in lovelieſt harmony.

XXXVII.
Of the Interpoſition of Air.

When ſmall the ſpace, or pure the ambient air,
Each form is ſeen in bright preciſion clear;
But if thick clouds that purity deface,
If far extend that intervening ſpace,
There all confus'd the objects faintly riſe,
As if prepar'd to vaniſh from our eyes.

XXXVIII.
The Relation of Diſtances.

Give then each foremoſt part a touch ſo bright,
That, o'er the reſt, its domineering light

Sunt ſoliti; variando tonis tunicamque, togamque,
Carbaſeoſque ſinus, vel amicum in lumine & umbra
Contiguis circum rebus ſociando colorem.

XXXVII.
Aër Interpoſitus.

Qua minus eſt ſpacii aërei, aut quà purior aër,
Cuncta magis diſtincta patent, ſpecieſque reſervant:
Quâque magis denſus nebulis, aut plurimus aër
Amplum inter fuerit ſpatium porrectus, in auras
Confundet rerum ſpecies, & perdet inanes.

XXXVIII.
Diſtantiarum Relatio.

Anteriora magis ſemper finita, remotis
Incertis dominentur & abſcedentibus, idque

May much prevail; yet relative in all
Let greater parts advance before the ſmall. 480

XXXIX.
Of Bodies which are diſtanced.

Minuter forms, when diſtantly we trace,
Are mingled all in one compacted maſs;
Such the light leaves that clothe remoter woods,
And ſuch the waves on wide extended floods.

XL.
Of contiguous and ſeparated Bodies.

Let each contiguous part be firm allied, 485
Nor labour leſs the ſeparate to divide;
Yet ſo divide that to th' approving eye
They both at ſmall and pleaſing diſtance lie.

XLI.
Colors very oppoſite to each other never to be joined.

Forbid two hoſtile Colours cloſe to meet,
And win with middle tints their union ſweet, 490

More relativo, ut majora minoribus extent.

XXXIX.
Corpora procul diſtantia.

Cuncta minuta procul maſſam denſantur in unam;
Ut folia arboribus ſylvarum, & in æquore fluctus.

XL.
Contigua & Diſſita.

Contigua inter ſe coëant, ſed diſſita diſtent,
Diſtabuntque tamen grato, & diſcrimine parvo. 360

XLI.
Contraria extrema fugienda.

Extrema extremis contraria jungere noli;
Sed medio ſint uſque gradu ſociata coloris.

XLII.
Diverſity of Tints and Colours.

Yet varying all thy tones, let ſome aſpire
Fiercely in front, ſome tenderly retire.

XLIII.
The Choice of Light.

Vain is the hope by coloring to diſplay
The bright effulgence of the noontide ray,
Or paint the full-orb'd Ruler of the ſkies
With pencils dipt in dull terreſtrial dyes;
But when mild Evening ſheds her golden light;
When Morn appears array'd in modeſt white;
When ſoft ſuffuſion of the vernal ſhower
Dims the pale ſun; or, at the thund'ring hour,
When, wrapt in crimſon clouds, he hides his head,
Then catch the glow and on the canvas ſpread.

XLII.
Tonus & Color varii.

Corporum erit Tonus atque color variatus ubique;
Quærat amicitiam retro; ferus emicet ante.

XLIII.
Luminis delectus.

Supremum in tabulis lumen captare diei,
Inſanus labor artificum; cùm attingere tantum
Non pigmenta queant: auream ſed veſpere lucem,
Seu modicùm mane albentem; ſive ætheris actam
Poſt hyemem nimbis transfuſo ſole caducam;
Seu nebulis fultam accipient, tonitruque rubentem.

XLIV.
Of certain Things relating to the practical Part.

Bodies of poliſh'd or tranſparent tone,
Of metal, chryſtal, iv'ry, wood, or ſtone;
And all whoſe rough unequal parts are rear'd,
The ſhaggy fleece, thick fur, or briſtly beard;
The liquid too; the ſadly melting eye,
The well-comb'd locks that wave with gloſſy dye;
Plumage and ſilks; a floating form that take,
Fair Nature's mirror the extended lake,
With what immers'd thro' its calm medium ſhines
By reflex light, or to its ſurface joins:
Theſe firſt with thin and even ſhades portray,
Then, on their flatneſs, ſtrike th' enlivening ray,
Bright and diſtinct, and laſt with ſtrict review,
Reſtore to every form its outline true.

XLIV.
Quedam circa Praxim.

Lævia que lucent, veluti cryſtalla, metalla,
Ligna, oſſa, & lapides; villoſa, ut vellera, pelles,
Barbæ, aqueique oculi, crines, holoſerica, plumæ;
Et liquida, ut ſtagnans aqua, reflexæque ſub undis
Corporeæ ſpecies, & aquis contermina cuncta,
Subter ad extremum liquidè ſint picta, ſuperque
Luminibus percuſſa ſuis, ſigniſque repoſtis.

XLV. The Field of the Picture.

By mellowing ſkill thy Ground at diſtance caſt,
Free as the Air, and tranſient as its blaſt;
There all thy liquid Colors ſweetly blend,
There all the treaſures of thy Palette ſpend,
And ev'ry form retiring to that ground
Of hue congenial to itſelf compound.

XLVI. Of the Vivacity of Colors

The hand that colors well, muſt color bright;
Hope not that praiſe to gain by ſickly white;

XLVII. Of Shadows.

But amply heap in front each ſplendid dye,
Then thin and light withdraw them from the eye,

XLVIII. The Picture to be of one Piece.

Mix'd with that ſimple unity of ſhade,
As all were from one ſingle palette ſpread.

XLV. Campus Tabulæ.

Area, vel campus tabulæ vagus eſto, leviſque
Abſcedat latus, liquidèque bene unctus amicis
Tota ex mole coloribus, unâ ſive patellâ;
Quæque cadunt retro in campum, confinia campo.

XLVI. Color vividus non tamen pallidus.

Vividus eſto color, nimio non pallidus albo;
Adverſiſque locis ingeſtus plurimus, ardens:
Sed levitèr parcèque datus vergentibus oris.

XLVII. Umbra.

Cuncta labore ſimul coëant, velut umbrâ in eâdem.

XLVIII. Ex una Patella ſit Tabula.

Tota ſiet tabula ex unâ depicta patellâ.

XLIX.
The Looking-Glaſs the Painter's beſt Maſter.

Much will the Mirror teach, or Evening gray,
When o'er ſome ample ſpace her twilight ray
Obſcurely gleams ; hence Art ſhall beſt perceive
On diſtant parts what fainter hues to give.

L.
A half Figure or a whole one before others.

Whate'er the Form which our firſt glance commands,
Whether in front or in profile he ſtands,
Whether he rule the group, or ſingly reign,
Or ſhine at diſtance on ſome ample plain,
On that high-finiſh'd Form let Paint beſtow
Her midnight ſhadow, her meridian glow.

LI.
A Portrait.

The Portrait claims from imitative art
Reſemblance cloſe in each minuter part,
And this to give, the ready hand and eye
With playful ſkill the kindred features ply ;

XLIX.
Speculum Pictorum Magiſter.

Multa ex naturâ ſpeculum præclara docebit ;
Quæque procul ſero ſpatiis ſpectantur in amplis.

L.
Dimidia Figura, vel integra ante alias.

Dimidia effigies, quæ ſola, vel integra plures
Ante alias poſita ad lucem, ſtat proxima viſu,
Et latis ſpectanda locis, oculiſque remota,
Luminis umbrarumque gradu ſit picta ſupremo.

LI.
Effigies.

Partibus in minimis imitatio juſta juvabit
Effigiem, alternas referendo tempore eodem

From part to part alternately convey
The harmonizing gloom, the darting ray
With tones ſo juſt, in ſuch gradation thrown,
Adopting Nature owns the work her own.

LII.
The Place of the Picture.

Say, is the piece thy Hand prepares to trace
Ordain'd for nearer ſight, or narrow ſpace?
Paint it of ſoft and amicable hue:

SPACE

But, if predeſtin'd to remoter view,
Thy ſtrong unequal varied colors blend;
And ample ſpace to ample figures lend.

LIII.
Large Lights.

Where to broad lights the circumambient ſhade
In liquid play by labor juſt is laid;

Conſimiles partes, cum luminis atque coloris
Compoſitis, juſtiſque tonis; tunc parta labore
Si facili & vegeto micat ardens, viva videtur.

LII.
Locus Tabulæ.

Viſa loco anguſto tenerè pingantur, amico
Juncta colore, graduque; procul quæ picta, feroci
Sint & inæquali variata colore, tonoque.
Grandia ſigna volunt ſpatia ampla, feroſque colores.

LIII.
Lumina lata.

Lumina lata, unctas ſimul undique copulet umbras

LIV.
The Quantity of Light and Shade to be adapted to the Place of the Picture.

Alike with livelieſt touch the Forms portray,
Where the dim window half excludes the day;
But, when expos'd in fuller light or air,
A brown and ſober caſt the group may bear.

LV.
Things which are diſagreeable in Painting to be avoided.

Fly ev'ry Foe to elegance and grace,
Each yawning hollow, each divided ſpace;
Whate'er is trite, minute, abrupt, or dry,
Where light meets ſhade in flat equality;
Each theme fantaſtic, filthy, vile, or vain,
That gives the Soul diſguſt, or ſenſes pain;
Monſters of barbarous birth, Chimæras drear,
That pall with uglineſs, or awe with fear,

LIV.
Quantitas Luminis Loci in quo Tabula eſt exponenda.

Extremus labor. In tabulas demiſſa feneſtris
Si fuerit lux parva, color clariſſimus eſto:
Vividus at contra, obſcuruſque, in lumine aperto.

LV.
Errores & Vitia Picturæ.

Quæ vacuis diviſa cavis, vitare memento;
Trita, minuta, ſimul quæ non ſtipata dehiſcunt,
Barbara, cruda oculis, rugis fucata colorum;
Luminis umbrarumque tonis æqualia cuncta;
Fœda, cruenta, cruces, obſcœna, ingrata, chimeras,
Sordidaque & miſera, & vel acuta, vel aſpera tactu;
Quæque dabunt formæ, temerè congeſta, ruinam,

And all that chaos of ſharp broken parts,
Where reigns Confuſion, or whence Diſcord ſtarts.

LVI.
The prudential Part of a Painter.

Yet hear me, Youths! while zealous ye forſake
Detected faults, this friendly caution take,
Shun all exceſs; and with true Wiſdom deem,
That Vice alike reſides in each extreme.

LVII.
The idea of a beautiful Picture.

Know, if ſupreme Perfection be your aim,
If claſſic Praiſe your pencils hope to claim,
Your noble outlines muſt be chaſte, yet free,
Connected all with ſtudied Harmony;
Few in their parts, yet thoſe diſtinct and great;
Your Coloring boldly ſtrong, yet ſoftly ſweet.

Implicitas aliis confundent mixtaque partes.

LVI.
Prudentia in Pictore.

Dumque fugis vitioſa, cave in contraria labi
Damna mali; vitium extremis nam ſemper inhæret.

LVII.
Elegantium Idæa Tabularum.

Pulchra gradu ſummo, graphidos ſtabilita vetuſtæ
Nobilibus ſignis, ſunt grandia, diſſita, pura,
Terſa, velut minimè confuſa, labore ligata,
Partibus ex magnis pauciſque efficta, colorum
Corporibus diſtincta feris, ſed ſemper amicis.

few-concer

LVIII.
Advice to a
young Painter

Know he that well begins has half achiev'd
His deſtin'd work. Yet late ſhall be retriev'd
That time miſpent, that labour worſe than loſt,
The young diſciple, to his deareſt coſt,
Gives to a dull preceptor's tame deſigns:
His tawdry colors, his erroneous lines
Will to the ſoul that poiſon rank convey,
Which life's beſt length ſhall fail to purge away.
Yet let not your untutor'd childhood ſtrive
Of Nature's living charms the ſketch to give,
Till ſkill'd her ſeparate features to deſign
You know each muſcle's ſite, and how they join.

LVIII.
Pictor Tyro.

Qui bene cæpit, uti facti jam fertur habere
Dimidium; Picturam ita nil ſub limine primo
Ingrediens, puer offendit damnoſius arti,
Quàm varia errorum genera, ignorante magiſtro,
Ex pravis libare *Typis*, mentemque veneno
Inficere, in toto quod non abſtergitur ævo.
Nec graphidos rudis artis adhuc citò qualiacunque
Corpora viva ſuper ſtudium meditabitur, ante
Illorum quàm ſymmetriam, intornodia, formam

These while beneath ſome Maſter's eye you trace,
Vers'd in the lore of ſymmetry and grace,
Boldly proceed, his precepts ſhall impart
Each ſweet deception of the pleaſing art;
Still more than precept ſhall his practice teach, 595
And add what ſelf-reflection ne'er can reach.

LIX.
Art muſt be ſubſervient to the Painter.

 Oft when alone the ſtudious hour employ
On what may aid your art, and what deſtroy:

LX.
Diverſity and Facility are pleaſing.

Diverſity of parts is ſure to pleaſe,
If all the various parts unite with eaſe; 600
As ſurely charms that voluntary ſtyle,
Which careleſs plays and ſeems to mock at toil:
For labor'd lines with cold exactneſs tire,
'Tis Freedom only gives the force and fire

Noverit, inſpectis, docto evolvente magiſtro, 430
Archetypis, dulceſque dolos præſenſerit artis.
Pluſque manu ante oculos quam voce docebitur uſus.

LIX.
Ars debet ſervire Pictori, non Pictor Arti.

 Quære artem quæcunque juvant; fuge quæque repugnant.
 Corpora diverſæ naturæ juncta placebunt;

LX.
Oculos recreant diverſitas et Operis facilitas, quæ Speciatim Ars dicitur.

Sic ea quæ facili contempta labore videntur: 435
Æthereus quippe ignis ineſt & ſpiritus illis;

Ethereal, ſhe, with Alchymy divine,
Brightens each touch, ennobles ev'ry line;
Yet Pains and Practice only can beſtow
This facile power of hand, whoſe liberal flow
With grateful fraud its own exertions veils:
He beſt employs his Art who beſt conceals.

LXI.
The Original muſt be in the Head, and the Copy on the Cloth.

This to obtain, let Taſte with Judgment join'd
The future whole infix upon thy mind,
Be there each line in truth ideal drawn,
Or e'er a colour on the canvaſs dawn;
Then as the work proceeds, that work ſubmit
To ſight inſtinctive, not to doubting wit;

LXII.
The Compaſs to be in the Eyes.

The eye each obvious error ſwift deſcries,
Hold then the compaſs only in the eyes.

Mente diu verſata, manu celeranda repenti.
Arſque laborque operis grata ſic fraude latebit:
Maxima deinde erit ars, nihil artis ineſſe videri.

LXI.
Archetypus in mente, Apographus in tela.

Nec prius inducas tabulæ pigmenta colorum,
Expenſi quàm ſigna typi ſtabilita niteſcant,
Et menti præſens operis ſit pegma futuri.

LXII.
Circinus in Oculis.

Prævaleat ſenſus rationi, quæ officit arti
Conſpicuæ; inque oculis tantummodo circinus eſto.

LXIII.
Pride an Enemy to good Painting.

Give to the dictates of the Learn'd reſpect,
Nor proudly untaught ſentiments reject,
Severe to ſelf alone; for ſelf is blind,
And deems each merit in its offspring join'd:
Such fond deluſion time can beſt remove,
Concealing for a while the child we love;
By abſence then the Eye impartial grown
Will, tho' no friend aſſiſt, each error own;
But theſe ſubdued, let thy determin'd mind
Veer not with ev'ry critic's veering wind,
Or e'er ſubmit thy Genius to the rules
Of prating fops, or ſelf-important fools;

LXIII.
Superbia Pictori nocet plurimum.

Utere doctorum monitis, nec ſperne ſuperbus
Diſcere, quæ de te fuerit ſententia vulgi:
Eſt cæcus nam quiſque ſuis in rebus, & expers
Judicii, prolemque ſuam miratur amatque.
Aſt ubi conſilium deerit ſapientis amici,
Id tempus dabit, atque mora intermiſſa labori.
Non facilis tamen ad nutus, & inania vulgi
Dicta, levis mutabis opus, geniumque relinques:

Enough if from the learn'd applauſe be won:
Who doat on random praiſes, merit none.

LXIV. Know thyſelf.

By Nature's ſympathetic Power, we ſee,
As is the Parent, ſuch the Progeny:
Ev'n Artiſts, bound by her inſtinctive law,
In all their works their own reſemblance draw:
* Learn then "to know thyſelf," that precept ſage
Shall beſt allay luxuriant Fancy's rage,
Shall point how far indulgent Genius deigns
To aid her flight, and to what point reſtrains.
But as the bluſhing Fruits, the breathing Flowers,
Adorning Flora's and Pomona's bowers,
When forcing fires command their buds to ſwell,
Refuſe their dulcet taſte, their balmy ſmell;

Nam qui parte ſua ſperat bene poſſe mereri
Multivaga de plebe, nocet ſibi, nec placet ulli.

LXIV. Noſce teipſum

Cumque opere in proprio ſoleat ſe pingere pictor,
(Prolem adeo ſibi ferre parem natura ſuevit)
Proderit imprimis pictori γνῶθι σεαυτὸν,
Ut data quæ genio colat, abſtineatque negatis.
Fructibus utque ſuus nunquam eſt ſapor, atque venuſtas
Floribus, inſueto in fundo, præcoce ſub anni
Tempore, quos cultus violentus & ignis adegit:

So Labor's vain extortion ne'er achieves
That grace ſupreme which willing Genius gives.

LXV.
Perpetually practice, and do eaſily what you have conceived.

Thus tho' to pains and practice much we owe,
Tho' thence each line obtains its eaſy flow;
Yet let thoſe pains, that practice ne'er be join'd,
To blunt the native vigor of the mind.

LXVI.
The Morning moſt proper for Work.

When ſhines the Morn, when in recruited courſe
The ſpirits flow, devote their active force
To every nicer part of thy deſign,

LXVII.
Every Day do ſomething.

But paſs no idle day without a line:

LXVIII.
The Method of catching natural Paſſions.

And wandering oft the crouded ſtreets along,
The native geſtures of the paſſing throng
Attentive mark, for many a caſual grace,
Th' expreſſive lines of each impaſſion'd face

Sic nunquam, nimio quæ ſunt extorta labore,
Et picta invito genio, nunquam illa placebunt.

LXV.
Quod mente conceperis Manu comproba.

Vera ſuper meditando, manûs labor improbus adſit;
Nec tamen obtundat genium, mentiſque vigorem.

LXVI.
Matutinum Tempus Labori aptum.

Optima noſtrorum pars matutina dierum,
Difficili hanc igitur potiorem impende labori.

LXVII.
Singulis Diebus aliquid faciendum.

Nulla dies abeat, quin linea ducta ſuperſit:

LXVIII.
Affectus inobſervati & naturales.

Perque vias, vultus hominum, motuſque notabis
Libertate ſua proprios, poſitaſque figuras

That bears its joys or ſorrows undiſguis'd,
May by obſervant Taſte be there ſurpriz'd. 660
Thus, true to Art, and zealous to excel
Ponder on Nature's powers, and weigh them well;
Explore thro' earth and heaven, thro' ſea and ſkies,
The accidental graces as they riſe;
LXIX. Of the Table-Book. And while each preſent form the Fancy warms, 665
Swift on thy tablets fix its fleeting charms.
To Temperance all our livelieſt Powers we owe,
She bids the Judgment wake, the Fancy flow;
For her the Artiſt ſhuns the fuming feaſt,
The Midnight roar, the Bacchanalian gueſt, 670
And ſeeks thoſe ſofter opiates of the ſoul,
The ſocial circle, the diluted bowl;

Ex ſeſe faciles, ut inobſervatus, habebis.
LXIX. Non deſint pugillares. Mox quodcumque mari, terris, & in aëre pulchrum
Contigerit, chartis propera mandare paratis,
Dum præſens animo ſpecies tibi fervet hianti.
Non epulis nimis indulget Pictura, meroque 475
Parcit: Amicorum niſi cum ſermone benigno
Exhauſtam reparet mentem recreata; ſed inde

Crown'd with the Freedom of a ſingle life,
He flies domeſtic din, litigious ſtrife;
Abhors the noiſy haunts of buſtling trade, 675
And ſteals ſerene to ſolitude and ſhade;
There calmly ſeated in his village bower,
He gives to nobleſt themes the ſtudious hour,
While Genius, Practice, Contemplation join
To warm his ſoul with energy divine: 680
For paltry gold let pining Miſers ſigh,
His ſoul invokes a nobler Deity;
Smit with the glorious Avarice of Fame,
He claims no leſs than an immortal name:

Litibus, & curis, in cœlibe libera vita,
Seceſſus procul à turba, ſtrepituque remotos,
Villarum, ruriſque beata ſilentia quærit: 480
Namque recollecto, totâ incumbente Minervâ,
Ingenio, rerum ſpecies præſentior extat;
Commodiuſque operis compagem amplectitur omnem.
  Infami tibi non potior ſit avara peculi
Cura, aurique fames, modicâ quam ſorte beato, 485
Nominis æterni, & laudis pruritus habendæ,
Condignæ pulchrorum operum mercedis in ævum.

Hence on his Fancy juſt Conception ſhines, 685
True Judgment guides his hand, true Taſte refines;
Hence ceaſeleſs toil, devotion to his art,
A docile temper, and a generous heart;
Docile, his ſage Preceptor to obey,
Generous, his aid with gratitude to pay, 690
Bleſt with the bloom of youth, the nerves of health,
And competence a better boon than wealth.
 Great Bleſſings theſe! yet will not theſe empower
His Tints to charm at every labouring hour:
All have their brilliant moments, when alone 695
They paint as if ſome ſtar propitious ſhone.
Yet then, ev'n then, the hand but ill conveys
The bolder grace that in the Fancy plays:

Judicium, docile ingenium, cor nobile, ſenſus
Sublimes, firmum corpus, florenſque juventa,
Commoda res, labor, artis amor, doctuſque magiſter; 490
Et quamcumque voles occaſio porrigat anſam,
Ni genius quidam adfuerit, ſyduſque benignum,
Dotibus his tantis, nec adhuc ars tanta paratur.
Diſtat ab ingenio longè manus. Optima doctis

Hence, candid Critics, this ſad Truth confeſt,
Accept what leaſt is bad, and deem it beſt;
Lament the ſoul in Error's thraldom held,
Compare Life's ſpan with Art's extenſive field,
Know that, ere perfect Taſte matures the mind,
Or perfect practice to that Taſte be join'd,
Comes age, comes ſickneſs, comes contracting pain,
And chills the warmth of youth in every vein.
age
Riſe then, ye youths! while yet that warmth inſpires,
While yet nor years impair, nor labour tires,
While health, while ſtrength are yours, while that mild ray,
Which ſhone auſpicious on your natal day,

Cenſentur, quæ prava minus; latet omnibus error;
Vitaque tam longæ brevior non ſufficit arti.
Deſinimus nam poſſe ſenes, cùm ſcire periti
Incipimus, doctamque manum gravat ægra ſenectus;
Nec gelidis fervet juvenilis in artubus ardor.
Quare agite, O juvenes, placido quos ſydere natos
Paciferæ ſtudia allectant tranquilla Minervæ;

Conducts you to Minerva's peaceful Quire,
Sons of her choice, and ſharers of her fire,
Riſe at the call of Art: expand your breaſt,
Capacious to receive the mighty gueſt,
While, free from prejudice, your active eye
Preſerves its firſt unſullied purity;
While new to Beauty's charms, your eager ſoul
Drinks copious draughts of the delicious whole,
And Memory on her ſoft, yet laſting page,
Stamps the freſh image which ſhall charm thro' age.

LXX.
The Method of Studies for a young Painter.

When duly taught each Geometric rule,
Approach with awful ſtep the Grecian ſchool,

4

Quoſque ſuo fovet igne, ſibique optavit alumnos!
Eja agite, atque animis ingentem ingentibus artem
Exercete alacres, dum ſtrenua corda juventus
Viribus exſtimulat vegetis, patienſque laborum eſt;
Dum vacua errorum, nulloque imbuta ſapore
Pura nitet mens, & rerum ſitibunda novarum,
Præſentes haurit ſpecies, atque humida ſervat!

LXX.
Ordo Studiorum.

In Geometrali prius arte parumpèr adulti
Signa antiqua ſuper Graiorum addiſcite formam;

The ſculptur'd reliques of her ſkill ſurvey,
Muſe on by night, and imitate by day;
No reſt, no pauſe till, all her graces known, 725
A happy habit makes each grace your own.
As years advance, to modern maſters come,
Gaze on their glories in majeſtic ROME;
Admire the proud productions of their ſkill
Which VENICE, PARMA, and BOLOGNA fill; 730
And, rightly led by our preceptive lore,
Their ſtyle, their coloring, part by part, explore.
See RAPHAEL there his forms celeſtial trace,
Unrivall'd Sovereign of the realms of Grace.

Nec mora, nec requies, noctuque diuque labori,
Illorum menti atque modo, vos donec agendi
Praxis ab aſſiduo faciles aſſueverit uſu.
Mox, ubi judicium emenſis adoleverit annis,
Singula, quæ celebrant primæ exemplaria claſſis 515
Romani, Veneti, Parmenſes, atque Bononi,
Partibus in cunctis pedetentìm, atque ordine recto,
Ut monitum ſuprà eſt, vos expendiſſe juvabit.
Hos apud invenit *Raphael* miracula ſummo
Ducta modo, Venereſque habuit quas nemo deinceps. 520

See Angelo, with energy divine,
Seize on the ſummit of correct deſign.
Learn how, at Julio's birth, the Muſes ſmil'd,
And in their myſtic caverns nurs'd the child,
How, by th' Aonian powers their ſmile beſtow'd,
His pencil with poetic fervor glow'd;
When faintly verſe Apollo's charms convey'd,
He oped the ſhrine, and all the God diſplay'd:
His triumphs more than mortal pomp adorns,
With more than mortal rage his Battle burns,
His Heroes, happy Heirs of fav'ring fame,
More from his art than from their actions claim.

Quidquid erat formæ ſcivit *Bonarota* potenter.
Julius à puero muſarum eductus in antris,
Aonias reſeravit opes, graphicâque poeſi,
Quæ non viſa prius, ſed tantùm audita poetis,
Ante oculos ſpectanda dedit ſacraria Phœbi;
Quæque coronatis complevit bella triumphis
Heroum fortuna potens, caſuſque decoros,
Nobilius re ipsâ antiqua pinxiſſe videtur.

Bright, beyond all the reſt, CORREGGIO flings
His ample Lights, and round them gently brings
The mingling ſhade. In all his works we view
Grandeur of ſtyle, and chaſtity of hue. 750
Yet higher ſtill great TITIAN dar'd to ſoar,
He reach'd the loftieſt heights of coloring's power;
His friendly tints in happieſt mixture flow,
His ſhades and lights their juſt gradations know,
He knew thoſe dear deluſions of the art, 755
That round, relieve, inſpirit ev'ry part:
Hence deem'd divine, the world his merit own'd,
With riches loaded, and with honors crown'd.

Clarior ante alios *Corregius* extitit, ampla
Luce ſuperfuſa, circum coëuntibus umbris, 530
Pingendique modo grandi, & tractando colore
Corpora. Amicitiamque, gradusque, doloſque colorum,
Compagemque ita diſpoſuit *Titianus*, ut inde
Divus ſit dictus, magnis et honoribus auctus.

From all their charms combin'd, with happy toil,
Did Annibal compoſe his wond'rous ſtyle:
O'er the fair fraud ſo cloſe a veil is thrown,
That every borrow'd Grace becomes his own.

LXXI.
Nature and Experience perfect Art.

If then to praiſe like theirs your ſouls aſpire,
Catch from their works a portion of their fire;
Revolve their labors all, for all will teach,
Their finiſh'd Picture, and their ſlighteſt ſketch.
Yet more than theſe to Meditation's eyes
Great Nature's ſelf redundantly ſupplies:
Her preſence, beſt of Models! is the ſource
Whence Genius draws augmented power and force;
Her precepts, beſt of Teachers! give the powers,
Whence Art, by practice, to perfection ſoars.

Fortunæque bonis: Quos ſedulus *Hannibal* omnes
In propriam mentem, atque modum mirâ arte coëgit.

LXXI.
Natura & Experientia Artem perficiunt.

Plurimus inde labor tabulas imitando juvabit
Egregias, operumque typos; ſed plura docebit
Natura ante oculos præſens; nam firmat & auget
Vim genii, ex illâque artem experientia complet.
Multa ſuperſileo quæ commentaria dicent.

These uſeful rules from time and chance to ſave,
In Latian Strains, the ſtudious FRESNOY gave;
On Tiber's peaceful banks the Poet lay, 775
What time the Pride of Bourbon urg'd his way,
Thro' hoſtile camps, and crimſon fields of ſlain,
To vindicate his Race and vanquiſh Spain;
High on the Alps he took his warrior ſtand,
And thence, in ardent volley from his hand 780
His thunder darted; *(ſo the Flatterer ſings*
In ſtrains beſt ſuited to the Ear of Kings)

Hæc ego, dum memoror ſubitura volubilis ævi
Cuncta vices, variiſque olim peritura ruinis,
Pauca ſophiſmata ſum graphica immortalibus auſus
Credere pieriis, Romæ meditatus: ad Alpes, 545
Dum ſuper inſanas moles, inimicaque caſtra
Borbonidum decus & vindex Lodoicus avorum,
Fulminat ardenti dextrâ, patriæque reſurgens

And like ALCIDES, with vindictive tread,
Cruſh'd the Hiſpanian Lion's gaſping head.
But mark the Proteus-policy of ſtate :
Now, while his courtly numbers I tranſlate,
The foes are friends, in ſocial league they dare
On Britain to " let ſlip the Dogs of War."
Vain efforts all, which in diſgrace ſhall end,
If Britain, truly to herſelf a friend,
Thro' all her realms bids civil diſcord ceaſe,
And heals her Empire's wounds by Arts of Peace.
Rouſe, then, fair Freedom ! fan that holy flame
From whence thy Sons their deareſt bleſſings claim ;
Still bid them feel that ſcorn of lawleſs ſway,
Which Intereſt cannot blind, nor Power diſmay :
So ſhall the Throne, thou gav'ſt the BRUNSWICK *line,*
Long by that race adorn'd, thy dread Palladium ſhine.

THE END.

Gallicus Alcides premit Hiſpani ora Leonis.

FINIS.

NOTES

ON THE

ART of PAINTING.

☞ The few Notes which the Tranſlator has inſerted, and which are marked M. are merely critical, and relate only to the Author's Text or his own Verſion.

NOTES

ON THE

ART OF PAINTING.

NOTE I. VERSE 1.

Two Siſter Muſes, with alternate fire, &c.

M. DU PILES opens his annotations here, with much learned quotation from Tertullian, Cicero, Ovid, and Suidas, in order to ſhew the affinity between the two Arts. But it may perhaps be more pertinent to ſubſtitute in the place of it all a ſingle paſſage, by Plutarch aſcribed to Simonides, and which our Author, after having quoted Horace, has literally tranſlated, Ζωγραφίαν εἶναι ΦΘΕΓΓΟΜΕΝΗΝ τὴν Ποίησιν, ποίησιν δὲ ΣΙΓΩΣΑΝ τὴν ζωγραφίαν. There is a Latin line ſomewhere to the ſame purpoſe, but I know not whether antient or modern.

Poema
Eſt Pictura loquens, mutum Pictura Poema. M.

NOTE II. VERSE 33.

Such powers, ſuch praiſes, heav'n-born pair, belong
To magic colouring, and perſuaſive ſong.

That is to ſay, they belong intrinſically and of right. Mr. Wills, in the preface to his verſion of our Poet, firſt detected the falſe tranſlations of Du Piles and Dryden, which ſay, "ſo much have theſe Divine Arts been honored;" in conſequence of which the Frenchman gives us a note of four pages, enumerating the inſtances in which Painting and its profeſſors have been honored by kings and great men, antient and modern. Freſnoy had not this in his idea: He ſays, "tantus *ineſt* divis honor artibus atque poteſtas," which Wills juſtly and literally tranſlates,

Such powers, ſuch honors are in arts divine. M.

NOTE III. VERSE 51.

'Tis Painting's firſt chief buſineſs to explore,
What lovelier forms in nature's boundleſs ſtore,
Are beſt to art and antient taſte allied,
For antient taſte thoſe forms has beſt applied.

The Poet, with great propriety, begins, by declaring what is *the firſt chief buſineſs* of Theory, and pronounces it to be a knowledge of what is beautiful in nature:

That form alone, where glows peculiar grace,
The genuine Painter condeſcends to trace. *ver.* 9.

There is an abſolute neceſſity for the Painter to generalize his notions; to paint particulars is not to paint nature, it is only to paint circumſtances. When the Artiſt has conceived in his imagination the image of perfect beauty, or the abſtract idea of forms, he may be ſaid to be admitted into the great Council of Nature, and to

"Trace Beauty's beam to its eternal ſpring,
"And pure to man the fire celeſtial bring." *ver.* 19.

To facilitate the acquiſition of this ideal beauty, the Artiſt is recommended to a ſtudious examination of antient Sculpture.

R.

NOTE

NOTE IV. VERSE 55.

Till this be learned, how all things diſagree,
How all one wretched, blind barbarity!

The mind is diſtracted with the variety of accidents, for ſo they ought to be called rather than forms; and the diſagreement of thoſe among themſelves will be a perpetual ſource of confuſion and meanneſs, until, by generalizing his ideas, he has acquired the only true criterion of judgment; then with a *Maſter's care*

Judge of his art, thro' beauty's realms he flies,
Selects, combines, improves, diverſifies. *ver.* 76.

It is better that he ſhould come to diverſify on particulars from the large and broad idea of things, than vainly attempt to aſcend from particulars to this great general idea; for to generalize from the endleſs and vicious variety of *actual* forms, requires a mind of wonderful capacity; it is perhaps more than any one mind can accompliſh: But when the other, and, I think, better courſe is purſued, the Artiſt may avail himſelf of the united powers of all his predeceſſors. He ſets out with an ample inheritance, and avails himſelf of the ſelection of ages. R.

NOTE V. VERSE 63.

Of all vain Fools with Coxcomb talents curſt.

The ſententious and Horatian line, (ſays a later French Editor) which, in the original, is placed to the ſcore of the Antients, to give it greater weight, is the Author's own. I ſuſpect, however, that he borrowed the thought from ſome antient proſe writer, as we ſee he borrowed from Plutarch before at the opening of his Poem. M.

NOTE VI. VERSE 64.

When firſt the orient beams of Beauty move.

The original here is very obſcure; when I had tranſlated the paſſage in the cleareſt manner I was able, but neceſſarily with ſome periphraſis, I conſulted a learned friend upon it, who was pleaſed to approve the verſion, and to elucidate the text in the following manner: "Cognita," (the things known) in line 45, refers to "Noſſe quid in natura pulchrius," (the thing to be learned) in line 38; the main thing is to *know* what forms are moſt beautiful, and to know what forms have been chiefly reputed ſuch by the Antients. In theſe when once known, i. e. attended to and conſidered, the mind of courſe takes a pleaſure, and thus the *conſcious* ſoul becomes enamoured with the object, &c. as in the Paraphaſe. M.

NOTE VII. VERSE 78.

With nimble ſtep purſues the fleeting throng,
And claſps each Venus as ſhe glides along.

The power of expreſſing theſe tranſitory beauties is perhaps the greateſt effort of our art, and which cannot be attained to till the Student has acquired a facility of drawing nature correctly in its inanimate ſtate. R.

NOTE VIII. VERSE 80.

Yet ſome there are who indiſcreetly ſtray,
Where purblind practice only points the way.

Practice is juſtly called *purblind*, for practice, that is tolerable in its way, is not *totally* blind: an imperceptible theory, which grows out of, accompanies, and directs it, is never wholly wanting to a ſedulous practice; but this goes but a little way with the Painter himſelf, and is utterly inexplicable to others.

To become a great proficient, an Artiſt ought to ſee clearly enough to enable him to point out to others the principle on which he works, otherwiſe he will be confined, and what is worſe, he will be uncertain. A degree of mechanical practice, odd as it may ſeem, muſt precede theory: The reaſon is, that if we wait till we are partly able to comprehend the theory of art, too much of life will be paſſed to permit us to acquire facility and power: ſomething therefore muſt be done on truſt, by mere imitation of given patterns before the theory of art can be *felt*. Thus we ſhall become acquainted with the *neceſſities* of the art, and the very great want of Theory, the ſenſe of which *want* can alone lead us to take pains to acquire it: for what better means can we have of knowing to a certainty, and of imprinting ſtrongly on our mind our own deficiencies, than unſucceſsful attempts? This Theory will be beſt underſtood by, and in, Practice. If Practice advances too far before Theory, her guide, ſhe is likely to loſe her way, and if ſhe keeps too far behind, to be diſcouraged. R.

NOTE IX. VERSE 89.

'Twas not by words Apelles charm'd mankind.

As Freſnoy has condeſcended to give advice of a prudential kind, let me be permitted here to recommend to Artiſts to talk as little as poſſible of their own works, much leſs to praiſe them; and this not ſo much for the ſake of avoiding the character of vanity, as for keeping clear of a real detriment; of a real productive cauſe which prevents his progreſs in his art, and dulls the edge of enterprize.

He who has the habit of inſinuating his own excellence to the little circle of his friends, with whom he comes into contact, will grow languid in his exertions to fill a larger ſphere of reputation: He will fall into the habit of acquieſcing in the partial opinions of a few; he will grow reſtive in his own; by admiring himſelf, he will come to repeat himſelf, and then there is an end of improvement. In a Painter it is particularly dangerous to be too good a ſpeaker, it leſſens the neceſſary endeavours to make himſelf maſter of the language which properly belongs to his art, that of his pencil. This circle of ſelf-applauſe and reflected admiration, is to him the world, which he vainly imagines he has engaged in his party, and that further enterprize becomes leſs neceſſary.

Neither is it prudent for the ſame reaſon to talk much of a work before he undertakes it, which will probably thus be prevented from being ever begun. Even ſhewing a picture in an unfiniſhed ſtate, makes the finiſhing afterwards irkſome; the artiſt has already had the gratification which he ought to have kept back, and made to ſerve as a ſpur to haſten its completion. R.

NOTE X. VERSE 100.

Some lofty theme let judgment firſt ſupply,
Supremely fraught with grace and majeſty.

It is a matter of great judgment to know what ſubjects are or are not fit for painting. It is true that they ought to be ſuch as the verſes here direct, full of grace and majeſty; but it is not every ſuch ſubject that will anſwer to the Painter. The Painter's theme is generally ſupplied by the Poet or Hiſtorian: But as the Painter ſpeaks to the eye, a ſtory in which fine feeling and curious ſentiment is predominant, rather than palpable ſituation, groſs intereſt, and diſtinct paſſion, is not ſo proper.

It ſhould be likewiſe a ſtory generally known; for the Painter, repreſenting one point of time only, cannot inform the Spectator what preceded that event, however neceſſary in order to judge of the propriety and truth of the expreſſion and character of the Actor. It may be remarked that action is the principal requiſite to a ſubject for Hiſtory-painting, and that there are many ſubjects which, tho' very intereſting to the reader, would make no figure in repreſentation; theſe are ſuch as conſiſt in any long *ſeries* of action, the *parts* of which have very much *dependency* each on the other; they are ſuch where any remarkable point or turn of verbal expreſſion makes a part of the excellence of the ſtory; or where it has its effect from *alluſion to circumſtances not actually preſent:* an inſtance occurs to me of a ſubject which was recommended to a Painter by a very diſtinguiſhed perſon, but who, as it appears, was but little converſant with the art; it was what paſſed between James II. and the Duke of Bedford in the Council which was held juſt before the Revolution. This is a very ſtriking piece of hiſtory; but it is ſo far from being a proper ſubject, that it unluckily poſſeſſes no one requiſite neceſſary for a picture; it has a retroſpect to other circumſtances of hiſtory of a very complicated nature; it marks no general or intelligible action or paſſion; and it is neceſſarily deficient in that variety of heads, forms, ages, ſexes, and draperies which ſometimes, by good management, ſupply by pictureſque effect the want of a real intereſt in a hiſtory. R.

NOTE XI. VERSE 106.

Then let the virgin canvas ſmooth expand,
To claim the ſketch and tempt the Artiſt's hand.

I wiſh to underſtand the laſt line as recommending to the artiſt to paint the ſketch previouſly on canvas, as was the practice of Rubens.

This method of painting the ſketch, inſtead of merely drawing it on paper, will give a facility in the management of colours, and in the handling, which the Italian Painters, not having this cuſtom, wanted; by habit he will acquire equal readineſs in doing two things at a time as in doing only one; a Painter, as I have ſaid on another occaſion, if poſſible, ſhould paint all his ſtudies, and conſider drawing as a ſuccedaneum when colours are not at hand. This was the practice of the Venetian Painters, and of all thoſe who have excelled in colouring; Corregio uſed to ſay, *C'havea i ſuoi diſſegni nella ſtremità dè Pennelli.* The method of Rubens was to ſketch his compoſition in colours, with all the parts more determined than ſketches generally are; from this ſketch his Scholars advanced the picture as far as they were capable, after which he retouched the whole himſelf.

The Painter's operation may be divided into three parts; the planning, which implies the ſketch of the general compoſition; the transferring that deſign on the canvas; and the finiſhing, or retouching the whole. If, for diſpatch, the Artiſt looks out for aſſiſtance, it is in the middle only he can receive it; the firſt and laſt muſt be the work of his own hand.

R.

NOTE XII. VERSE 108.

Then bold Invention all thy powers diffuſe,
Of all thy Siſters thou the nobleſt Muſe.

The Invention of a Painter conſiſts not in inventing the ſubject, but in a capacity of forming in his imagination the ſubject in a manner beſt accommodated to his art, tho' wholly borrowed from Poets, Hiſtorians, or popular tradition: For this purpoſe he has full as much to do, and perhaps more, than if the very ſtory was invented; for he is bound to follow the ideas which he has received, and to tranſlate them (if I may uſe the expreſſion) into another art. In this tranſlation the Painter's Invention lies; he muſt in a manner new-caſt the whole, and model it in his own imagination: To make it a

Painter's nouriſhment it muſt paſs through a Painter's mind. Having received an idea of the pathetic and grand in *Intellect*, he has next to conſider how to make it correſpond with what is touching and awful to the *Eye*, which is a buſineſs by itſelf. But here begins what in the language of Painters is called *Invention*, which includes not only the compoſition, or the putting *the whole together*, and the diſpoſition of every individual part, but likewiſe the management of the back-ground, the effect of light and ſhadow, and the attitude of every figure or animal that is introduced or makes a part of the work.

Compoſition, which is the principal part of the Invention of a Painter, is by far the greateſt difficulty he has to encounter, every man that can paint at all, can execute individual parts; but to keep thoſe parts in due ſubordination as relative to a whole, requires a comprehenſive view of his art that more ſtrongly implies genius than, perhaps, any other quality whatever. R.

NOTE XIII. VERSE 118.

Vivid and faithful to the hiſtoric page,
Expreſs the cuſtoms, manners, forms, and age.

Though the Painter borrows his ſubject, he conſiders his art as not ſubſervient to any other, his buſineſs is ſomething more than aſſiſting the Hiſtorian with explanatory figures; as ſoon as he takes it into his hands, he adds, retrenches, tranſpoſes, and moulds it anew, till it is made fit for his own art; he avails himſelf of the privileges allowed to Poets and Painters, and dares every thing to accompliſh his end by means correſpondent to that end, to impreſs the Spectator with the ſame intereſt at the ſight of his repreſentation, as the Poet has contrived to do the Reader by his deſcription; the end is the ſame, though the means are and muſt be different. Ideas intended to be conveyed to the mind by one ſenſe, cannot always, with equal ſucceſs, be conveyed by another, our author has recommended it to us elſewhere to be attentive

"On what may aid our art, and what deſtroy. *ver.* 598.

Even the Hiſtorian takes great liberties with facts, in order to intereſt his readers, and make his narration more delightful; much greater right has the Painter to do this, who (tho' his work is called Hiſtory-Painting) gives in reality a poetical repreſentation of events. R.

NOTE XIV. VERSE 120.

Nor paint conſpicuous on the foremoſt plain
Whate'er is falſe, impertinent, or vain.

This precept, ſo obvious to common ſenſe, appears ſuperfluous, till we recollect that ſome of the greateſt Painters have been guilty of a breach of it; for, not to mention Paul Veroneſe or Rubens, whoſe principles, as ornamental Painters, would allow great latitude in introducing animals, or whatever they might think neceſſary, to contraſt or make the compoſition more pictureſque, we can no longer wonder why the Poet has thought it worth ſetting a guard againſt it, when ſuch men as Raffaelle and the Caraches, in their greateſt and moſt ſerious works, have introduced on the foreground mean and frivolous circumſtances.

Such improprieties, to do juſtice to the more modern Painters, are ſeldom found in their works. The only excuſe that can be made for thoſe great Artiſts, is their living in an age when it was the cuſtom to mix the ludicrous with the ſerious, and when Poetry as well as Painting gave into this faſhion. R.

NOTE XV. VERSE 124.

This rare, this arduous taſk no rules can teach.

This muſt be meant to refer to *Invention,* and not to the precepts immediately preceding, which relating only to the mechanical diſpoſition of the work, cannot be ſuppoſed to be out of the reach of the rules of art, or not to be acquired but by the aſſiſtance of ſupernatural power. R.

NOTE XVI. VERSE 127.

Prometheus raviſh'd from the Car of Day.

After the lines in the original of this paſſage, there comes in one of a proverbial caſt, taken from Horace *: "Non uti Dædaliam licet omnibus ire Corinthum." I could not introduce a verſion of this with any grace into the concluſion of the ſentence; and indeed I do not think it connects well in the original. It certainly conveys no truth of importance, nor adds much to what went before it. I ſuppoſe, therefore, I ſhall be pardoned for having taken no notice of it in my tranſlation.

Mr. Ray, in his Collection of Engliſh Proverbs, brings this of Horace as a parallel to a ridiculous Engliſh one, viz. *Every man's noſe will not make a ſhoeing-horn.* It is certain, were a Proverb here introduced, it ought to be of Engliſh growth to ſuit an Engliſh tranſlation; but this, alas! would not fit my purpoſe, and Mr. Ray gives us no other. I hold myſelf, therefore, excuſeable for leaving the line untranſlated. M.

---

* Horace's line runs thus, (Epiſtle 17, Book I. line 36.)
Non cuivis Homini contingit adire Corinthum.

NOTE XVII. VERSE 130.

'Till all compleat the gradual wonder ſhone,
And vanquiſh'd Nature own'd herſelf outdone.

In ſtrict propriety, the Grecian Statues only excel Nature by bringing together ſuch an aſſemblage of beautiful parts as Nature was never known to beſtow on one object:

For earth-born graces ſparingly impart
The ſymmetry ſupreme of perfect art. *ver.* 68.

It muſt be remembered, that the component parts of the moſt perfect Statue never can excel Nature; that we can form no idea of Beauty beyond her works: we can only make this rare aſſemblage; and it is ſo rare, that if we are to give the name of Monſter to what is uncommon, we might, in the words of the Duke of Buckingham, call it

A faultleſs Monſter which the world ne'er ſaw. R.

NOTE XVIII. VERSE 144.

Learn then from Greece, ye youths, Proportion's law,
Inform'd by her, each juſt poſition draw.

Du Piles has, in his note on this paſſage, given the meaſures of a human body, as taken by Freſnoy from the ſtatues of the antients, which are here tranſcribed.

" The Antients have commonly allowed eight heads to their Figures, though ſome of them have but ſeven; but we ordinarily divide the figures into ten faces *; that is to ſay, from the crown of the head to the ſole of the foot, in the following manner:

" From the crown of the head to the forehead is the third part of a face.

" The face begins at the root of the loweſt hairs which are upon the forehead, and ends at the bottom of the chin.

---

* This depends on the age and quality of the perſons. The Apollo and Venus of Medicis have more than ten faces.

“ The face is divided into three proportionable parts; the firſt contains the forehead, the ſecond the noſe, and the third the mouth and the chin; from the chin to the pit betwixt the collar-bones are two lengths of a noſe.

“ From the pit betwixt the collar-bones to the bottom of the breaſt, one face.

“ * From the bottom of the breaſts to the navel, one face.

“ † From the navel to the genitories, one face.

“ From the genitories to the upper part of the knee, two faces.

“ The knee contains half a face.

“ From the lower part of the knee to the ankle, two faces.

“ From the ankle to the ſole of the foot, half a face.

“ A man, when his arms are ſtretched out, is, from the longeſt finger of his right hand to the longeſt of his left, as broad as he is long.

“ From one ſide of the breaſts to the other, two faces.

“ The bone of the arm, called Humerus, is the length of two faces from the ſhoulder to the elbow.

“ From the end of the elbow to the root of the little finger, the bone called Cubitus, with part of the hand, contains two faces.

“ From the box of the ſhoulder-blade to the pit betwixt the collar-bones, one face.

“ If you would be ſatisfied in the meaſures of breadth, from the extremity of one finger to the other, ſo that this breadth ſhould be equal to the length of the body, you muſt obſerve, that the boxes of the elbows with the humerus, and of

---

* The Apollo has a noſe more.

†, The Apollo has half a noſe more; and the upper half of the Venus de Medicis is to the lower part of the belly, and not to the privy-parts.

of the humerus with the ſhoulder-blade, bear the proportion of half a face when the arms are ſtretched out.

" The ſole of the foot is the ſixth part of the figure.

" The hand is the length of a face.

" The thumb contains a noſe.

" The inſide of the arm, from the place where the muſcle diſappears, which makes the breaſt, (called the Pectoral Muſcle) to the middle of the arm, four noſes.

" From the middle of the arm to the beginning of the head, five noſes.

" The longeſt toe is a noſe long.

" The two utmoſt parts of the teats, and the pit betwixt the collar-bones of a woman, make an equilateral triangle.

" For the breadth of the limbs, no preciſe meaſures can be given, becauſe the meaſures themſelves are changeable, according to the quality of the perſons, and according to the movement of the muſcles." *Du Piles.*

The meaſures of the antient ſtatues, by Audran, appear to be the moſt uſeful, as they are accompanied with the outline of thoſe figures, which are moſt diſtinguiſhed for correctneſs.

R.

NOTE XIX. VERSE 150.

But chief from her that flowing outline take.

The French Editor *, who republiſhed this Poem in the year 1753, (eighty-five years later than the firſt edition of Du Piles) remarks here, that Noël Coypel, (called Coypel le Pouſſin) in a diſcourſe which he publiſhed and addreſſed to the French Academy ſays, " That all which our Author has delivered concerning outlines *(Contours)* in this paſſage, does not appear to him to convey any preciſe or certain rules. He adds, that it is indeed almoſt a thing impoſſible to give them, particularly in what regards grace and elegance of outline. Anatomy and Proportion, according to him, may enable a perſon to deſign with correctneſs, but cannot give that noble part of the art, which ought to be attributed to the mind or underſtanding, according to which it is more or leſs delicate." I think Freſnoy has hinted the very ſame thing more than once; and, perhaps, like Coypel, lays too great a ſtreſs on the mental faculty, which we call Strength of Genius; but the conſideration of this does not come within the province which I have allotted myſelf in theſe *critical* notes. M.

---

* He calls himſelf, in the Paris Edition, intitled, " L'Ecole d'Uranie," Le Sieur M. D. Q. The Abbe De Marſy's Poem, intitled, *Pictura*, is annexed to Du Freſnoy's, in that edition.

NOTE XX. VERSE 162.

Yet deem not, Youths, that Perſpective can give
Thoſe charms complete, by which your works ſhall live.

The tranſlator has ſoftened, if not changed, the text, which boldly pronounces that Perſpective cannot be depended on as a certain rule. Freſnoy was not aware that he was arguing from the abuſe of the Art of Perſpective, the buſineſs of which is to repreſent objects as they appear to the eye, or as they are delineated on a tranſparent plane placed between the ſpectator and the object. The rules of Perſpective, as well as all other rules, may be injudiciouſly applied; and it muſt be acknowledged that a miſapplication of them is but too frequently found even in the works of the moſt conſiderable artiſts: It is not uncommon to ſee a figure on the foreground repreſented near twice the ſize of another which is ſuppoſed to be removed but a few feet behind it; this, tho' true according to rule, will appear monſtrous. This error proceeds from placing the point of diſtance too near the point of ſight, by which means the diminution of objects is ſo ſudden, as to appear unnatural, unleſs you ſtand ſo near the picture as the point of diſtance requires, which would be too near for the eye to comprehend the whole picture; whereas, if the point of diſtance is removed ſo far as the ſpectator may be ſuppoſed to ſtand in order to ſee commodiouſly, and take within his view the whole, the figures behind would then ſuffer under no ſuch violent diminution. Du Piles, in his note on this paſſage, endeavours to confirm Freſnoy in his prejudice, by giving an inſtance which proves, as he imagines, the uncertainty of the art. He ſuppoſes it employed to delineate the Trajan Pillar, the figures on which, being, as he ſays, larger at the top than the bottom, would counteract the effects of perſpective. The folly of this needs no comment. I ſhall only obſerve, by the by, that the fact is not true, the figures on that pillar being all of the ſame dimenſions. R.

NOTE XXI. VERSE 162.

Yet deem not, Youths, that Perſpective can give
Thoſe charms complete, by which your works ſhall live.

I plead guilty to the charge in the preceding note. I have tranſlated the paſſage, as if the text had been *ad* Complementum Graphidos, inſtead of *aut*, and conſequently might have been thus conſtrued: "Perſpective cannot be ſaid to be "a ſure rule or guide *to* the complete knowledge of Paint-"ing, but only an aſſiſtance, &c." This I did to make the poſition more conſonant to truth, and I am pleaſed to find that it agrees much better with Sir Joſhua's Annotations than the original would have done. Du Piles, in the former part of his note, (which I know not for what reaſon Mr. Dryden omitted) ſays thus: "It is not in order to reject Perſpective "that the Author ſpeaks thus; for he adviſes it elſewhere in "his Poem*, as a ſtudy abſolutely neceſſary. Nevertheleſs, "I

* I ſuppoſe he alludes to the 509th line.
In Geometrali prius arte parumper adulti.

"I own this paſſage is not quite clear, yet it was not my "fault that the Author did not make it more intelligible; "but he was ſo much offended with ſome perſons who knew "nothing of Painting in general, ſave only the part of Perſpective, in which they made the whole art of it to conſiſt, "that he would never be perſuaded to recal the expreſſion, "though I fully convinced him, that every thing theſe people "ſaid was not of the leaſt conſequence." Du Piles ſeems to tell this tale (ſo little to the credit of his friend's judgment) merely to make himſelf of conſequence; for my own part, I can hardly be perſuaded that a perſon who has tranſlated a work ſo inaccurately as Du Piles has done this, "did it under "the Author's own eye, and corrected it till the verſion was "intirely to his own mind," which, in his preface, he aſſerts was the caſe. M.

NOTE XXII. VERSE 174.

Yet to each ſep'rate form adapt with care,
Such limbs, ſuch robes, ſuch attitude and air,
As beſt befit the head ———

As it is neceſſary, for the ſake of variety, that figures not only of different ages, but of different forms and characters be introduced in a work where many figures are required, care muſt be taken that thoſe different characters have a certain conſonance of parts amongſt themſelves, ſuch as is generally found in nature; a fat face, for inſtance, is uſually accompanied with a proportional degree of corpulency of body; an aquiline noſe for the moſt part belongs to a thin countenance, with a body and limbs correſponding to it; but thoſe are obſervations which muſt occur to every body.

Yet there are others that are not ſo obvious, and thoſe who have turned their thoughts this way, may form a probable conjecture concerning the form of the reſt of the figure from a part, from the fingers, or from a ſingle feature of the face; for inſtance, thoſe who are born crook-backed have commonly a peculiar form of lips and expreſſion in their mouth that ſtrongly denotes that deformity. R.

NOTE XXIII. VERSE 178.

Learn action from the dumb, the dumb ſhall teach
How happieſt to ſupply the want of ſpeech.

Geſture is a language we are born with, and is the moſt natural way of expreſſing ourſelves: Painting may be ſaid therefore in this reſpect to have the ſuperiority over Poetry.

Yet Freſnoy certainly means here perſons either born dumb, or who are become ſo from accident or violence. And the tranſlator has, therefore, rendered his meaning juſtly; but perſons who are born dumb are commonly deaf alſo, and their geſtures are uſually extravagant and forced; and of the latter kind examples are too rare to furniſh the Painter with ſufficient obſervation. I would wiſh to underſtand the rule, as dictating to him, to obſerve how perſons, with naturally good expreſſive features, are affected in their looks and actions by any ſight or ſentiment which they ſee or hear, and to copy the geſtures which they then ſilently make uſe of; but he ſhould ever take theſe leſſons from nature only, and not imitate her at ſecond-hand, as many French Painters do, who appear to take their ideas, not only of grace and dignity, but of emotion and paſſion, from their theatrical heroes, which is imitating an imitation, and often a falſe or exaggerated imitation. R.

NOTE XXIV. VERSE 180.

Fair in the front, in all the blaze of light,
The Hero of thy piece ſhould meet the ſight.

There can be no doubt that this figure ſhould be laboured in proportion as it claims the attention of the ſpectator, but there is no neceſſity that it ſhould be placed in the middle of the picture, or receive the principal light; this conduct, if always obſerved, would reduce the art of Compoſition to too great a uniformity.

It is ſufficient, if the place he holds, or the attention of the other figures to him, denote him the hero of the piece.

The principal figure may be too principal. The harmony of compoſition requires that the inferiour characters bear ſome proportion, according to their ſeveral ſtations, to the hero of the work.

This rule, as enforced by Freſnoy, may be ſaid more properly to belong to the art in its infant ſtate, or the firſt precept given to young ſtudents; but the more advanced know that ſuch an apparent artificial diſpoſition would be in reality for that reaſon inartificial. R.

NOTE XXV. VERSE 193.

In ev'ry figur'd group the judging eye
Demands the charms of contrariety.

The rule of contraſting figures, or groups, is not only univerſally known and adopted, but it is frequently carried to ſuch exceſs, that our Author might, perhaps, with more propriety have fixed his caution on the other ſide, and recommended to the artiſt, not to deſtroy the grandeur and ſimplicity of his deſign by violent and affected contraſts.

The artleſs uniformity of the compoſitions of the old Gothic Painters is far preferable to this falſe refinement, this oſtentatious diſplay of academic art. A greater degree of contraſt and variety may be allowed in the pictureſque or ornamental ſtile; but we muſt not forget they are the natural enemies of Simplicity, and conſequently of the grand ſtile, and deſtroy *that ſolemn majeſty, that ſoft repoſe,* which is produced in a great meaſure by regularity and uniformity.

An inſtance occurs to me where thoſe two qualities are ſeparately exhibited by two great Painters, Rubens and Titian; the picture of Rubens is in the Church of St. Auguſtine at Antwerp; the ſubject (if that may be called a ſubject where no ſtory is repreſented) is the Virgin and infant Chriſt, placed high in the picture on a pedeſtal, with many ſaints about them, and as many below them, with others on the ſteps, to ſerve as a link to unite the upper and lower part of the picture.

The compoſition of this picture is perfect in its kind; the Artiſt has ſhewn the greateſt ſkill in diſpoſing and contraſting more than twenty figures without confuſion and without crouding; the whole appearing as much animated and in motion as it is poſſible, where nothing is to be done.

The picture of Titian, which we would oppoſe to this, is in the Church of the St. Frarè at Venice. The peculiar character of this piece is Grandeur and Simplicity, which proceed in a great meaſure from the regularity of the compoſition, two of the principal figures being repreſented kneeling, directly oppoſite to each other, and nearly in the ſame attitude, this is what few Painters would have had the courage to venture; Rubens would certainly have rejected ſo unpictureſque a mode of compoſition, had it occurred to him.

Both thoſe pictures are equally excellent in their kind, and may be ſaid to characteriſe their reſpective authors. There is a buſtle and animation in the work of Rubens; a quiet, ſolemn majeſty in that of Titian. The excellence of Rubens is the pictureſque effects which he produces. The ſuperior merit of Titian is in the appearance of being above ſeeking after any ſuch artificial excellence. R.

NOTE XXVI. VERSE 218.

——— we ſtill ſhould loſe
That ſolemn majeſty, that ſoft repoſe,
Dear to the curious eye, and only found
Where few fair objects fill an ample ground.

It has been ſaid to be Hannibal Caracci's opinion, that a perfect compoſition ought not to conſiſt of more than twelve figures, which he thought enough to people three groups, and that more would deſtroy that majeſty and repoſe ſo neceſſary to the grand ſtile of Painting. R.

NOTE XXVII. VERSE 223.

Judgment will ſo the ſeveral groups unite,
That one compacted whole ſhall meet the ſight.

Nothing ſo much breaks in upon, and deſtroys this compactneſs, as that mode of compoſition which cuts in the middle the figures on the foreground, tho' it was frequently the practice of the greateſt Painters, even of the beſt age: Michael Angelo has it in the Crucifixion of St. Peter; Raffaelle in the Cartoon of the Preaching of St. Paul; and Parmegiano often ſhewed only the head and ſhoulders above the baſe of the picture: However, the more modern Painters, notwithſtanding ſuch authorities, cannot be accuſed of having fallen into this error.

But, ſuppoſe we carry the reformation ſtill farther, and not ſuffer the ſides of the picture to cut off any part of the figures, the compoſition would certainly be more round and compact within itſelf: All ſubjects, it is true, will not admit of this; however we may ſafely recommend it, unleſs the circumſtances are very particular, and ſuch as are certain to procure ſome ſtriking effect by the breach of ſo juſt a rule.

R.

NOTE XXVIII. VERSE 243.

Nor yet to Nature ſuch ſtrict homage pay,
As not to quit when Genius leads the way;
Nor yet, though Genius all his ſuccour ſends,
Her mimic pow'rs though ready Memory lends,
Preſume from Nature wholly to depart;
For Nature is the Arbitreſs of Art.

Nothing in the art requires more attention and judgment, or more of that power of diſcrimination, which may not improperly be called Genius, than the ſteering between general ideas and individuality; for tho' the body of the work muſt certainly be compoſed by the firſt, in order to communicate a character of grandeur to the whole; yet a daſh of the latter is ſometimes neceſſary to give an intereſt. An individual model, copied with ſcrupulous exactneſs, makes a mean ſtile like the Dutch; and the neglect of an actual model, and the method of proceeding ſolely from idea, has a tendency to make the Painter degenerate into a manneriſt.

It is neceſſary to keep the mind in repair to replace and refreſhen thoſe impreſſions of nature which are continually wearing away.

A circumſtance mentioned in the life of Guido, is well worth the attention of Artiſts: He was aſked from whence he borrowed his idea of beauty, which is acknowledged ſuperior to that of any other Painter; he ſaid he would ſhew all the models he uſed, and ordered a common Porter to ſit before him, from whom he drew a beautiful countenance; this was intended by Guido as an exaggeration of his conduct; but his intention was to ſhew that he thought it neceſſary to have ſome model of nature before you, however you deviate from it, and correct it from the idea which you have formed in your mind of perfect beauty.

In Painting it is far better to have a model even to depart from, than to have nothing fixed and certain to determine the idea: There is ſomething then to proceed on, ſomething to be corrected; ſo that even ſuppoſing no part is taken, the model has ſtill been not without uſe.

Such habits of intercourſe with nature, will at leaſt create that variety which will prevent any one's prognoſticating what manner of work is to be produced, on knowing the ſubject, which is the moſt diſagreeable character an Artiſt can have.

R.

NOTE XXIX. VERSE 265.

Peculiar toil on ſingle forms beſtow,
There let expreſſion lend its finiſh'd glow.

When the picture conſiſts of a ſingle figure only, that figure muſt be contraſted in its limbs and drapery with great variety of lines: It is to be as much as poſſible a compoſition of itſelf. It may be remarked, that ſuch a complete figure will never unite or make a part of a group; as on the other hand, no figure of a well-conducted group will ſtand by itſelf. A compoſition, where every figure is ſuch as I ſuppoſe a ſingle figure ought to be, and thoſe likewiſe contraſted to each other, which is not uncommon in the works of young artiſts, produces ſuch an aſſemblage of artifice and affectation as is in the higheſt degree unnatural and diſguſtful.

There is another circumſtance which, tho' not improper in ſingle figures, ought never to be practiſed in hiſtorical pictures, that of making any figure looking out of the picture, that is, looking at the perſon who looks at the picture. This conduct in hiſtory gives an appearance to that figure, of having no connection with the reſt, and ought, therefore, never to be practiſed except in ludicrous ſubjects.

It is not certain that the variety recommended in a ſingle figure, can with equal ſucceſs be extended to colouring; the difficulty will be in diffuſing the colours of the drapery of this ſingle figure to other diſtant parts of the picture, for this is what harmony requires; this difficulty, however, ſeems to be evaded in the works of Titian, Vandyck, and many others, by dreſſing their ſingle figures in black or white.

Vandyck, in the famous portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio, was confined in his dreſs to crimſon velvet and white linen; he has, therefore, made the curtain in the back-ground of the ſame crimſon colour, and the white is diffuſed by a letter which lies on the table, and a bunch of flowers is likewiſe introduced for the ſame purpoſe.

R.

NOTE XXX. VERSE 275.

Not on the form in ſtiff adheſion laid,
But well reliev'd by gentle light and ſhade.

The diſpoſing the drapery ſo, as to appear to cling cloſe round the limbs, is a kind of pedantry which young Painters are very apt to fall into, as it carries with it a reliſh of the learning acquired from the antient ſtatues; but they ſhould recollect that there is not the ſame neceſſity for this practice in painting as in ſculpture. R.

NOTE XXXI. VERSE 297.

But ſparingly thy earth-born ſtores unfold,
Nor load with gems, nor lace with tawdry gold.

Finery of all kinds deſtroys grandeur, which in a great meaſure proceeds from ſimplicity; it may, however, without impropriety be introduced into the ornamental ſtile, ſuch as that of Rubens and Paul Veroneſe. R.

NOTE XXXII. VERSE 308.

That majeſty, that grace ſo rarely given
To mortal man, not taught by art but heaven.

It is undoubtedly true, and perfectly obvious, that every part of the art has a grace belonging to it, which, to ſatisfy and captivate the mind, muſt be ſuperadded to correctneſs. This excellence, however expreſſed, whether by Genius, Taſte, or the gift of Heaven, I am confident may be acquired; or the Artiſt may certainly be put into that train by which it ſhall be acquired, though he muſt, in a great meaſure, teach himſelf by a continual contemplation of the works of thoſe Painters, who are acknowleged to excel in grace and majeſty, which will teach him to look for it in nature, and induſtry will give him the power of expreſſing it on canvas. R.

NOTE XXXIII. VERSE 315.

The laſt, the nobleſt taſk remains untold,
Paſſion to paint and Sentiment unfold.

This is truly the nobleſt taſk, and is the finiſhing of the fabric of art; to attempt this ſummit of excellence, without having firſt laid that foundation of habitual correctneſs, may truly be ſaid to build caſtles in the air.

Every part which goes to the compoſition of a picture, even inanimate objects, are capable to a certain degree of conveying ſentiment, and contribute their ſhare to the general purpoſe of ſtriking the imagination of the ſpectator. The diſpoſition of light, or the folding of drapery, will give ſometimes a general air of grandeur to the whole work. R.

NOTE XXXIV. VERSE 325.

By tedious toil no paſſions are expreſt,
His hand who feels them ſtrongeſt paints them beſt.

A Painter, whatever he may feel, will not be able to expreſs it on canvas, without having recourſe to a recollection of thoſe principles by which that paſſion is expreſſed; the mind thus occupied, is not likely at the ſame time to be poſſeſſed with the paſſion which he is repreſenting, an image may be ludicrous, and in its firſt conception make the Painter laugh as well as the Spectator; but the difficulty of his art makes the Painter, in the courſe of his work, equally grave and ſerious, whether he is employed on the moſt ludicrous, or the moſt ſolemn ſubjects.

However, we may, without great violence, ſuppoſe this rule to mean no more, than that a ſenſibility is required in the Artiſt, ſo that he ſhould be capable of conceiving the paſſion properly before he ſets about repreſenting it on canvas. R.

NOTE XXXV. VERSE 325.

By tedious toil no Paſſions are expreſt,
His hand who feels them ſtrongeſt paints them beſt.

"The two verſes of the text, notwithſtanding the air of antiquity which they appear to have, ſeem moſt probably to be the Author's own," (ſays the late French Editor); but I ſuppoſe, as I did on a ſimilar adage before, that the thought is taken from antiquity. With reſpect to my tranſlation, I beg leave to intimate, that by feeling the paſſions ſtrongeſt, I do not mean that a paſſionate man will make the beſt painter of the paſſions, but he who has the cleareſt conception of them, that is, who feels their effect on the countenance of other men, as in great actors on the ſtage, and in perſons in real life ſtrongly agitated by them: perhaps my tranſlation would have been clearer and more conſonant with the above judicious explication of Sir Joſhua Reynolds, if it had run thus,

He who conceives them ſtrongeſt paints them beſt.

M.

NOTE XXXVI. VERSE 348.

Full late awoke the ceaſeleſs tear to ſhed
For periſh'd art.

The later French Editor, who has modernized the ſtyle of Du Piles tranſlation, ſays here, that " he has taken the liberty to ſoften this paſſage, and has tranſlated *Nil ſupereſt*, by *preſque rien*, inſtead of Du Piles verſion, *Il ne nous a rien reſtè de leur Peinture*, being authorized to make this change by the late diſcoveries of antient painting at Herculaneum;" but I ſcarce think that, by theſe diſcoveries, we have retrieved any thing of antient *colouring*, which is the matter here in queſtion, therefore I have given my tranſlation that turn. M.

NOTE XXXVII. VERSE 350.

——— *For thoſe celeſtial hues*
Which Zeuxis, aided by the Attic Muſe,
Gave to the wondering eye ———

From the various antient Paintings, which have come down to us, we may form a judgment with tolerable accuracy of the excellencies and the defects of the art amongſt the antients.

There can be no doubt, but that the ſame correctneſs of deſign was required from the Painter as from the Sculptor; and if the ſame good fortune had happened to us in regard to their Paintings, to poſſeſs what the Antients themſelves eſteemed their maſter-pieces, which is the caſe in Sculpture, I have no doubt but we ſhould find their figures as correctly drawn as the Laocoon, and probably coloured like Titian. What diſpoſes me to think higher of their colouring than any remains of antient Painting will warrant, is the account which Pliny gives of the mode of operation uſed by Apelles, that over his finiſhed picture he ſpread a tranſparent liquid like ink, of which the effect was to give brilliancy, and at the ſame time to lower the too great glare of the colour: *Quod abſoluta operaa tramento illinebat ità tenui, ut id ipſum repercuſſu claritates colorum excitaret.——Et tùm ratione magna ne colorum claritas oculorum aciem offenderet.* This paſſage, tho' it may poſſibly perplex the critics, is a true and an artiſt-like deſcription of the effect of Glazing or Scumbling, ſuch as was practiſed by Titian and the reſt of the Venetian Painters; this cuſtom, or mode of operation, implies at leaſt a true taſte of what the excellence of colouring conſiſts, which does not proceed from fine colours, but true colours; from breaking down theſe fine colours which would appear too raw, to a deep-toned brightneſs. Perhaps the manner in which Corregio practiſed the art of Glazing was ſtill more like that of Apelles, which was only perceptible to thoſe who looked cloſe to the picture, *ad manum intuenti demùm appareret;* whereas in Titian, and ſtill more in Baſſan and others his imitators, it was apparent on the ſlighteſt inſpection: Artiſts who may not approve of Glazing, muſt ſtill acknowledge, that this practice is not that of ignorance.

Another circumſtance, that tends to prejudice me in favour of their colouring, is the account we have of ſome of their principal painters uſing but four colours only. I am convinced the fewer the colours the cleaner will be the effect of thoſe colours, and that four is ſufficient to make every combination required. Two colours mixed together will not preſerve the brightneſs of either of them ſingle, nor will three be as bright as two: of this obſervation, ſimple as it is, an Artiſt, who wiſhes to colour bright, will know the value.

In regard to their power of giving peculiar expreſſion, no correct judgment can be formed; but we cannot well ſuppoſe that men, who were capable of giving that general grandeur of character which ſo eminently diſtinguiſhes their works in Sculpture, were incapable of expreſſing peculiar paſſions.

As to the enthuſiaſtic commendations beſtowed on them by their contemporaries, I conſider them as of no weight. The beſt words are always employed to praiſe the beſt works: Admiration often proceeds from ignorance of higher excellence. What they appear to have moſt failed in is compoſition, both in regard to the grouping of their figures, and the art of diſpoſing the light and ſhadow in maſſes. It is apparent that this, which makes ſo conſiderable a part of modern art, was to them totally unknown.

If the great Painters had poſſeſſed this excellence, ſome portion of it would have infallibly been diffuſed, and have been diſcoverable in the works of the inferior rank of Artiſts, ſuch as thoſe whoſe works have come down to us, and which may be conſidered as on the ſame rank with the Paintings that ornament our public gardens: ſuppoſing our modern pictures of this rank only were preſerved for the inſpection of Connoiſſeurs two thouſand years hence, the general principles of compoſition would be ſtill diſcoverable in thoſe pictures; however feebly executed, there would be ſeen an attempt to an union of the figure with its ground, ſome idea of diſpoſing both the figures and the lights in groups. Now as nothing of this appears in what we have of antient Painting, we may conclude, that this part of the art was totally neglected, or more probably unknown.

They might, however, have produced ſingle figures which approached perfection both in drawing and colouring; they might excel in a Solo, (in the language of Muſicians) though they were probably incapable of compoſing a full piece for a concert of different inſtruments. R.

NOTE XXXVIII. VERSE 419.

Permit not two conſpicuous lights to ſhine
With rival radiance in the ſame deſign.

The ſame right judgment which proſcribes two equal lights, forbids any two objects to be introduced of equal magnitude or force, ſo as to appear to be competitors for the attention of the ſpectator. This is common; but I do not think it quite ſo common, to extend the rule ſo far as it ought to be extended: even in colours, whether of the warm or cold kind, there ſhould be one of each which ſhould be apparently principal and predominate over the reſt. It muſt be obſerved, even in drapery, that two folds of the ſame drapery be not of equal magnitude.

R.

NOTE XXXIX. VERSE 421.

But yield to one alone the power to blaze,
And ſpread th' extenſive vigor of its rays.

Rembrant frequently practiſed this rule to a degree of affectation, by allowing but one maſs of light; but the Venetian Painters, and Rubens, who extracted his principles from their works, admitted many ſubordinate lights.

The ſame rules, which have been given in regard to the regulation of groups of figures, muſt be obſerved in regard to the grouping of lights, that there ſhall be a ſuperiority of one over the reſt, that they ſhall be ſeparated, and varied in their ſhapes, and that there ſhould be at leaſt three lights; the ſecondary lights ought, for the ſake of harmony and union, to be of nearly equal brightneſs, though not of equal magnitude with the principal.

The Dutch Painters particularly excelled in the management of light and ſhade, and have ſhewn, in this department, that conſummate ſkill which entirely conceals the appearance of art.

Jan Steen, Teniers, Oſtade, Du Sart, and many others of that ſchool, may be produced as inſtances, and recommended to the young artiſt's careful ſtudy and attention.

The means by which the Painter works, and on which the effect of his picture depends, are light and ſhade, warm and cold colours: That there is an art in the management and diſpoſition of thoſe means will be eaſily granted, and it is equally certain, that this art is to be acquired by a careful examination of the works of thoſe who have excelled in it.

I ſhall here ſet down the reſult of the obſervations which I have made on the works of thoſe Artiſts who appear to have beſt underſtood the management of light and ſhade, and who may be conſidered as examples for imitation in this branch of the art.

Titian, Paul Veroneſe, and Tintoret, were among the firſt Painters who reduced to a ſyſtem what was before practiſed without any fixed principle, and conſequently neglected occaſionally. From the Venetian Painters Rubens extracted his ſcheme of compoſition, which was ſoon underſtood and adopted by his countrymen, and extended even to the minor Painters of familiar life in the Dutch School.

When I was at Venice the method I took to avail myſelf of their principles was this: When I obſerved an extraordinary effect of light and ſhade in any picture, I took a leaf of my pocket-book, and darkened every part of it in the ſame gradation of light and ſhade as the picture, leaving the white paper untouched to repreſent the light, and this without any attention to the ſubject or to the drawing of the figures. A few trials of this kind will be ſufficient to give the method of their conduct in the management of their lights. After a few trials I found the paper blotted nearly alike; their general practice appeared to be, to allow not above a quarter of the picture for the light, including in this portion both the principal and ſecondary lights; another quarter to be as dark as poſſible; and the remaining half kept in mezzotint or half ſhadow.

Rubens appears to have admitted rather more light than a quarter, and Rembrant much leſs, ſcarce an eighth; by this conduct Rembrant's light is extremely brilliant, but it coſts too much; the reſt of the picture is ſacrificed to this one object. That light will certainly appear the brighteſt which is ſurrounded with the greateſt quantity of ſhade, ſuppoſing equal ſkill in the artiſt.

By this means you may likewiſe remark the various forms and ſhapes of thoſe lights, as well as the objects on which they are flung, whether on a figure, or the ſky, on a white napkin, on animals, or utenſils, often introduced for this purpoſe only: It may be obſerved likewiſe what portion is ſtrongly relieved, and how much is united with its ground, for it is neceſſary that ſome part (tho' a ſmall one is ſufficient) ſhould be ſharp and cutting againſt its ground, whether it be light on a dark, or dark on a light ground, in order to give firmneſs and diſtinctneſs to the work; if on the other hand it is relieved on every ſide, it will appear as if inlaid on its ground. Such a blotted paper, held at a diſtance from the eye, will ſtrike the Spectator as ſomething excellent for the diſpoſition of light and ſhadow, though he does not diſtinguiſh whether it is a Hiſtory, a Portrait, a Landſcape, dead Game, or any thing elſe, for the ſame principles extend to every branch of the art.

Whether I have given an exact account, or made a juſt diviſion of the quantity of light admitted into the works of thoſe Painters, is of no very great conſequence; let every perſon examine and judge for himſelf; it will be ſufficient if I have ſuggeſted the method of examining pictures this way, and one means at leaſt of acquiring the principles on which they wrought. R.

NOTE XL. VERSE 441.

Then only juſtly ſpread, when to the ſight
A breadth of ſhade purſues a breadth of light.

The higheſt finiſhing is labour in vain, unleſs at the ſame time there be preſerved a breadth of light and ſhadow; it is a quality, therefore, that is more frequently recommended to ſtudents, and inſiſted upon than any other whatever; and, perhaps, for this reaſon, becauſe it is moſt apt to be neglected, the attention of the Artiſt being ſo often entirely abſorbed in the detail.

To illuſtrate this, we may have recourſe to Titian's bunch of grapes, which we will ſuppoſe placed ſo as to receive a broad light and ſhadow. Here though each individual grape on the light ſide has its light and ſhadow and reflexion, yet altogether they make but one broad maſs of light; the ſlighteſt ſketch, therefore, where this breadth is preſerved, will have a better effect, will have more the appearance of coming from a maſter-hand; that is, in other words, will have more the characteriſtic and generale of nature than the moſt laborious finiſhing, where this breadth is loſt or neglected. R.

NOTE XLI. VERSE 469.

Which mildly mixing, ev'ry ſocial dye
Unites the whole in lovelieſt harmony.

The ſame method may be uſed to acquire that harmonious effect of colours as was recommended for the acquiſition of light and ſhade, by adding colours to the darkened paper; but as thoſe are not always at hand, it may be ſufficient, if the picture, which you think worthy of imitating, be conſidered in this light, to aſcertain the quantity of warm and the quantity of cold colours.

The predominant colours of the picture ought to be of a warm mellow kind, red or yellow, and no more cold colour ſhould be introduced but what will be juſt enough to ſerve as a ground or foil to ſet off and give value to the mellow colours, and never itſelf be principal; for this purpoſe a quarter of the picture will be ſufficient; thoſe cold colours, whether blue, grey, or green, are to be diſperſed about the ground or ſurrounding parts of the picture, wherever it has the appearance of wanting ſuch a foil, but ſparingly employed in the maſſes of light.

I am confident an habitual examination of the works of thoſe Painters, who have excelled in harmony, will, by degrees, give a correctneſs of eye that will revolt at diſcordant colours as a muſician's ear revolts at diſcordant ſounds.

R.

NOTE XLII. VERSE 517.

By mellowing ſkill thy ground at diſtance caſt
Free as the air, and tranſient as its blaſt.

By a ſtory told of Rubens, we have his authority for aſſerting that to the effect of the picture, the back-ground is of the greateſt conſequence.

Rubens, on his being deſired to take under his inſtruction a young painter, the perſon who recommended him, in order to induce Rubens the more readily to take him, ſaid, that he was already ſomewhat advanced in the art, and that he would be of immediate aſſiſtance in his back-grounds. Rubens ſmiled at his ſimplicity, and told him, that if the youth was capable of painting his back-grounds he ſtood in no need of his inſtructions; that the regulation and management of them required the moſt comprehenſive knowledge of the art. This Painters know to be no exaggerated account of a back-ground, when we conſider how much the effect of the picture depends upon it.

It muſt be in union with the figure, ſo that it ſhall not have the appearance, as if it was inlaid like Holbein's portraits, which are often on a bright green or blue ground: To prevent this effect, the ground muſt partake of the colour of the figure; or, as expreſſed in a ſubſequent line, receive all the treaſures of the palette; the back-ground regulates likewiſe where and in what part the figure is to be relieved. When the form is beautiful, it is to be ſeen diſtinctly, when, on the contrary, it is uncouth or too angular, it may be loſt in the ground: Sometimes a light is introduced in order to join and extend the light on the figure, and the dark ſide of the figure is loſt in a ſtill darker back-ground; for the fewer the outlines are which cut againſt the ground the richer will be the effect, as the contrary produces what is called the dry manner.

One of the arts of ſupplying the defect of a ſcantineſs of dreſs by means of the back-ground, may be obſerved in a whole-length portrait by Vandyke, which is in the cabinet of the Duke of Montagu; the dreſs of this figure would have an ungraceful effect; he has, therefore, by means of a light back-ground, oppoſed to the light of the figure, and by the help of a curtain that catches the light near the figure, made the effect of the whole together full and rich to the eye. R.

NOTE XLIII. VERSE 523.

The hand that colours well muſt colour bright,
Hope not that praiſe to gain by ſickly white.

All the modes of harmony, or of producing that effect of colours which is required in a picture, may be reduced to three, two of which belong to the grand ſtile and the other to the ornamental.

The firſt may be called the Roman manner where the colours are of a full and ſtrong body, ſuch as are found in the Transfiguration; the next is that harmony which is produced by what the Antients called the *corruption* of the colours, by mixing and breaking them till there is a general union in the whole, without any thing that ſhall bring to your remembrance the Painter's pallette, or the original colours; this may be called the Bolognian ſtile, and it is this hue and effect of colours which Ludovico Carracci ſeems to have endeavoured to produce, though he did not carry it to that perfection which we have ſeen ſince his time in the ſmall works of the Dutch ſchool, particularly Jan Steen, where art is completely concealed, and the Painter, like a great Orator, never draws the attention from the ſubject on himſelf.

The laſt manner belongs properly to the ornamental ſtile, which we call the Venetian, where it was firſt practiſed, but is perhaps better learned from Rubens; here the brighteſt colours poſſible are admitted, with the two extremes of warm and cold, and thoſe reconciled by being diſperſed over the picture, till the whole appears like a bunch of flowers.

As I have given inſtances from the Dutch ſchool, where the art of breaking colour may be learned, we may recommend here an attention to the works of Watteau for excellence in this florid ſtile of painting.

To all theſe different manners, there are ſome general rules that muſt never be neglected; firſt, that the ſame colour, which makes the largeſt maſs, be diffuſed and appear to revive in different parts of the picture, for a ſingle colour will make a ſpot or blot: Even the diſperſed fleſh colour, which the faces and hands make, require their principal maſs, which is beſt produced by a naked figure; but where the ſubject will not allow of this, a drapery approaching to fleſh-colour will anſwer the purpoſe; as in the Transfiguration, where a woman is clothed in drapery of this colour, which makes a principal to all the heads and hands of the picture; and, for the ſake of harmony, the colours, however diſtinguiſhed in their light, ſhould be nearly the ſame in their ſhadows, of a

——————— "ſimple unity of ſhade,
"As all were from one ſingle pallette ſpread."

And to give the utmoſt force, ſtrength, and ſolidity to your work, ſome part of the picture ſhould be as light and ſome as dark as poſſible; theſe two extremes are then to be harmoniſed and reconciled to each other.

Inſtances, where both of them are uſed, may be obſerved in two pictures of Rubens, which are equally eminent for the force and brilliancy of their effect; one is in the cabinet of the Duke of Rutland, and the other in the chapel of Rubens at Antwerp, which ſerves as his monument. In both theſe pictures he has introduced a female figure dreſſed in black ſatin, the ſhadows of which are as dark as pure black, oppoſed to the contrary extreme of brightneſs, can make them.

If to theſe different manners we add one more, that in which a ſilver-grey or pearly tint is predominant, I believe every kind of harmony that can be produced by colours will be comprehended. One of the greateſt examples in this mode is the famous marriage at Cana, in St. George's Church at

Venice, where the ſky, which makes a very conſiderable part of the picture, is of the lighteſt blue colour, and the clouds perfectly white, the reſt of the picture is in the ſame key, wrought from this high pitch. We ſee likewiſe many pictures of Guido in this tint; and indeed thoſe that are ſo, are in his beſt manner. Female figures, angels and children, were the ſubjects in which Guido more particularly ſucceeded; and to ſuch, the cleanneſs and neatneſs of this tint perfectly correſponds, and contributes not a little to that exquiſite beauty and delicacy which ſo much diſtinguiſhes his works. To ſee this ſtile in perfection, we muſt again have recourſe to the Dutch ſchool, particularly to the works of the younger Vandevelde, and the younger Teniers, whoſe pictures are valued by the connoiſſeurs in proportion as they poſſeſs this excellence of a ſilver tint. Which of theſe different ſtiles ought to be preferred, ſo as to meet every man's idea, would be difficult to determine, from the predilection which every man has to that mode, which is practiſed by the ſchool in which he has been educated; but if any pre-eminence is to be given, it muſt be to that manner which ſtands in the higheſt eſtimation with mankind in general, and that is the Venetian, or rather the manner of Titian, which, ſimply conſidered as producing an effect of colours, will certainly eclipſe, with its ſplendor, whatever is brought into competition with it: But, as I hinted before, if female delicacy and beauty be the principal object of the Painter's aim, the purity and clearneſs of the tint of Guido will correſpond better, and more contribute to produce it than even the glowing tint of Titian.

The rarity of excellence in any of theſe ſtiles of colouring ſufficiently ſhews the difficulty of ſucceeding in them: It may be worth the Artiſt's attention, while he is in this purſuit, particularly to guard againſt thoſe errors which ſeem to be annexed to or thinly divided from their neighbouring excellence; thus, when he is endeavouring to acquire the Roman ſtile, without great care, he falls into a hard and dry manner. The flowery colouring is nearly allied to the gaudy effect of fan-painting. The ſimplicity of the Bolognian ſtile requires the niceſt hand to preſerve it from inſipidity. That of Titian, which may be called the Golden Manner, when unſkilfully managed, becomes what the Painters call Foxy; and the ſilver degenerates into the leaden and heavy manner. All of them, to be perfect in their way, will not bear any union with each other; if they are not diſtinctly ſeparated, the effect of the picture will be feeble and inſipid, without any mark or diſtinguiſhed character. R.

NOTE XLIV. VERSE 538.

On that high-finiſh'd form let paint beſtow
Her midnight-ſhadow, her meridian glow.

It is indeed a rule adopted by many Painters to admit in no part of the back-ground, or on any object in the picture, ſhadows of equal ſtrength with thoſe which are employed on the principal figure; but this produces a falſe repreſentation. With deference to our Author, to have the ſtrong light and ſhadow there alone, is not to produce the beſt natural effect; nor is it authoriſed by the practice of thoſe Painters who are moſt diſtinguiſhed for harmony of colouring: A conduct, therefore, totally contrary to this is abſolutely neceſſary, that the ſame ſtrength, the ſame tone of colour, ſhould be diffuſed over the whole picture.

I am no enemy to dark ſhadows; the general deficiency to be obſerved in the works of the Painters of the laſt age, as well as indeed of many of the preſent, is a feebleneſs of effect; they ſeem to be too much afraid of thoſe *midnight* ſhadows,

which

which alone give the power of nature, and without which a picture will indeed appear like one wholly wanting ſolidity and ſtrength. The lighteſt and gayeſt ſtile requires this foil to give it force and brilliancy.

There is another fault prevalent in the more modern Painters, which is the predominance of a grey leaden colour over the whole picture; this is more particularly to be remarked when their works hang in the ſame room with pictures well and powerfully coloured. Theſe two deficiencies, the want of ſtrength, and the want of mellowneſs or warmth, is often imputed to the want of materials, as if we had not ſuch good colours as thoſe Painters whoſe works we ſo much admire.

R.

NOTE XLV. VERSE 579.

Know he that well begins has half atchiev'd
His deſtin'd work ——————

Thoſe Maſters are the beſt models to begin with who have the feweſt faults, and who are the moſt regular in the conduct of their work. The firſt ſtudies ought rather to be made on their performances than on the productions of the excentric Genius: Where ſtriking beauties are mixed with great defects, the ſtudent will be in danger of miſtaking blemiſhes for beauties, and perhaps the beauties may be ſuch as he is not advanced enough to attempt. R.

NOTE XLVI. VERSE 584.

—————— *his erroneous lines*
Will to the ſoul that poiſon rank convey,
Which life's beſt length ſhall fail to purge away.

Taſte will be unavoidably regulated by what is continually before the eyes. It were therefore well if young ſtudents could be debarred the ſight of any works that were not free from groſs faults till they had well formed, and, as I may ſay, hardened their judgment: they might then be permitted to look about them, not only without fear of vitiating their taſte, but even with advantage, and would often find great ingenuity and extraordinary invention in works which are under the influence of a bad taſte. R.

NOTE XLVII. VERSE 601.

As ſurely charms that voluntary ſtile,
Which careleſs plays and ſeems to mock at toil.

This appearance of eaſe and facility may be called the Grace or Genius of the mechanical or executive part of the art. There is undoubtedly ſomething faſcinating in ſeeing that done with careleſs eaſe, which others do with laborious difficulty: the ſpectator unavoidably, by a kind of natural inſtinct, feels that general animation with which the hand of the Artiſt ſeems to be inſpired.

Of all Painters Rubens appears to claim the firſt rank for facility both in the invention and in the execution of his work; it makes ſo great a part of his excellence, that take it away, and half at leaſt of his reputation will go with it. R.

NOTE XLVIII. VERSE 617.

The eye each obvious error ſwift deſcries,
Hold then the compaſs only in the eyes.

A Painter who relies on his compaſs, leans on a prop which will not ſupport him: there are few parts of his figures but what are fore-ſhortened more or leſs, and cannot, therefore, be drawn or corrected by meaſures. Though he begins his ſtudies with the compaſs in his hand as we learn a dead language by Grammar, yet, after a certain time, they are both flung aſide, and in their place a kind of mechanical correctneſs of the eye and ear is ſubſtituted, which operates without any conſcious effort of the mind. R.

NOTE XLIX. VERSE 620.

Give to the dictates of the learn'd reſpect.

There are few ſpectators of a Painter's work, learned or unlearned, who, if they can be induced to ſpeak their real ſenſations, would not be profitable to the Artiſt. The only opinions of which no uſe can be made, are thoſe of half-learned connoiſſeurs, who have quitted Nature and have not acquired Art. That ſame ſagacity which makes a man excel in his profeſſion muſt aſſiſt him in the proper uſe to be made of the judgment of the learned, and the opinions of the vulgar. Of many things the vulgar are as competent judges as the moſt learned connoiſſeur; of the portrait, for inſtance, of an animal; or, perhaps, of the truth of the repreſentations of ſome vulgar paſſions.

It muſt be expected that the untaught vulgar will carry with them the ſame want of right taſte in the judgment they make of the effect or character in a picture as they do in life, and prefer a ſtrutting figure and gaudy colours to the grandeur of ſimplicity; but if this ſame vulgar, or even an infant, miſtook for dirt what was intended to be a ſhade, it may be apprehended the ſhadow was not the true colour of nature, with almoſt as much certainty as if the obſervation had been made by the moſt able connoiſſeur. R.

NOTE L. VERSE 703.

Know that ere perfect taſte matures the mind,
Or perfect practice to that taſte be join'd.

However admirable his taſte may be, he is but half a Painter who can only conceive his ſubject, and is without knowledge of the mechanical part of his art; as on the other ſide his ſkill may be ſaid to be thrown away, who has employed his colours on ſubjects that create no intereſt from their beauty, their character, or expreſſion. One part often abſorbs the whole mind to the neglect of the reſt; the young ſtudents, whilſt at Rome, ſtudying the works of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle, are apt to loſe all reliſh for any kind of excellence, except what is found in their works: Perhaps going afterwards to Venice they may be induced to think there are other things required, and that nothing but the moſt ſuperlative excellence in deſign, character, and dignity of ſtile, can atone for a deficiency in the ornamental graces of the art. Excellence muſt of courſe be rare; and one of the cauſes of its rarity, is the neceſſity of uniting qualities which in their nature are contrary to each other; and yet no approaches can be made towards perfection without it. Every art or profeſſion requires this union of contrary qualities, like the harmony of colouring, which is produced by an oppoſition of hot and cold hues. The Poet and the Painter muſt unite to the warmth that accompanies a poetical imagination, patience and perſeverance; the one in counting ſyllables and toiling for a rhyme, and the other in labouring the minute parts and finiſhing the detail of his works, in order to produce the great effect he deſires: They muſt both poſſeſs a comprehenſive mind that takes in the whole at one view, and at the ſame time an accuracy of eye or mind that diſtinguiſhes between two things that, to an ordinary ſpectator, appear the ſame, whether this conſiſts in tints or words, or the nice diſcrimination on which expreſſion and elegance depends. R.

NOTE LI. VERSE 715.

While free from prejudice your active eye
Preſerves its firſt unſullied purity.

Prejudice is generally uſed in a bad ſenſe, to imply a predilection, not founded on reaſon or nature, in favour of a particular maſter, or a particular manner, and therefore to be oppoſed with all our force; but totally to eradicate in advanced age what has ſo much aſſiſted us in our youth, is a point to which we cannot hope to arrive; the difficulty of conquering this prejudice is to be conſidered in the number of thoſe cauſes which makes excellence ſo very rare.

Whoever would make a rapid progreſs in any art or ſcience, muſt begin by having great confidence in, and even prejudice in favour of, his inſtructor; but to continue to think him infallible, would be continuing for ever in a ſtate of infancy.

It is impoſſible to draw a line when the Artiſt ſhall begin to dare to examine and criticiſe the works of his Maſter, or of the greateſt maſter-pieces of art; we can only ſay, that it will be gradual. In proportion as the Scholar learns to analyſe the excellence of the Maſters he eſteems; in proportion as he comes *exactly* to diſtinguiſh in what that excellence conſiſts, and refer it to ſome preciſe rule and fixed ſtandard, in that proportion he becomes free. When he has once laid hold of their *principle*, he will ſee when they deviate from it, or fail to come up to it; ſo that it is in reality through his extreme admiration of, and blind deference to, theſe Maſters, (without which he never would have employed an intenſe application to diſcover the rule and ſcheme of their work) that he is enabled, if I may uſe the expreſſion, to emancipate himſelf, even to get above them, and to become the judge of thoſe of whom he was at firſt the humble diſciple. R.

NOTE LII. VERSE 721.

When duly taught each geometric rule,
Approach with awful ſtep the Grecian ſchool.

The firſt buſineſs of the ſtudent is to be able to give a true repreſentation of whatever object preſents itſelf, juſt as it appears to the eye, ſo as to amount to a deception, and the geometric rules of perſpective are included in this ſtudy; this is the language of the art, which appears the more neceſſary to be taught early, from the natural repugnance which the mind has to ſuch mechanical labour after it has acquired a reliſh for its higher departments.

The next ſtep is to acquire a knowledge of the beauty of Form; for this purpoſe he is recommended to the ſtudy of the Grecian Sculpture; and for compoſition, colouring, and expreſſion to the great works at Rome, Venice, Parma, and Bologna; he begins now to look for thoſe excellencies which addreſs themſelves to the imagination, and conſiders deception as a ſcaffolding to be now thrown aſide, as of no importance to this finiſhed idea of the art. R.

NOTE LIII. VERSE 725.

No reſt, no pauſe, till all her graces known,
A happy habit makes each grace your own.

To acquire this excellence, ſomething more is required than meaſuring ſtatues or copying pictures.

I am confident the works of the antient ſculptors were produced, not by meaſuring, but in conſequence of that correctneſs of eye which they had acquired by long habit, which ſerved them at all times, and on all occaſions, when the compaſs would fail: There is no reaſon why the eye ſhould not be capable of acquiring equal preciſion and exactneſs with the organs of hearing or ſpeaking. We know that an infant, who has learned its language by habit, will ſometimes correct the moſt learned grammarian who has been taught by rule only: The idiom, which is the peculiarity of language, and that in which its native grace is ſeated, can be learned by habit alone.

To poſſeſs this perfect habit, the ſame conduct is neceſſary in art as in language, that it ſhould be begun early, whilſt the organs are pliable and impreſſions are eaſily taken, and that we ſhould accuſtom ourſelves, whilſt this habit is forming, to ſee beauty only, and avoid as much as poſſible deformity or what is incorrect: Whatever is got this way may be ſaid to be properly made your own, it becomes a part of yourſelf, and operates unperceived. The mind acquires by ſuch exerciſe a kind of inſtinctive rectitude which ſuperſedes all rules. R.

NOTE LIV. VERSE 733.

See Raphael there his forms celeſtial trace,
Unrivall'd ſovereign of the realms of grace.

The pre-eminence which Freſnoy has given to thoſe three great Painters, Raffaelle, Michael Angelo, and Julio Romano, ſufficiently points out to us what ought to be the chief object of our purſuit. Tho' two of them were either totally ignorant or never practiſed any of thoſe graces of the art which proceed from the management of colours or the diſpoſition of light and ſhadow; and the other (Raffaelle) was far from being eminently ſkilful in theſe particulars, yet they all juſtly deſerve that high rank in which Freſnoy has placed them; Michael Angelo, for the grandeur and ſublimity of his characters, as well as for his profound knowledge of deſign; Raffaelle, for the judicious arrangement of his materials, for the grace, the dignity, and expreſſion of his characters; and Julio Romano, for poſſeſſing the true poetical genius of painting, perhaps, to a higher degree than any other Painter whatever.

In heroic ſubjects it will not, I hope, appear too great refinement of criticiſm to ſay, that the want of naturalneſs or deception of the art, which give to an inferior ſtile its whole value, is no material diſadvantage: The Hours, for inſtance, as repreſented by Julio Romano, giving provender to the horſes of the Sun, would not ſtrike the imagination more forcibly from their being coloured with the pencil of Rubens, tho' he would have repreſented them more naturally; but might he not poſſibly, by that very act, have brought them down from their celeſtial ſtate to the rank of mere terreſtrial animals? In theſe things, however, I admit there will always be a degree of uncertainty: Who knows that Julio Romano, if he had poſſeſſed the art and practice of colouring like Rubens, would not have given to it ſome taſte of poetical grandeur not yet attained to?

The ſame familiar naturalneſs would be equally an imperfection in characters which are to be repreſented as demi-gods, or ſomething above humanity.

Tho' it would be far from an addition to the merit of thoſe two great Painters to have made their works deceptions, yet there can be no reaſon why they might not, in ſome degree, and with a judicious caution and ſelection, have availed themſelves of many excellencies which are found in the Venetian, Flemiſh, and even Dutch ſchools, and which have been inculcated in this Poem. There are ſome of them which are not in abſolute contradiction to any ſtile: The happy diſpoſition, for inſtance, of light and ſhade; the preſervation of breadth in the maſſes of colours; the union of theſe with their ground; and the harmony ariſing from a due mixture of hot and cold hues, with many other excellencies, not inſeparably connected with that individuality which produces deception, would ſurely not counteract the effect of the grand ſtile; they would only contribute to the eaſe of the ſpectator, by making the vehicle pleaſing by which ideas are conveyed to the mind, which otherwiſe might be perplexed and bewildered with a confuſed aſſemblage of objects; it would add a certain degree of grace and ſweetneſs to ſtrength and grandeur. Tho' the excellencies of thoſe two great Painters are of ſuch tranſcendency as to make us overlook their deficiency, yet a ſubdued attention to theſe inferior excellencies muſt be added to complete the idea of a perfect Painter.

Deception, which is ſo often recommended by writers on the theory of painting, inſtead of advancing the art, is in reality carrying it back to its infant ſtate: the firſt eſſays of Painting were certainly nothing but mere imitation of individual objects, and when this amounted to a deception, the artiſt had accompliſhed his purpoſe.

And here I muſt obſerve, that the arts of Painting and Poetry ſeem to have no kind of reſemblance in their early ſtages: The firſt, or, at leaſt, the ſecond ſtage of Poetry in every nation is the fartheſt removed poſſible from common life: Every thing is of the marvellous kind; it treats only of heroes, wars, ghoſts, inchantments, and transformations. The Poet could not expect to ſeize and captivate the attention, if he related only common occurrences, ſuch as every day produced; whereas the Painter exhibited what then appeared a great effort of art, by merely giving the appearance of relief to a flat ſuperficies, however unintereſting in itſelf that object might be; but this ſoon ſatiating, the ſame entertainment was required from Painting which had been experienced in Poetry. The mind and imagination were to be ſatisfied, and required to be amuſed and delighted as well as the eye; and when the art proceeded to a ſtill higher degree of excellence, it was then found that this deception not only did not aſſiſt, but even in a certain degree counteracted the flight of imagination; hence proceeded the Roman ſchool, and it is from hence that Raffaelle, Michael Angelo, and Julio Romano ſtand in that preheminence of rank in which Freſnoy has juſtly placed them.

R.

NOTE LV. VERSE 747.

Bright, beyond all the reſt, Correggio flings
His ample lights, and round them gently brings
The mingling ſhade. ————

The excellency of Correggio's manner has juſtly been admired by all ſucceeding Painters. This manner is in direct oppoſition to what is called the dry and hard manner which preceded him.

His colour, and his mode of finiſhing, approach nearer to perfection than thoſe of any other Painter; the gliding motion of his outline, and the ſweetneſs with which it melts into the ground; the cleanneſs and tranſparency of his colouring, which ſtop at that exact medium in which the purity and perfection of taſte lies, leave nothing to be wiſhed for. Barochio, tho', upon the whole, one of his moſt ſucceſsful imitators, yet ſometimes, in endeavouring at cleanneſs or brilliancy of tint, overſhot the mark, and falls under the criticiſm that was made on an antient Painter, that his figures looked as if they fed upon roſes. R.

NOTE LVI. VERSE 767.

Yet more than theſe to meditation's eyes,
Great Nature's ſelf redundantly ſupplies.

Freſnoy, with great propriety, begins and finiſhes his Poem with recommending the ſtudy of Nature.

This is in reality the beginning and the end of Theory: It is in Nature only we can find that Beauty which is the great object of our ſearch, it can be found no where elſe; we can no more form any idea of Beauty ſuperior to Nature than we can form an idea of a ſixth ſenſe, or any other excellence out of the limits of the human mind; we are forced to confine our conception even of heaven itſelf and its inhabitants to what we ſee in this world; even the Supreme Being, if he is repreſented at all, the Painter has no other way of repreſenting than by reverſing the decree of the inſpired Lawgiver, and making God after his own image.

Nothing can be ſo unphiloſophical as a ſuppoſition that we can form any idea of beauty or excellence out of or beyond Nature, which is and muſt be the fountain-head from whence all our ideas muſt be derived.

This being acknowleged, it muſt follow, of courſe, that all the rules which this theory, or any other, teaches, can be no more than teaching the art of *ſeeing* nature. The rules of Art are formed on the various works of thoſe who have ſtudied Nature the moſt ſucceſsfully: by this advantage of obſerving the various manners in which various minds have contemplated her works, the artiſt enlarges his own views, and is taught to look for and ſee what would otherwiſe have eſcaped his obſervation.

It is to be remarked, that there are two modes of imitating nature; one of which refers to the ſenſations of the mind for its truth, and the other to the eye.

Some ſchools, ſuch as the Roman and Florentine, appear to have addreſſed themſelves principally to the mind; others ſolely to the eye, ſuch as the Venetian in the inſtances of Paul Veroneſe and Tintoret: others again have endeavoured to unite both, by joining the elegance and grace of ornament with the ſtrength and vigour of deſign; ſuch are the ſchools of Bologna and Parma.

All thoſe ſchools are equally to be conſidered as followers of Nature: He who produces a work, analogous to the mind or imagination of man, is as natural a Painter as he whoſe works are calculated to delight the eye; the works of Michael Angelo or Julio Romano, in this ſenſe, may be ſaid to be as natural as thoſe of the Dutch Painters. The ſtudy, therefore, of the nature or affections of the mind is as neceſſary to the theory of the higher department of art, as the knowledge of what will be pleaſing or offenſive to the eye, is to the lower ſtile.

What relates to the mind or imagination, ſuch as Invention, Character, Expreſſion, Grace, or Grandeur, certainly cannot be taught by rules; little more can be done than pointing out where they are to be found: it is a part which belongs to general education, and will operate in proportion to the cultivation of the mind of the Artiſt.

The greater part of the rules in this Poem are, therefore, neceſſarily confined to what relates to the eye; and it may be remarked, that none of thoſe rules make any pretenſions towards improving Nature, or going contrary to her work; their tendency is merely to ſhew what is truly Nature.

Thus, for inſtance, a flowing outline is recommended, becauſe Beauty (which alone is Nature) cannot be produced without it; old age or leanneſs produces ſtrait lines; corpulency round lines; but in a ſtate of health, accompanying youth, the outlines are waving, flowing, and ſerpentine: Thus again, if we are told to avoid the chalk, the brick, or the leaden colour, it is becauſe real fleſh never partakes of thoſe hues, tho' ill-coloured pictures are always inclinable to one or other of thoſe defects.

Rules are to be conſidered likewiſe as fences placed only where treſpaſs is expected; and are particularly enforced in proportion as peculiar faults or defects are prevalent at the time, or age, in which they are delivered; for what may be proper ſtrongly to recommend or enforce in one age, may not with equal propriety be ſo much laboured in another, when it may be the faſhion for Artiſts to run into the contrary extreme, proceeding from prejudice to a manner adopted by ſome favourite Painter then in vogue.

When it is recommended to preſerve a breadth of colour or of light, it is not intended that the Artiſt is to work broader than Nature; but this leſſon is inſiſted on becauſe we know, from experience, that the contrary is a fault which Artiſts are apt to be guilty of; who, when they are examining and finiſhing the detail, neglect or forget that breadth which is obſervable only when the eye takes in the effect of the whole.

Thus again, we recommend to paint ſoft and tender, to make a harmony and union of colouring; and, for this end, that all the ſhadows ſhall be nearly of the ſame colour. The reaſon of theſe precepts being at all enforced, proceeds from the diſpoſition which Artiſts have to paint harder than Nature, to make the outline more cutting againſt the ground, and to have leſs harmony and union than is found in Nature, preſerving the ſame brightneſs of colour in the ſhadows as are ſeen in the lights: both theſe falſe manners of repreſenting Nature were the practice of the Painters when the art was in its infancy, and would be the practice now of every ſtudent who was left to himſelf, and had never been taught the art of ſeeing Nature.

There are other rules which may be ſaid not ſo much to relate to the objects repreſented as to the eye; but the truth of theſe are as much fixed in Nature as the others, and proceed from the neceſſity there is that the work ſhould be ſeen with eaſe and ſatisfaction; to this end are all the rules that relate to grouping and the diſpoſition of light and ſhade.

With regard to precepts about *moderation*, and avoiding extremes, little is to be drawn from them: The rule would be too minute that had any exactneſs at all: a multiplicity of exceptions would ariſe, ſo that the teacher would be for ever ſaying too much, and yet never enough: When a ſtudent is inſtructed to mark with preciſion every part of his figure, whether it be naked, or in drapery, he probably becomes hard; if, on the contrary, he is told to paint the moſt tenderly, poſſibly he becomes inſipid. But among extremes ſome are more tolerable than others; of the two extremes I have juſt mentioned, the hard manner is the moſt pardonable, as it carries with it an air of learning, as if the Artiſt knew with preciſion the true form of Nature, though he had rendered it with too heavy a hand.

In every part of the human figure, when not ſpoiled by too great corpulency, will be found this diſtinctneſs, the parts never appearing uncertain or confuſed, or, as a Muſician would ſay, ſlurred; and all theſe ſmaller parts which are comprehended in the larger compartment are ſtill to be there, however tenderly marked.

To conclude. In all minute, detailed, and practical excellence, *general* precepts muſt be either deficient or unneceſſary: For the rule is not known, nor is it indeed to any purpoſe a rule, if it be neceſſary to inculcate it on every occaſion. R.

NOTE LVII. VERSE 772.

Whence Art, by Practice, to Perfection ſoars.

After this the Poet ſays, that he paſſes over in ſilence many things which will be more amply treated in his Commentary.

"Multa ſuperſileo quæ Commentaria dicent."

But as he never lived to write that Commentary, his tranſlator has taken the liberty to paſs over this line in ſilence alſo.

M.

NOTE LVIII. VERSE 775.

What time the Pride of Bourbon urg'd his way, &c.

Du Piles, and after him Dryden, call this Hero Louis XIII. but the later French Editor, whom I have before quoted, will needs have him to be the XIVth. His note is as follows: "At the acceſſion of Louis XIV. Du Freſnoy had been ten years at Rome, therefore the epoch, marked by the Poet, falls probably upon the firſt years of that Prince; that is to ſay, upon the years 1643 or 1644. The thunders which he darts on the Alps, allude to the ſucceſſes of our arms in the Milaneſe, and in Piedmont; and the Alcides, who is born again in France for the defence of his country, is the conqueror of Rocroy, the young Duke of Anguien, afterwards called Le Grand Condé." I am apt to ſuſpect that all this fine criticiſm is falſe, though I do not think it worth while to controvert it. Whether the Poet meant to compliment Louis XIII. or the little boy that ſucceeded him, (for he was only ſix years old in the year 1644) he was guilty of groſs flattery. It is impoſſible, however, from the conſtruction of the ſentence, that Lodovicus Borbonidum Decus, & Gallicus Alcides, could mean any more than one identical perſon; and conſequently the Editor's notion concerning the Grand Condé is indiſputably falſe. I have, therefore, taken the whole paſſage in the ſame ſenſe that Du Piles did; and have alſo, like him, uſed the Poet's phraſe of the *Spaniſh Lion* in the concluding line, rather than that of the Spaniſh Geryon, to which Mr. Dryden has transformed him: His reaſon, I ſuppoſe, for doing this was, that the monſter Geryon was of Spaniſh extraction, and the Nemean Lion, which Hercules killed, was of Peloponneſus; but we are told by Martial *, that there was a fountain in Spain called Nemea, which, perhaps, led Freſnoy aſtray in this paſſage. However this be, Hercules killed ſo many lions, beſides that which conſtituted the firſt of his twelve labours, that either he, or at leaſt ſome one of his numerous nameſakes, may well be ſuppoſed to have killed one in Spain. Geryon is deſcribed by all the poets as a man with three heads, and therefore could not well have been called a Lion by Freſnoy; neither does the plural *Ora* mean any more than the *Jaws* of a ſingle beaſt. So Lucan, lib. iv. ver. 739.

---

* Avidam rigens Dircenna placabit ſitim
Et *Nemea* quæ vincit nives. *Mart.* lib. i. *Epig.* 50. *de Hiſp. loc.*

> Quippe ubi non Sonipes motus clangore tubarum
> Saxa quatit pulſu, rigidos vexantia frænos
> ORA terens ——— M.

NOTE LIX. VERSE 785.

But mark the Proteus Policy of State.

If this tranſlation ſhould live as many years as the original has done already, which, by its being printed with that original, and illuſtrated by ſuch a Commentator, is a thing not impoſſible, it may not be amiſs, in order to prevent an hallucination of ſome future critic, ſimilar to that of the French Editor mentioned in the laſt note, to conclude with a memorandum that the tranſlation was finiſhed, and theſe occaſional verſes added, in the year 1781; leaving, however, the political ſentiments, which they expreſs, to be approved or condemned by him, as the annals of the time (written at a period diſtant enough for hiſtory to become impartial) may determine his judgment. M.

END OF THE NOTES.

The Precepts which Sir Joshua Reynolds has illuſtrated are marked in the following Table with one or more Aſteriſks, according to the Number of his Notes.

A
TABLE
OF THE
RULES
Contained in the foregoing
POEM.

I. Of the Beautiful * * * —— —— Page 5
II. Of Theory and Practice * * —— —— 7
III. Of the Subject * —— —— —— 9
Invention, the firſt part of Painting * * —— 9
IV. Diſpoſition, or œconomy of the whole — —— 10
V. The Subject to be treated faithfully * — —— 10
VI. Every foreign Ornament to be rejected * * * —— 11
VII. Design, or Position, the ſecond part of Painting * * 13
VIII. Variety in the Figures — —— —— 15
IX. Conformity of the Limbs and Drapery to the Head * 15
X. Action of Mutes to be imitated * —— —— 15
XI. The Principal Figure * —— —— 16
XII. Groups of Figures —— —— —— 16
XIII. Diverſity of Attitude in Groups * — — 17
XIV. A Balance to be kept in the Picture —— 17
XV. Of the Number of Figures * * —— —— 18
XVI. The Joints and Feet —— —— 19
XVII. The Motion of the Hands with the Head —— 19
XVIII. What Things are to be avoided in the Diſtribution of the Piece —— —— —— 20

XIX. Nature to be accommodated to Genius * — Page 21
XX. The Antique the Model to be copied — — 21
XXI. How to paint a ſingle Figure * — — 22
XXII. Of Drapery * — — — 23
XXIII. Of picturesque Ornament — — 25
XXIV. Ornament of Gold and Jewels * — 25
XXV. Of the Model — — 25
XXVI. Union of the Piece — — 25
XXVII. Grace and Majeſty * — — — 25
XXVIII. Every Thing in its proper Place — 26
XXIX. The Paſſions * * — — — 26
XXX. Gothic Ornament to be avoided — — 27
COLOURING, the third part of Painting * — 29
XXXI. The Conduct of the Tints of Light and Shadow 31
XXXII. Denſe and opake Bodies with tranſlucent ones 34
XXXIII. There muſt not be two equal Lights in the Picture * * * — — 35
XXXIV. Of White and Black — — 37
XXXV. The Reflection of Colours — — 37
XXXVI. The Union of Colours * — — 38
XXXVII. Of the Interpoſition of Air — — 39
XXXVIII. The Relation of Diſtances — — 39
XXXIX. Of Bodies which are diſtanced — — 40
XL. Of contiguous and ſeparated Bodies — — 40
XLI. Colours very oppoſite to each other never to be joined — — — 40
XLII. Diverſity of Tints and Colours — — 41
XLIII. The Choice of Light — — 41
XLIV. Of certain Things relating to the practical Part 42
XLV. The Field of the Picture * — — 43
XLVI. Of the Vivacity of Colours * — — 43
XLVII. Of Shadows — — 43

XLVIII. The Picture to be of one Piece — Page 43
XLIX. The Looking-glaſs the Painter's beſt Maſter — 44
L. An half Figure, or a whole one before others * — 44
LI. A Portrait — — — 44
LII. The Place of the Picture — — 45
LIII. Large Lights — — — 45
LIV. The Quantity of Light and Shade to be adapted to the Place of the Picture — — 46
LV. Things which are diſagreeable in Painting to be avoided — — — 46
LVI. The prudential Part of a Painter — — 47
LVII. The Idea of a beautiful Picture — — 47
LVIII. Advice to a young Painter * * — — 48
LIX. Art muſt be ſubſervient to the Painter — 49
LX. Diverſity and Facility are pleaſing * — 49
LXI. The Original muſt be in the Head, and the Copy on the Cloth — — 50
LXII. The Compaſs to be in the Eyes * — — 50
LXIII. Pride, an Enemy to good Painting * — 51
LXIV. Know thyſelf — — — 52
LXV. Perpetually practiſe, and do eaſily what you have conceived — — — 53
LXVI. The Morning moſt proper for Work — 53
LXVII. Every Day do ſomething — — 53
LXVIII. The Method of catching natural Paſſions — 53
LXIX. Of the Table-Book * * — — 54
LXX. The Method of Studies for a young Painter * * * * 58
LXXI. Nature and Experience perfect Art * — 62

APPENDIX.

The following little piece has been conſtantly annexed to M. du Fresnoy's Poem. It is here given from the former Editions; but the liberty has been taken of making ſome alterations in the Verſion, which, when compared with the Original in French, appeared either to be done very careleſly by Mr. Dryden, or (what is more probable) to be the work of ſome inferior hand which he employed on the occaſion.

THE
SENTIMENTS
OF
CHARLES ALPHONSE DU FRESNOY,

On the Works of the
Principal and beſt PAINTERS of the two laſt Ages.

THE

SENTIMENTS

OF

CHARLES ALPHONSE DU FRESNOY,

On the Works of the

Principal and beſt PAINTERS of the two laſt Ages.

PAINTING was in its perfection amongſt the Greeks. The principal ſchools were at Sycion, afterwards at Rhodes, at Athens, and at Corinth, and at laſt in Rome. Wars and Luxury having overthrown the Roman Empire, it was totally extinguiſhed, together with all the noble Arts, the ſtudies of Humanity, and the other Sciences.

It began to appear again in the year 1450, amongſt ſome Painters of Florence, of which Domenico Ghirlandaio was one, who was Maſter to Michael Angelo, and had ſome kind of reputation, though his manner was Gothic, and very dry.

Michael Angelo, his Diſciple, flouriſhed in the times of Julius II. Leo X. and of ſeven ſucceſſive Popes. He was a Painter, a Sculptor, and an Architect, both civil and military. The choice which he made of his attitudes was not always beautiful or pleaſing; his guſto of deſign was not the fineſt, nor his outlines the moſt elegant; the folds of his draperies, and the ornaments of his habits, were neither noble nor graceful. He was not a little fantaſtical and extravagant in his compoſitions; he was bold, even to raſhneſs, in taking

liberties

liberties againſt the rules of Perſpective; his colouring is not over true, or very pleaſant: He knew not the artifice of light and ſhadow; but he deſigned more learnedly, and better underſtood all the knittings of the bones, and the office and ſituation of the muſcles, than any of the modern Painters. There appears a certain air of greatneſs and ſeverity in his figures; in both which he has oftentimes ſucceeded. But above the reſt of his excellencies, was his wonderful ſkill in Architecture, wherein he has not only ſurpaſſed all the moderns, but even the antients alſo; the St. Peter's of Rome, the St. John's of Florence, the Capitol, the Palazzo Farneſe, and his own Houſe, are ſufficient teſtimonies of it. His diſciples were, Marcello Venuſti, Il Roſſo, Georgio Vaſari, Fra. Baſtiano, (who commonly painted for him) and many other Florentines.

Pietro Perugino deſigned with ſufficient knowledge of Nature; but he is dry, and his manner little. His Diſciple was

Raphael Santio, who was born on Good-Friday, in the year 1483, and died on Good-Friday, in the year 1520; ſo that he lived only thirty-ſeven years compleat. He ſurpaſſed all modern Painters, becauſe he poſſeſſed more of the excellent parts of Painting than any other; and it is believed that he equalled the antients, excepting only that he deſigned not naked bodies with ſo much learning as Michael Angelo; but his guſto of deſign is purer, and much better. He painted not with ſo good, ſo full, and ſo graceful a manner as Correggio; nor has he any thing of the contraſt of light and ſhadow, or ſo ſtrong and free a colouring as Titian; but he had a better diſpoſition in his pieces, without compariſon, than either Titian, Correggio, Michael Angelo, or all the reſt of the ſucceeding Painters to our days. His choice of attitudes,

tudes, of heads, of ornaments, the arrangement of his drapery, his manner of deſigning, his variety, his contraſt, his expreſſion, were beautiful in perfection; but above all, he poſſeſſed the Graces in ſo advantageous a manner, that he has never ſince been equalled by any other. There are portraits (or ſingle figures) of his, which are well executed. He was an admirable Architect. He was handſome, well-made, civil and good-natured, never refuſing to teach another what he knew himſelf. He had many ſcholars; amongſt others, Julio Romano, Polydore, Gaudenzio, Giovanni d'Udine, and Michael Coxis. His Graver was Mark Antonio, whoſe prints are admirable for the correctneſs of their outlines.

JULIO ROMANO was the moſt excellent of all Raphael's Diſciples: He had conceptions which were more extraordinary, more profound, and more elevated than even his Maſter himſelf; he was alſo a great Architect; his guſto was pure and exquiſite. He was a great imitator of the antients, giving a clear teſtimony in all his productions, that he was deſirous to reſtore to practice the ſame forms and fabrics which were antient. He had the good fortune to find great perſons, who committed to him the care of edifices, veſtibules, and porticoes, all tetraſtyles, xiſtes, theatres, and ſuch other places as are not now in uſe. He was wonderful in his choice of attitudes. His manner was drier and harder than any of Raphael's ſchool. He did not exactly underſtand either light and ſhadow, or colouring. He is frequently harſh and ungraceful; the folds of his draperies are neither beautiful nor great, eaſy nor natural, but all of them imaginary, and too like the habits of fantaſtical comedians. He was well verſed in polite learning. His Diſciples were Pirro Ligorio, (who was admirable for antique buildings, as towns, temples, tombs, and trophies, and the ſituation of antient edifices) Æneas Vico, Bonaſone, Georgio Mantuano, and others.

POLYDORE, a Diſciple of Raphael, deſigned admirably well as to the practical part, having a particular genius for freezes, as we may ſee by thoſe of white and black, which he has painted at Rome. He imitated the Antients, but his manner was greater than that of Julio Romano; nevertheleſs Julio ſeems to be the truer. Some admirable groups are ſeen in his works, and ſuch as are not elſewhere to be found. He coloured very ſeldom, and made landſcapes in a tolerably good taſte.

GIO. BELLINO, one of the firſt who was of any conſideration at Venice, painted very drily, according to the manner of his time. He was very knowing both in Architecture and Perſpective. He was Titian's firſt Maſter; which may eaſily be obſerved in the earlier works of that noble Diſciple; in which we may remark that propriety of colours which his Maſter has obſerved.

About this time GEORGIONE, the cotemporary of Titian, came to excel in portraits and alſo in greater works. He firſt began to make choice of glowing and agreeable colours; the perfection and entire harmony of which were afterwards to be found in Titian's pictures. He dreſſed his figures wonderfully well: And it may be truly ſaid, that but for him, Titian had never arrived to that height of perfection, which proceeded from the rivalſhip and jealouſy which prevailed between them.

TITIAN was one of the geateſt colouriſts ever known: He deſigned with much more eaſe and practice than Georgione. There are to be ſeen women and children of his hand, which are admirable both for deſign and colouring; the guſto of them is delicate, charming, and noble, with a certain pleaſing negligence in the head-dreſſes, draperies, and ornaments, which are wholly peculiar to himſelf. As for the figures of men, he has deſigned them but moderately well: There are even ſome of his draperies which are mean, and in a little taſte. His Painting is wonderfully glowing, ſweet and delicate. He drew portraits, which were extremely noble; the attitudes of them being very graceful, grave, diverſified, and adorned after a very becoming faſhion. No man ever painted landſcape in ſo great a manner, ſo well coloured, and with ſuch Truth of Nature. For eight or ten years ſpace, he copied, with great labour and exactneſs, whatſoever he undertook; thereby to make himſelf an eaſy way, and to eſtabliſh ſome general maxims for his future conduct. Beſides the excellent guſto which he had in colouring, in which he excelled all mortal men, he perfectly underſtood how to give every thing thoſe touches which were moſt ſuitable and proper to them; ſuch as diſtinguiſhed them from each other, and which gave the greateſt ſpirit, and the moſt of truth. The pictures which he made in his beginning, and in the declenſion of his age, are of a dry and mean manner. He lived ninety-nine years. His Diſciples were Paulo Veroneſe, Giacomo Tintoret, Giacomo da Ponte Baſſano, and his ſons.

PAULO VERONESE was wonderfully graceful in his airs of women, with great variety of brilliant draperies, and incredible vivacity and eaſe; nevertheleſs his compoſition is ſometimes improper, and his deſign incorrect: but his colouring, and whatſoever depends on it, is ſo very charming in his pictures, that it ſurprizes at the firſt ſight, and makes us totally forget thoſe other qualities in which he fails.

TINTORET was the Diſciple of Titian; great in deſign and practice, but ſometimes alſo greatly extravagant. He had an admirable genius for Painting, but not ſo great an affection for his art, or patience in the executive part of it, as he had fire and vivacity of Nature. He yet has made pictures not inferior in beauty to thoſe of Titian. His compoſition and decorations are for the moſt part rude, and his outlines are incorrect; but his colouring, and all that depends upon it, is admirable.

The BASSANS had a more mean and poor guſto in Painting than Tintoret, and their deſigns were alſo leſs correct than his. They had indeed an excellent manner of colouring, and have touched all kinds of animals with an admirable hand; but were notoriouſly imperfect in compoſition and deſign.

CORREGGIO painted at Parma two large cupola's in freſco, and ſome altar-pieces. This artiſt ſtruck out certain natural and unaffected graces for his Madonna's, his Saints, and little Children, which were peculiar to himſelf. His manner, deſign, and execution are all very great, but yet without correctneſs. He had a moſt free and delightful pencil; and it is to be acknowledged, that he painted with a ſtrength, relief, ſweetneſs, and vivacity of colouring, which nothing ever exceeded. He underſtood how to diſtribute his lights in ſuch a manner, as was wholly peculiar to himſelf, which gave a great force and great roundneſs to his figures. This manner conſiſts in extending a large light, and then making it loſe itſelf inſenſibly in the dark ſhadowings, which he placed out of the maſſes; and thoſe give them this great relief, without our being able to perceive from whence proceeds ſo much effect, and ſo vaſt a pleaſure to the ſight. It appears, that in this part the reſt of the Lombard School copied him. He had no great choice of graceful attitudes, or diſtribution of beautiful groups. His deſign oftentimes appears lame, and his poſitions not well choſen: The look of his figures is often unpleaſing; but his manner of deſigning heads, hands, feet, and other parts, is very great, and well deſerves our imitation. In the conduct and finiſhing of a picture, he has done wonders; for he painted with ſo much union, that his greateſt works ſeem to have been finiſhed in the compaſs of one day; and appear as if we ſaw them in a looking-glaſs. His landſcape is equally beautiful with his figures.

At the ſame time with Correggio, lived and flouriſhed PARMEGIANO; who, beſides his great manner of colouring, excelled alſo both in invention and deſign; with a genius full of delicacy and ſpirit, having nothing that was ungraceful in his choice of attitudes, or in the dreſſes of his figures, which we cannot ſay of Correggio; there are pieces of Parmegiano's, very beautiful and correct.

Theſe two Painters laſt mentioned had very good Diſciples, but they are known only to thoſe of their own province; and beſides, there is little to be credited of what his countrymen ſay, for Painting is wholly extinguiſhed amongſt them.

I ſay nothing of LEONARDO DA VINCI, becauſe I have ſeen but little of his; though he reſtored the arts at Milan, and had there many Scholars.

LUDOVICO CARRACHE, the Couſin German of Hannibal and Auguſtino, ſtudied at Parma after Correggio; and excelled in deſign and colouring, with a grace and clearneſs, which Guido, the Scholar of Hannibal, afterwards imitated with great ſucceſs. There are ſome of his pictures to be ſeen, which are very beautiful, and well underſtood. He made his ordinary reſidence at Bologna; and it was he who put the pencil into the hands of Hannibal his Couſin.

HANNIBAL, in a little time, excelled his Maſter in all parts of Painting. He imitated Correggio, Titian, and Raphael, in their different manners as he pleaſed; excepting only, that you ſee not in his pictures the nobleneſs, the graces, and the charms of Raphael; and his outlines are neither ſo pure, nor ſo elegant as his. In all other things he is wonderfully accompliſhed, and of an univerſal genius.

Augustino, brother to Hannibal, was alſo a very good Painter, and an admirable graver. He had a natural ſon, called Antonio, who died at the age of thirty-five; and who (according to the general opinion) would have ſurpaſſed his uncle Hannibal: For, by what he left behind him, it appears that he was of a more lofty genius.

Guido chiefly imitated Ludovico Carrache, yet retained always ſomewhat of the manner which his Maſter Denis Calvert, the Fleming, taught him. This Calvert lived at Bologna, and was competitor and rival to Ludovico Carrache. Guido made the ſame uſe of Albert Durer as Virgil did of old Ennius, borrowed what pleaſed him, and made it afterwards his own; that is, he accommodated what was good in Albert to his own manner; which he executed with ſo much gracefulneſs and beauty, that he got more money and reputation in his time than any of his Maſters, and than all the Scholars of the Carraches, tho' they were of greater capacity than himſelf. His heads yield no manner of precedence to thoſe of Raphael.

Sisto Badolocchi deſigned the beſt of all his Diſciples, but he died young.

Domenichino was a very knowing Painter, and very laborious, but of no great natural endowments. It is true, he was profoundly ſkilled in all the parts of Painting, but wanting genius (as I ſaid) he had leſs of nobleneſs in his works than all the reſt who ſtudied in the School of the Carraches.

Albani was excellent in all the parts of Painting, and a polite ſcholar.

Lanfranc, a man of a great and ſprightly wit, ſupported his reputation for a long time with an extraordinary guſto of deſign and colouring: But his foundation being only on the practical part, he at length loſt ground in point of correctneſs, ſo that many of his pieces appear extravagant and fantaſtical;

and after his deceaſe, the ſchool of the Carraches went daily to decay, in all the parts of Painting.

GIO. VIOLA was very old before he learned landſcape; the knowledge of which was imparted to him by Hannibal Carrache, who took pleaſure to inſtruct him; ſo that he painted many of that kind, which are wonderfully fine, and well coloured.

If we caſt our eyes towards Germany and the Low Countries, we may there behold ALBERT DURER, LUCAS VAN LEYDEN, HOLBEIN, ALDEGRAVE, &c. who were all cotemporaries. Amongſt theſe, Albert Durer and Holbein were both of them wonderfully knowing, and had certainly been of the firſt form of Painters, had they travelled into Italy; for nothing can be laid to their charge, but only that they had a Gothic guſto. As for Holbein, his execution ſurpaſſed even that of Raphael; and I have ſeen a portrait of his painting, with which one of Titian's could not come in competition.

Amongſt the Flemings, appeared RUBENS, who had, from his birth, a lively, free, noble, and univerſal genius: A genius capable not only of raiſing him to the rank of the antient Painters, but alſo to the higheſt employments in the ſervice of his country; ſo that he was choſen for one of the moſt important embaſſies in our time. His guſto of deſign favours ſomewhat more of the Flemiſh than of the beauty of the antique, becauſe he ſtayed not long at Rome. And though we cannot but obſerve in all his Paintings ideas which are great and noble, yet it muſt be confeſſed, that, generally ſpeaking, he deſigned not correctly; but, for all the other parts of Painting, he was as abſolute a maſter of them, and poſſeſſed them all as thoroughly as any of his predeceſſors in that noble art. His principal ſtudies were made in Lombardy, after the works of Titian, Paulo Veroneſe, and Tintoret, whoſe cream he has ſkimmed, (if you will allow the phraſe) and extracted from their ſeveral beauties many general maxims and infallible rules which he always followed, and by which he has acquired in his works a greater facility than that of Titian; more of purity, truth, and ſcience than Paulo Veroneſe; and more of majeſty, repoſe, and moderation than Tintoret. To conclude; his manner is ſo ſolid, ſo knowing, and ſo ready, that it may ſeem this rare accompliſhed genius was ſent from heaven to inſtruct mankind in the Art of Painting.

His School was full of admirable Diſciples; amongſt whom VANDYKE was he who beſt comprehended all the rules and general maxims of his Maſter; and who has even excelled him in the delicacy of his carnations, and in his cabinet-pieces; but his taſte, in the deſigning part, was nothing better than that of Rubens.

THE

PREFACE

OF

Mr. DRYDEN

TO HIS

TRANSLATION,

Containing a PARALLEL between

POETRY and PAINTING.

It was thought proper to inſert in this place the pleaſing Preface which Mr. Dryden printed before his Tranſlation of M. Du Fresnoy's Poem. There is a charm in that great writer's Proſe peculiar to itſelf; and tho', perhaps, the Parallel between the two Arts, which he has here drawn, be too ſuperficial to ſtand the teſt of ſtrict Criticiſm, yet it will always give pleaſure to Readers of Taſte, even when it fails to ſatisfy their Judgment.

Mr.

Mr. DRYDEN's

PREFACE,

WITH A PARALLEL OF

POETRY and PAINTING.

IT may be reaſonably expected, that I ſhould ſay ſomething on my behalf, in reſpect to my preſent undertaking. Firſt then, the Reader may be pleaſed to know, that it was not of my own choice that I undertook this work. Many of our moſt ſkilful Painters, and other Artiſts, were pleaſed to recommend this Author to me, as one who perfectly underſtood the rules of Painting; who gave the beſt and moſt conciſe inſtructions for performance, and the ſureſt to inform the judgment of all who loved this noble Art; that they who before were rather fond of it, than knowingly admired it, might defend their inclination by their reaſon; that they might underſtand thoſe excellencies which they blindly valued, ſo as not to be farther impoſed on by bad pieces, and to know when Nature was well imitated by the moſt able Maſters. It is true indeed, and they acknowledge it, that, beſides the rules which are given in this Treatiſe, or which can be given in any other, to make a perfect judgment of good pictures, and to value them more or leſs, when compared with one another, there is farther required a long converſation with the beſt pieces, which are not very frequent either in France or England: yet ſome we have, not only from the hands of Holbein, Rubens, and Vandyke, (one of them admirable for Hiſtory-painting, and the other two for Portraits) but of many Flemiſh Maſters, and thoſe not inconſiderable, though for deſign not equal to the Italians. And of theſe latter alſo, we are not unfurniſhed with ſome pieces of Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Michael Angelo, and others. But to return to my own undertaking of this tranſlation; I freely own that I thought myſelf uncapable of performing it, either to their ſatisfaction, or my own credit. Not but that I underſtood the original Latin, and the French Author perhaps as well as moſt Engliſhmen; but I was not ſufficiently verſed in the terms of art: And therefore thought that many of thoſe perſons, who put this honourable taſk on me, were more able to perform it themſelves, as undoubtedly they were. But they aſſuring me of their aſſiſtance in correcting my faults, where I ſpoke improperly, I was encouraged to attempt it, that I might not be wanting in what I could, to ſatisfy the deſires of ſo many Gentlemen who were willing to give the world this uſeful work. They have effectually performed their promiſe to me, and I have been as careful on my ſide to take their advice in all things; ſo that the reader may aſſure himſelf of a tolerable tranſlation; not elegant, for I propoſed not that to myſelf, but familiar, clear, and inſtructive: in any of which parts, if I have failed, the fault lies wholly at my door. In this one particular only, I muſt beg the reader's pardon: The Proſe Tranſlation of the Poem is not free from poetical expreſſions, and I dare not promiſe that ſome of them are not fuſtian, or at leaſt highly metaphorical; but this being a fault in the firſt digeſtion, (that is, the original Latin) was not to be remedied in the ſecond, viz. the Tranſlation; and I may confidently ſay, that whoever had attempted it, muſt have fallen into the ſame inconvenience, or a much greater, that of a falſe verſion. When I undertook this work, I was already engaged in the tranſlation of Virgil, from whom I have borrowed only two months, and am now returning to that which I ought to underſtand better.

In the mean-time, I beg the reader's pardon for entertaining him ſo long with myſelf: It is an uſual part of ill manners in all Authors, and almoſt in all mankind, to trouble others with their buſineſs; and I was ſo ſenſible of it beforehand, that I had not now committed it, unleſs ſome concernments of the readers had been interwoven with my own. But I know not, while I am atoning for one error, if I am not falling into another: For I have been importuned to ſay ſomething farther of this art; and to make ſome obſervations on it, in relation to the likeneſs and agreement which it has with Poetry its Siſter. But before I proceed, it will not be amiſs, if I copy from Bellori (a moſt ingenious author) ſome part of his idea of a Painter, which cannot be unpleaſing, at leaſt to ſuch who are converſant in the philoſophy of Plato; and to avoid tedioufneſs, I will not tranſlate the whole diſcourſe, but take and leave, as I find occaſion.

"God Almighty, in the fabric of the univerſe, firſt contemplated himſelf, and reflected on his own excellencies; from which he drew and conſtituted thoſe firſt forms, which are called Ideas: So that every ſpecies which was afterwards expreſſed, was produced from that firſt Idea, forming that wonderful contexture of all created Beings. But the celeſtial Bodies above the moon being incorruptible, and not ſubject to change, remained for ever fair, and in perpetual order. On the contrary, all things which are ſublunary, are ſubject to change, to deformity, and to decay; and though Nature always intends a conſummate beauty in her productions, yet, through the inequality of the matter, the forms are altered; and in particular, human beauty ſuffers alteration for the worſe, as we ſee to our mortification, in the deformities and diſproportions which are in us. For which reaſon, the artful Painter, and the Sculptor, imitating the Divine Maker, form to themſelves,

ſelves, as well as they are able, a model of the ſuperior beauties; and, reflecting on them, endeavour to correct and amend the common Nature, and to repreſent it as it was firſt created, without fault, either in colour or in lineament.

" This idea, which we may call the Goddeſs of Painting and of Scuplture, deſcends upon the marble and the cloth, and becomes the original of thoſe Arts; and, being meaſured by the compaſs of the intellect, is itſelf the meaſure of the performing hand; and, being animated by the imagination, infuſes life into the image. The idea of the Painter and the Sculptor is undoubtedly that perfect and excellent example of the mind, by imitation of which imagined form, all things are repreſented which fall under human ſight: Such is the definition which is made by Cicero, in his book of the Orator to Brutus. " As therefore in forms and figures, there is " ſomewhat which is excellent and perfect, to which imagined " ſpecies all things are referred by imitation, which are the " objects of ſight; in like manner we behold the ſpecies of " Eloquence in our minds, the effigies, or actual image of " which we ſeek in the organs of our hearing. This is like- " wiſe confirmed by Proclus, in the Dialogue of Plato, called " Timæus: If, ſays he, you take a man, as he is made by " Nature, and compare him with another who is the effect of " art, the work of Nature will always appear the leſs beauti- " ful, becauſe Art is more accurate than Nature."——But Zeuxis, who, from the choice which he made of five virgins, drew that wonderful picture of Helena, which Cicero, in his Orator before-mentioneed, ſets before us, as the moſt perfect example of beauty, at the ſame time admoniſhes a Painter to contemplate the ideas of the moſt natural forms; and to make a judicious choice of ſeveral bodies, all of them the moſt elegant which he can find: By which we may plainly underſtand, that he thought it impoſſible to find in any one body all thoſe perfections which he ſought for the accompliſhment of a Helena, becauſe Nature in any individual perſon makes nothing that is perfect in all its parts. For this reaſon Maximus Tyrius alſo ſays, that the image which is taken by a Painter from ſeveral bodies, produces a beauty, which it is impoſſible to find in any ſingle natural body, approaching to the perfection of the faireſt ſtatues. Thus Nature, on this account, is ſo much inferior to Art, that thoſe Artiſts who propoſe to themſelves only the imitation or likeneſs of ſuch or ſuch a particular perſon, without election of thoſe ideas before-mentioned, have often been reproached for that omiſſion. Demetrius was taxed for being too natural; Dionyſius was alſo blamed for drawing men like us, and was commonly called 'Ανθρωπόγραφος, that is, a Painter of Men. In our times, Michael Angelo da Caravaggio was eſteemed too natural: He drew perſons as they were; and Bamboccio, and moſt of the Dutch Painters, have drawn the worſt likeneſs. Lyſippus, of old, upbraided the common ſort of Sculptors for making men ſuch as they were found in Nature; and boaſted of himſelf, that he made them as they ought to be; which is a precept of Ariſtotle, given as well to Poets as to Painters. Phidias raiſed an admiration even to aſtoniſhment, in thoſe who beheld his ſtatues, with the forms which he gave to his Gods and Heroes, by imitating the Idea, rather than Nature; and Cicero, ſpeaking of him, affirms, that figuring Jupiter and Pallas, he did not contemplate any object from whence he took any likeneſs, but conſidered in his own mind a great and admirable form of beauty, and according to that image in his ſoul, he directed the operation of his hand. Seneca alſo ſeems to wonder that Phidias, having never beheld either Jove or Pallas, yet could conceive their divine images in his mind. Apollonius Tyanæus ſays the ſame in other words, that the Fancy more inſtructs the Painter than the Imitation; for the laſt makes only the things which it ſees, but the firſt makes alſo the things which it never ſees.

" Leon Battiſta Alberti tells us, that we ought not ſo much to love the Likeneſs as the Beauty, and to chooſe from the faireſt bodies ſeverally the faireſt parts. Leonardo da Vinci inſtructs the Painter to form this Idea to himſelf; and Raphael, the greateſt of all modern Maſters, writes thus to Caſtiglione, concerning his Galatea: " To paint a fair one, it is neceſſary " for me to ſee many fair ones; but becauſe there is ſo great a " ſcarcity of lovely women, I am conſtrained to make uſe of " one certain Idea, which I have formed to myſelf in my own " fancy." Guido Reni ſending to Rome his St. Michael, which he had painted for the Church of the Capuchins, at the ſame time wrote to Monſignor Maſſano, who was the *maeſtro di caſa* (or ſteward of the houſe) to Pope Urban VIII. in this manner: " I wiſh I had the wings of an angel, to have " aſcended into Paradiſe, and there to have beheld the forms of " thoſe beatified ſpirits, from which I might have copied my " Archangel: But not being able to mount ſo high, it was in " vain for me to ſearch his reſemblance here below; ſo that I " was forced to make an introſpection into my own mind, and " into that Idea of Beauty, which I have formed in my own " imagination. I have likewiſe created there the contrary Idea " of Deformity and Uglineſs; but I leave the conſideration of it " till I paint the Devil, and, in the mean-time, ſhun the very " thought of it as much as poſſibly I can, and am even endea- " vouring to blot it wholly out of my remembrance." There was not any Lady in all antiquity who was Miſtreſs of ſo much Beauty, as was to be found in the Venus of Gnidus, made by Praxiteles, or the Minerva of Athens, by Phidias, which was therefore called the Beautiful Form. Neither is there any man of the preſent age equal in the ſtrength, proportion, and knitting of his limbs, to the Hercules of Farneſe, made by Glycon; or any woman who can juſtly be compared with the Medicean Venus of Cleomenes. And upon this account the nobleſt Poets and the beſt Orators, when they deſired to celebrate any extraordinary beauty, are forced to have recourſe to ſtatues and pictures, and to draw their perſons and faces into compariſon: Ovid, endeavouring to expreſs the beauty of Cyllarus, the faireſt of the Centaurs, celebrates him as next in perfection to the moſt admirable ſtatues:

Gratus in ore vigor, cervix, humerique, manuſque,
  Pectoraque, artificum laudatis proxima ſignis.
A pleaſing vigour his fair face expreſs'd;
His neck, his hands, his ſhoulders, and his breaſt,
Did next in gracefulneſs and beauty ſtand,
To breathing figures of the Sculptor's hand.

In another place he ſets Apelles above Venus:

Si Venerem Cois nunquam pinxiſſet Apelles,
  Merſa ſub æquoreis illa lateret aquis.

Thus varied.

One birth to ſeas the Cyprian Goddeſs ow'd,
A ſecond birth the Painter's art beſtow'd:
Leſs by the ſeas than by his pow'r was giv'n;
They made her live, but he advanc'd to heav'n.

« The Idea of this Beauty is indeed various, according to the ſeveral forms which the Painter or Sculptor would deſcribe: As one in ſtrength, another in magnanimity; and ſometimes it conſiſts in chearfulneſs, and ſometimes in delicacy, and is always diverſified by the ſex and age.

« The beauty of Jove is one, and that of Juno another: Hercules and Cupid are perfect beauties, though of different

kinds;

kinds; for beauty is only that which makes all things as they are in their proper and perfect nature, which the beſt Painters always chooſe, by contemplating the forms of each. We ought farther to conſider, that a picture being the repreſentation of a human action, the Painter ought to retain in his mind the examples of all affections and paſſions; as a Poet preſerves the idea of an angry man, of one who is fearful, ſad, or merry; and ſo of all the reſt: For it is impoſſible to expreſs that with the hand, which never entered into the imagination. In this manner, as I have rudely and briefly ſhewn you, Painters and Sculptors chooſing the moſt elegant, natural beauties, perfectionate the Idea, and advance their art, even above Nature itſelf, in her individual productions, which is the utmoſt maſtery of human performance.

"From hence ariſes that aſtoniſhment, and almoſt adoration, which is paid by the knowing to thoſe divine remains of antiquity. From hence Phidias, Lyſippus, and other noble Sculptors, are ſtill held in veneration; and Apelles, Zeuxis, Protogenes, and other admirable Painters, though their works are periſhed, are and will be eternally admired; who all of them drew after the ideas of perfection; which are the miracles of Nature, the providence of the Underſtanding, the exemplars of the Mind, the light of the Fancy; the ſun, which, from its riſing, inſpired the ſtatue of Memnon, and the fire which warmed into life the image of Prometheus: It is this which cauſes the Graces and the Loves to take up their habitations in the hardeſt marble, and to ſubſiſt in the emptineſs of light and ſhadows. But ſince the Idea of Eloquence is as inferior to that of Painting, as the force of words is to the ſight, I muſt here break off abruptly; and having conducted the reader, as it were, to a ſecret walk, there leave him in the midſt of ſilence to contemplate thoſe ideas which I have only ſketched, and which every man muſt finiſh for himſelf."

In theſe pompous expreſſions, or ſuch as theſe, the Italian has given you his idea of a Painter; and tho' I cannot much commend the ſtile, I muſt needs ſay, there is ſomewhat in the matter: Plato himſelf is accuſtomed to write loftily, imitating, as the critics tell us, the manner of Homer; but, ſurely, that inimitable Poet had not ſo much of ſmoke in his writings, though not leſs of fire. But in ſhort, this is the preſent genius of Italy. What Philoſtratus tells us, in the proem of his *Figures*, is ſomewhat plainer, and therefore I will tranſlate it almoſt word for word: "He who will rightly govern the Art of Painting, ought, of neceſſity, firſt to underſtand human Nature. He ought likewiſe to be endued with a genius, to expreſs the ſigns of their paſſions whom he repreſents, and to make the dumb as it were to ſpeak: He muſt yet farther underſtand what is contained in the conſtitution of the cheeks, in the temperament of the eyes, in the naturalneſs (if I may ſo call it) of the eye-brows; and in ſhort, whatſoever belongs to the mind and thought. He who thoroughly poſſeſſes all theſe things, will obtain the whole, and the hand will exquiſitely repreſent the action of every particular perſon; if it happens that he be either mad or angry, melancholic or chearful, a ſprightly youth, or a languiſhing lover: in one word, he will be able to paint whatſoever is proportionable to any one. And even in all this there is a ſweet error without cauſing any ſhame: For the eyes and mind of the beholders being faſtened on objects which have no real being, as if they were truly exiſtent, and being induced by them to believe them ſo, what pleaſure is it not capable of giving? The antients, and other wiſe men, have written many things concerning the ſymmetry, which is in the Art of Painting; conſtituting as it were ſome certain laws for the proportion of every member; not thinking it poſſible for a Painter to undertake the expreſſion of thoſe motions which are in the mind, without a concurrent harmony in the natural meaſure: For that which is out of its own kind and meaſure, is not received from Nature, whoſe motion is always right. On a ſerious conſideration of this matter, it will be found, that the Art of Painting has a wonderful affinity with that of Poetry, and that there is betwixt them a certain common imagination. For, as the Poets introduce the Gods and Heroes, and all thoſe things which are either majeſtical, honeſt, or delightful; in like manner, the Painters, by the virtue of their outlines, colours, lights, and ſhadows, repreſent the ſame things and perſons in their pictures."

Thus, as convoy ſhips either accompany, or ſhould accompany their merchants, till they may proſecute the reſt of their voyage without danger; ſo Philoſtratus has brought me thus far on my way, and I can now ſail on without him. He has begun to ſpeak of the great relation betwixt Painting and Poetry, and thither the greateſt part of this diſcourſe, by my promiſe, was directed. I have not engaged myſelf to any perfect method, neither am I loaded with a full cargo: It is ſufficient if I bring a ſample of ſome goods in this voyage. It will be eaſy for others to add more, when the commerce is ſettled: For a treatiſe, twice as large as this, of Painting, could not contain all that might be ſaid on the parallel of theſe two Siſter-Arts. I will take my riſe from Bellori before I proceed to the Author of this Book.

The buſineſs of his Preface is to prove, that a learned Painter ſhould form to himſelf an Idea of perfect Nature. This image he is to ſet before his mind in all his undertakings, and to draw from thence, as from a ſtorehouſe, the beauties which are to enter into his work; thereby correcting Nature from what actually ſhe is in individuals, to what ſhe ought to be, and what ſhe was created. Now as this Idea of Perfection is of little uſe in Portraits, or the reſemblances of particular perſons, ſo neither is it in the characters of Comedy and Tragedy, which are never to be made perfect, but always to be drawn with ſome ſpecks of frailty and deficience; ſuch as they have been deſcribed to us in hiſtory, if they were real characters; or ſuch as the Poet began to ſhew them, at their firſt appearance, if they were only fictitious, or imaginary. The perfection of ſuch ſtage characters conſiſts chiefly in their likeneſs to the deficient faulty Nature, which is their original; only (as it is obſerved more at large hereafter) in ſuch caſes there will always be found a better likeneſs and a worſe, and the better is conſtantly to be choſen; I mean in Tragedy, which repreſents the figures of the higheſt form among mankind: Thus, in Portraits, the Painter will not take that ſide of the face which has ſome notorious blemiſh in it, but either draw it in profile, as Apelles did Antigonus, who had loſt one of his eyes, or elſe ſhadow the more imperfect ſide; for an ingenious flattery is to be allowed to the profeſſors of both arts, ſo long as the likeneſs is not deſtroyed. It is true, that all manner of imperfections muſt not be taken away from the characters; and the reaſon is, that there may be left ſome grounds of pity for their misfortunes: We can never be grieved for their miſeries who are thoroughly wicked, and have thereby juſtly called their calamities on themſelves: Such men are the natural objects of our hatred, not of our commiſeration. If, on the other ſide, their characters were wholly perfect, ſuch as, for example, the character of a Saint or Martyr in a Play, his or her misfortunes would produce impious thoughts in the beholders; they would accuſe the Heavens of injuſtice, and think of leaving a religion where piety was ſo ill requited. I ſay the greater part would be tempted ſo to do; I ſay not that they ought; and the conſequence is too dangerous for the practice. In this I have accuſed myſelf for my own St. Catharine; but let truth prevail. Sophocles has taken the juſt medium in his Oedipus: He is ſomewhat arrogant at his firſt enterance, and is too inquiſitive through the whole Tragedy; yet theſe imperfections being balanced by great virtues, they hinder not our compaſſion for his miſeries, neither yet can they deſtroy that horror which the nature of his crimes have excited in us. Such in Painting are the warts and moles which, adding a likeneſs to the face, are not, therefore, to be omitted; but theſe produce no loathing in us: but how far to proceed, and where to ſtop, is left to the judgment of the Poet and the Painter. In Comedy there is ſomewhat more of the worſe likeneſs to be taken, becauſe that is often to produce laughter, which is occaſioned by the ſight of ſome deformity; but for this I refer the reader to Ariſtotle. It is a ſharp manner of inſtruction for the vulgar, who are never well amended till they are more than ſufficiently expoſed. That I may return to the beginning of this remark, concerning perfect Ideas, I have only this to ſay, that the parallel is often true in Epic Poetry.

The Heroes of the Poets are to be drawn according to this rule: There is ſcarce a frailty to be left in the beſt of them, any more than is to be found in a Divine Nature. And if Æneas ſometimes weeps, it is not in bemoaning his own miſeries, but thoſe which his people undergo. If this be an imperfection, the Son of God, when he was incarnate, ſhed tears of compaſſion over Jeruſalem; and Lentulus deſcribes him often weeping, but never laughing; ſo that Virgil is juſtified even from the Holy Scriptures. I have but one word more, which for once I will anticipate from the author of this book. Though it muſt be an Idea of perfection from which both the Epic Poet and the Hiſtory Painter draws, yet all perfections are not ſuitable to all ſubjects, but every one muſt be deſigned according to that perfect beauty which is proper to him: An Apollo muſt be diſtinguiſhed from a Jupiter, a Pallas from a Venus; and ſo in Poetry, an Æneas from any other Hero, for Piety is his chief perfection. Homer's Achilles is a kind of exception to this rule; but then he is not a perfect Hero, nor ſo intended by the Poet. All his Gods had ſomewhat of human imperfection, for which he has been taxed by Plato, as an imitator of what was bad. But Virgil obſerved his fault and mended it. Yet Achilles was perfect in the ſtrength of his body, and the vigor of his mind. Had he been leſs paſſionate or leſs revengeful, the Poet well foreſaw that Hector had been killed, and Troy taken at the firſt aſſault; which had deſtroyed the beautiful contrivance of his *Iliad*, and the moral of preventing diſcord amongſt confederate Princes, which was his principal intention: For the moral (as Boſſu obſerves) is the firſt buſineſs of the Poet, as being the ground-work of his inſtruction. This being formed, he contrives ſuch a deſign or fable, as may be moſt ſuitable to the moral: After this he begins to think of the perſons whom he is to employ in carrying on his deſign, and gives them the manners which are moſt proper to their ſeveral characters. The thoughts and words are the laſt parts which give beauty and colouring to the piece. When I ſay, that the manners of the Hero ought to be good in perfection, I contradict not the Marquis of Normanby's opinion, in that admirable verſe, where, ſpeaking of a perfect character, he calls it

"A faultleſs monſter, which the world ne'er knew:"

For that excellent Critic intended only to ſpeak of Dramatic characters, and not of Epic. Thus at leaſt I have ſhewn, that in the moſt perfect Poem, which is that of Virgil, a perfect idea was required and followed; and, conſequently, that all ſucceeding Poets ought rather to imitate him, than even Homer. I will now proceed, as I promiſed, to the author of this book: He tells you, almoſt in the firſt lines of it, that "the chief end of Painting is to pleaſe the eyes; and it is one great end of Poetry to pleaſe the mind." Thus far the parallel of the Arts holds true; with this difference, that the principal end of Painting is to pleaſe, and the chief deſign of Poetry is to inſtruct. In this, the latter ſeems to have the advantage of the former. But if we conſider the Artiſts themſelves on both ſides, certainly their aims are the very ſame; they would both make ſure of pleaſing, and that in preference to inſtruction. Next, the means of this pleaſure is by deceit: One impoſes on the ſight, and the other on the underſtanding. Fiction is of the eſſence of Poetry as well as of Painting; there is a reſemblance in one, of human bodies, things and actions, which are not real; and in the other, of a true ſtory by a fiction. And as all ſtories are not proper ſubjects for an Epic Poem or a Tragedy, ſo neither are they for a noble Picture. The ſubjects both of the one and of the other ought to have nothing of immoral, low, or filthy in them; but this being treated at large in the book itſelf, I wave it, to avoid repetition. Only I muſt add, that, though Catullus, Ovid, and others, were of another opinion, that the ſubject of Poets, and even their thoughts and expreſſions might be looſe, provided their lives were chaſte and holy, yet there are no ſuch licences permitted in that Art, any more than in Painting to deſign and colour obſcene nudities. Vita proba eſt, is no excuſe; for it will ſcarcely be admitted, that either a Poet or a Painter can be chaſte, who give us the contrary examples in their

Writings and their Pictures. We ſee nothing of this kind in Virgil: That which comes the neareſt to it is the Adventure of the Cave, where Dido and Æneas were driven by the ſtorm; yet even there, the Poet pretends a marriage before the conſummation, and Juno herſelf was preſent at it. Neither is there any expreſſion in that ſtory which a Roman Matron might not read without a bluſh. Beſides, the Poet paſſes it over as haſtily as he can, as if he were afraid of ſtaying in the cave with the two lovers, and of being a witneſs to their actions. Now I ſuppoſe that a Painter would not be much commended, who ſhould pick out this cavern from the whole *Æneis*, when there is not another in the work. He had better leave them in their obſcurity, than let in a flaſh of lightning to clear the natural darkneſs of the place, by which he muſt diſcover himſelf as much as them. The altar-pieces, and holy decorations of Painting, ſhew that Art may be applied to better uſes as well as Poetry; and, amongſt many other inſtances, the Farneſe Gallery, painted by Hannibal Carracci, is a ſufficient witneſs yet remaining: The whole work being morally inſtructive, and particularly the Hercules Bivium, which is a perfect Triumph of Virtue over Vice, as it is wonderfully well deſcribed by the ingenious Bellori.

Hitherto I have only told the reader what ought not to be the ſubject of a Picture, or of a Poem. What it ought to be on either ſide, our Author tells us. It muſt, in general, be great and noble; and in this the parallel is exactly true. The ſubject of a Poet, either in Tragedy, or in an Epic Poem, is a great action of ſome illuſtrious Hero. It is the ſame in Painting: not every action, nor every perſon, is conſiderable enough to enter into the cloth. It muſt be the Anger of an Achilles, the Piety of an Æneas, the Sacrifice of an Iphigenia, for Heroines as well as Heroes are compreliended in the rule. But the parallel is more complete in Tragedy than in an Epic Poem: For as a Tragedy may be made out of many particular Epiſodes of Homer, or of Virgil; ſo may a noble picture be deſigned out of this or that particular ſtory in either author. Hiſtory is alſo fruitful of deſigns, both for the Painter and the Tragic Poet: Curtius throwing himſelf into a gulph, and the two Decii ſacrificing themſelves for the ſafety of their country, are ſubjects for Tragedy and Picture. Such is Scipio, reſtoring the Spaniſh Bride, whom he either loved, or may be ſuppoſed to love; by which he gained the hearts of a great nation, to intereſt themſelves for Rome againſt Carthage: Theſe are all but particular pieces in Livy's Hiſtory, and yet are full, complete ſubjects for the pen and pencil. Now the reaſon of this is evident: Tragedy and Picture are more narrowly circumſcribed by the mechanic rules of Time and Place than the Epic Poem: The Time of this laſt is left indefinite. It is true, Homer took up only the ſpace of eight and forty days for his Iliad; but whether Virgil's action was comprehended in a year, or ſomewhat more, is not determined by Boſſu. Homer made the Place of his action Troy, and the Grecian camp beſieging it. Virgil introduces his Æneas ſometimes in Sicily, ſometimes in Carthage, and other times at Cumæ, before he brings him to Laurentum; and even after that, he wanders again to the kingdom of Evander, and ſome parts of Tuſcany, before he returns to finiſh the war by the death of Turnus. But Tragedy, according to the practice of the Antients, was always confined within the compaſs of twenty-four hours, and ſeldom takes up ſo much time. As for the place of it, it was always one, and that not in a larger ſenſe, as, for example, a whole city, or two or three ſeveral houſes in it, but the market, or ſome other public place, common to the Chorus and all the Actors: Which eſtabliſhed law of theirs, I have not an opportunity to examine in this place, becauſe I cannot do it without digreſſion from my ſubject, though it ſeems too ſtrict at the firſt appearance, becauſe it excludes all ſecret intrigues, which are the beauties of the modern ſtage; for nothing can be carried on with privacy, when the Chorus is ſuppoſed to be always preſent. But to proceed: I muſt ſay this to the advantage of Painting, even above Tragedy, that what this laſt repreſents in the ſpace of many hours, the former ſhews us in one moment. The action, the paſſion, and the manners of ſo many perſons as are contained in a picture, are to be diſcerned at once in the twinkling of an eye; at leaſt they would be ſo, if the ſight could travel over ſo many different objects all at once, or the mind could digeſt them all at the ſame inſtant, or point of time. Thus, in the famous picture of Pouſſin, which repreſents the Inſtitution of the bleſſed Sacrament, you ſee our Saviour and his twelve Diſciples, all concurring in the ſame action, after different manners, and in different poſtures; only the manners of Judas are diſtinguiſhed from the reſt. Here is but one indiviſible point of time obſerved; but one action performed by ſo many perſons, in one room, and at the ſame table; yet the eye cannot comprehend at once the whole object, nor the mind follow it ſo faſt; it is conſidered at leiſure, and ſeen by intervals. Such are the ſubjects of noble pictures, and ſuch are only to be undertaken by noble hands. There are other parts of Nature which are meaner, and yet are the ſubjects both of Painters and of Poets.

For to proceed in the parallel; as Comedy is a repreſentation of human life in inferior perſons and low ſubjects, and by that means creeps into the Nature of Poetry, and is a kind of Juniper, a ſhrub belonging to the ſpecies of Cedar; ſo is the painting of Clowns, the repreſentation of a Dutch Kermis, the brutal ſport of Snick-or-Snee, and a thouſand other things of this mean invention, a kind of picture which belongs to Nature, but of the loweſt form. Such is a Lazar in compariſon to a Venus; both are drawn in human figures; they have faces alike, though not like faces. There is yet a lower ſort of Poetry and Painting, which is out of Nature; for a Farce is that in Poetry which Groteſque is in a Picture: The perſons and action of a Farce are all unnatural, and the manners falſe; that is, inconſiſting with the characters of mankind. Groteſque Painting is the juſt reſemblance of this; and Horace begins his Art of Poetry, by deſcribing ſuch a figure with a man's head, a horſe's neck, the wings of a bird, and a fiſh's tail, parts of different ſpecies jumbled together, according to the mad imagination of the Dauber; and the end of all this, as he tells you afterward, is to cauſe laughter: A very monſter in Bartholomew Fair, for the mob to gape at for their twopence. Laughter is indeed the propriety of a man, but juſt enough to diſtinguiſh him from his elder brother with four legs. It is a kind of baſtard-pleaſure too, taken in at the eyes of the vulgar gazers, and at the ears of the beaſtly audience. Church-painters uſe it to divert the honeſt country man at public prayers, and keep his eyes open at a heavy ſermon; and farce-ſcribblers make uſe of the ſame noble invention to entertain Citizens, Country Gentlemen, and Covent-Garden Fops: If they are merry, all goes well on the Poet's ſide. The better ſort go thither too, but in deſpair of ſenſe and the juſt images of Nature, which are the adequate pleaſures of the mind. But the Author can give the ſtage no better than what was given him by Nature; and the Actors muſt repreſent ſuch things as they are capable to perform, and by which both they and the Scribbler may get their living. After all, it is a good Thing to laugh at any rate; and if a ſtraw can tickle a man, it is an inſtrument of happineſs. Beaſts can weep when they ſuffer, but they cannot laugh: And, as Sir William Davenant obſerves, in his Preface to Gondibert, "It is the wiſdom of a government to permit Plays," (he might have added Farces) "as it is the prudence of a carter to put bells upon his horſes to make them carry their burdens chearfully."

I have already ſhewn, that one main end of Poetry and Painting is to pleaſe, and have ſaid ſomething of the kinds of both, and of their ſubjects, in which they bear a great reſemblance to each other. I muſt now conſider them as they are great and noble Arts; and as they are arts, they muſt have rules which may direct them to their common end.

To all Arts and Sciences, but more particularly to theſe, may be applied what Hippocrates ſays of Phyſic, as I find him cited by an eminent French critic. "Medicine has long ſubſiſted in the world; the principles of it are certain, and it has a certain way; by both which there has been found, in the courſe of many ages, an infinite number of things, the experience of which has confirmed its uſefulneſs and goodneſs. All that is wanting to the perfection of this art, will undoubtedly be found, if able men, and ſuch as are inſtructed in the antient rules, will make a farther inquiry into it, and endeavour to arrive at that which is hitherto unknown by that which is already known. But all, who having rejected the antient rules, and taken the oppoſite ways, yet boaſt themſelves to be Maſters of this Art, do but deceive others, and are themſelves deceived; for that is abſolutely impoſſible."

This is notoriouſly true in theſe two Arts; for the way to pleaſe being to imitate Nature, both the Poets and the Painters in antient times, and in the beſt ages, have ſtudied her; and from the practice of both theſe Arts the rules have been drawn, by which we are inſtructed how to pleaſe, and to compaſs that end which they obtained, by following their example; for Nature is ſtill the ſame in all ages, and can never be contrary to herſelf. Thus, from the practice of Æſchylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, Ariſtotle drew his rules for Tragedy, and Philoſtratus for Painting. Thus, amongſt the moderns, the Italian and French critics, by ſtudying the precepts of Ariſtotle and Horace, and having the example of the Grecian Poets before their eyes, have given us the rules of modern Tragedy; and thus the critics of the ſame countries, in the Art of Painting, have given the precepts of perfecting that art. It is true, that Poetry has one advantage over Painting in theſe laſt ages, that we have ſtill the remaining examples both of the Greek and Latin Poets; whereas the Painters have nothing left them from Apelles, Protogenes, Parrhaſius, Zeuxis, and the reſt, but only the teſtimonies which are given of their incomparable works. But inſtead of this, they have ſome of their beſt ſtatues, baſſo-relievos, columns, obeliſks, &c. which are ſaved out of the common ruin, and are ſtill preſerved in Italy; and by well diſtinguiſhing what is proper to Sculpture, and what to Painting, and what is common to them both, they have judiciouſly repaired that loſs; and the great genius of Raphael and others, having ſucceeded to the times of barbariſm and ignorance, the knowledge of Painting is now arrived to a ſupreme perfection, tho' the performance of it is much declined in the preſent age. The greateſt age for Poetry amongſt the Romans, was certainly that of Auguſtus Cæſar; and yet we are told, that Painting was then at its loweſt ebb, and perhaps Sculpture was alſo declining at the ſame time. In the reign of Domitian, and ſome who ſucceeded him, Poetry was but meanly cultivated, but Painting eminently flouriſhed. I am not here to give the Hiſtory of the two Arts, how they were both in a manner extinguiſhed by the irruption of the barbarous nations, and both reſtored about the times of Leo X. Charles V. and Francis I. tho' I might obſerve, that neither Arioſto, nor any of his cotemporary Poets, ever arrived at the excellency of Raphael, Titian, and the reſt in Painting. But in revenge, at this time, or lately in many countries, Poetry is better practiſed than her Siſter-Art. To what height the magnificence and encouragement of the preſent King of France may carry Painting and Sculpture is uncertain; but by what he has done before the war in which he is engaged, we may expect what he will do after the happy concluſion of a peace; which is the prayer and wiſh of all thoſe who have not an intereſt to prolong the miſeries of Europe. For it is moſt certain, as our Author, amongſt others, has obſerved, that Reward is the ſpur of virtue, as well in all good arts, as in all laudable attempts; and Emulation, which is the other ſpur, will never be wanting either amongſt Poets or Painters, when particular rewards and prizes are propoſed to the beſt deſervers. But to return from this digreſſion, though it was almoſt neceſſary, all the rules of Painting are methodically, conciſely, and yet clearly delivered in this preſent treatiſe which I have tranſlated: Boſſu has not given more exact rules for the Epic Poem, nor Dacier for Tragedy, in his late excellent Tranſlation of Ariſtotle, and his Notes upon him, than our Freſnoy has made for Painting; with the parallel of which I muſt reſume my diſcourſe, following my Author's Text, though with more brevity than I intended, becauſe Virgil calls me.

" The principal and moſt important part of Painting is to know what is moſt beautiful in Nature, and moſt proper for that art." That which is the moſt beautiful is the moſt noble ſubject; ſo in Poetry, Tragedy is more beautiful than Comedy, becauſe, as I ſaid, the perſons are greater whom the Poet inſtructs; and, conſequently, the inſtructions of more benefit to mankind: the action is likewiſe greater and more noble, and thence is derived the greater and more noble pleaſure.

To imitate Nature well in whatſoever ſubject, is the perfection of both Arts; and that Picture, and that Poem, which comes neareſt the reſemblance of Nature, is the beſt: But it follows not, that what pleaſes moſt in either kind is therefore good, but what ought to pleaſe. Our depraved appetites and ignorance of the arts miſlead our judgments, and cauſe us often to take that for true Imitation of Nature, which has no reſemblance of Nature in it. To inform our Judgments, and to reform our Taſtes, rules were invented, that by them we might diſcern when Nature was imitated, and how nearly. I have been forced to recapitulate theſe things, becauſe mankind is not more liable to deceit than it is willing to continue in a pleaſing error, ſtrengthened by a long habitude. The imitation of Nature is therefore juſtly conſtituted as the general, and indeed the only rule of pleaſing, both in Poetry and Painting. Ariſtotle tells us, that Imitation pleaſes, becauſe it affords matter for a reaſoner to inquire into the truth or falſehood of Imitation, by comparing its likeneſs or unlikeneſs with the original: But by this rule, every ſpeculation in Nature, whoſe truth falls under the inquiry of a Philoſopher, muſt produce the ſame delight, which is not true. I ſhould rather aſſign another reaſon: Truth is the object of our Underſtanding, as Good is of our Will; and the underſtanding can no more be delighted with a lie, than the will can chooſe an apparent evil. As truth is the End of all our ſpeculations, ſo the diſcovery of it is the Pleaſure of them; and ſince a true knowledge of Nature gives us pleaſure, a lively imitation of it, either in Poetry or Painting, muſt of neceſſity produce a much greater: For both theſe arts, as I ſaid before, are not only true imitations of Nature, but of the beſt Nature, of that which is wrought up to a nobler pitch. They preſent us with images more perfect than the life in any individual; and we have the pleaſure to ſee all the ſcattered beauties of Nature united by a happy Chemiſtry without its deformities or faults. They are imitations of the paſſions which always move, and therefore conſequently pleaſe; for without motion there can be no delight, which cannot be conſidered but as an active paſſion. When we view theſe elevated ideas of Nature, the reſult of that view is Admiration, which is always the cauſe of pleaſure.

This foregoing remark, which gives the reaſon why Imitation pleaſes, was ſent me by Mr. Walter Moyle, a moſt ingenious young Gentleman, converſant in all the ſtudies of Humanity, much above his years. He had alſo furniſhed me, according to my requeſt, with all the particular paſſages in Ariſtotle and Horace, which are uſed by them to explain the Art of Poetry by that of Painting; which, if ever I have time to retouch this Eſſay, ſhall be inſerted in their places. Having thus ſhewn that Imitation pleaſes, and why it pleaſes in both theſe arts, it follows, that ſome rules of imitation are neceſſary to obtain the end; for without rules there can be no art, any more than there can be a houſe without a door to conduct you into it. The principal parts of Painting and Poetry next follow.

INVENTION is the firſt part, and abſolutely neceſſary to them both; yet no rule ever was or ever can be given how to compaſs it. A happy Genius is the gift of Nature; it depends on the influence of the ſtars, ſay the Aſtrologers; on the organs of the body, ſay the Naturaliſts; it is the particular gift of heaven, ſay the Divines, both Chriſtians and Heathens. How to improve it, many books can teach us; how to obtain it, none; that nothing can be done without it, all agree:

Tu nihil invitâ dices facieſve Minervâ.

Without Invention a Painter is but a Copier, and a Poet but a Plagiary of others. Both are allowed ſometimes to copy and tranſlate; but, as our Author tells you, that is not the beſt part of their reputation. "Imitators are but a ſervile kind of cattle," ſays the Poet; or at beſt, the keepers of cattle for other men: They have nothing which is properly their own; that is a ſufficient mortification for me, while I am tranſlating Virgil. But to copy the beſt author is a kind of praiſe, if I perform it as I ought; as a copy after Raphael is more to be commended than an original of any indifferent Painter.

Under this head of Invention is placed the Diſpoſition of the work, to put all things in a beautiful order and harmony, that the whole may be of a piece. "The compoſitions of the Painter ſhould be conformable to the text of antient authors, to the cuſtoms, and the times;" and this is exactly the ſame in Poetry: Homer and Virgil are to be our guides in the Epic; Sophocles and Euripides in Tragedy: In all things we are to imitate the cuſtoms and the times of thoſe perſons and things which we repreſent: Not to make new rules of the Drama, as Lopez de Vega has attempted unſucceſsfully to do, but to be content to follow our Maſters, who underſtood Nature better than we. But if the ſtory which we treat be modern, we are to vary the cuſtoms, according to the time and the country where the ſcene of action lies; for this is ſtill to imitate Nature which is always the ſame, though in a different dreſs.

As "in the compoſition of a picture, the Painter is to take care that nothing enter into it, which is not proper or convenient to the ſubject;" ſo likewiſe is the Poet to reject all incidents which are foreign to his Poem, and are naturally no parts of it: They are wens, and other excreſcences, which belong not to the body, but deform it. No perſon, no incident in the piece, or in the play, but muſt be of uſe to carry on the main deſign. All things elſe are like ſix fingers to the hand, when Nature, which is ſuperfluous in nothing, can do her work with five. "A Painter muſt reject all trifling ornaments;" ſo muſt a Poet refuſe all tedious and unneceſſary deſcriptions. A robe, which is too heavy, is leſs an ornament than a burden. In Poetry, Horace calls theſe things,

> Verſus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

Theſe are alſo the lucus & ara Dianæ, which he mentions in the ſame *Art of Poetry*: But ſince there muſt be ornaments, both in Painting and Poetry, if they are not neceſſary, they muſt at leaſt be decent; that is, in their due place, and but moderately uſed. The Painter is not to take ſo much pains about the drapery, as about the face, where the principal reſemblance lies; neither is the Poet, who is working up a paſſion to make ſimiles, which will certainly make it languiſh. My Montezuma dies with a fine one in his mouth, but it is out of ſeaſon. Where there are more figures in a picture than are neceſſary, or at leaſt ornamental, our author calls them "Figures to be lett," becauſe the picture has no uſe of them: So I have ſeen in ſome modern plays above twenty actors, when the action has not required half the number. In the principal figures of a picture, the Painter is to employ the ſinews of his art, for in them conſiſts the principal beauty of his work. Our Author ſaves me the compariſon with Tragedy: for he ſays, that "herein he is to imitate the Tragic Poet, who employs his utmoſt force in thoſe places, wherein conſiſts the height and beauty of the action."

Du Freſnoy, whom I follow, makes Design, or Drawing, the ſecond part of Painting; but the rules which he gives concerning the poſture of the figures are almoſt wholly proper to that art, and admit not any compariſon, that I know, with Poetry. The poſture of a poetic figure is, as I conceive, the deſcription of his heroes in the performance of ſuch or ſuch an action; as of Achilles, juſt in the act of killing Hector; or of Æneas, who has Turnus under him. Both the Poet and the Painter vary the poſtures, according to the action or paſſion, which they repreſent of the ſame perſon. But all muſt be great and graceful in them. The ſame Æneas muſt be drawn a ſuppliant to Dido, with reſpect in his geſtures, and humility in his eyes; but when he is forced, in his own defence, to kill Lauſus, the Poet ſhews him compaſſionate, and tempering the ſeverity of his looks with a reluctance to the action, which he is going to perform. He has pity on his beauty and his youth, and is loth to deſtroy ſuch a maſter-piece of Nature. He conſiders Lauſus reſcuing his father, at the hazard of his own liſe, as an image of himſelf, when he took Anchiſes on his ſhoulders, and bore him ſafe through the rage of the fire, and the oppoſition of his enemies; and therefore, in the poſture of a retiring man, who avoids the combat, he ſtretches out his arm in ſign of peace, with his right foot drawn a little back, and his breaſt bending inward, more like an orator than a ſoldier; and ſeems to diſſuade the young man from pulling on his deſtiny, by attempting more than he was able to perform. Take the paſſage as I have thus tranſlated it:

Shouts of applauſe ran ringing through the field,
To ſee the ſon the vanquiſh'd father ſhield:
All, fir'd with noble emulation, ſtrive,
And with a ſtorm of darts to diſtance drive

The Trojan chief; who held at bay, from far
On his Vulcanian orb, ſuſtain'd the war.
Æneas thus o'erwhelm'd on ev'ry ſide,
Their firſt aſſault undaunted did abide;
And thus to Lauſus, loud, with friendly threatning cry'd,
Why wilt thou ruſh to certain death, and rage
In raſh attempts beyond thy tender age,
Betray'd by pious Love?

And afterwards,

He griev'd, he wept, the ſight an image brought
Of his own filial love; a ſadly pleaſing thought."

But, beſide the outlines of the poſture, the Deſign of the picture comprehends in the next place the "forms of faces, which are to be different;" and ſo in a Poem, or Play, muſt the ſeveral characters of the perſons be diſtinguiſhed from each other. I knew a Poet, whom out of reſpect I will not name, who, being too witty himſelf, could draw nothing but Wits in a Comedy of his; even his Fools were infected with the diſeaſe of their Author: They overflowed with ſmart repartees, and were only diſtinguiſhed from the intended Wits, by being called Coxcombs, though they deſerved not ſo ſcandalous a name. Another, who had a great genius for Tragedy, following the fury of his natural temper, made every man and woman too, in his Plays, ſtark raging mad; there was not a ſober perſon to be had for love or money; all was tempeſtuous and bluſtering; heaven and earth were coming together at every word; a mere hurricane from the beginning to the end; and every actor ſeemed to be haſtening on the day of judgment!

"Let every member be made for its own head," ſays our Author, not a withered hand to a young face. So in the perſons

ſons of a Play, whatever is ſaid or done by any of them, muſt be conſiſtent with the manners which the Poet has given them diſtinctly; and even the habits muſt be proper to the degrees and humours of the perſons as well as in a picture. He who entered in the firſt act a young man, like Pericles Prince of Tyre, muſt not be in danger, in the fifth act, of committing inceſt with his daughter; nor an uſurer, without great probability and cauſes of repentance, be turned into a cutting Moorcraft.

I am not ſatisfied that the compariſon betwixt the two Arts, in the laſt paragraph, is altogether ſo juſt as it might have been; but I am ſure of this which follows.

"The principal figure of the ſubject muſt appear in the midſt of the picture, under the principal light, to diſtinguiſh it from the reſt, which are only its attendants." Thus in a Tragedy, or an Epic Poem, the hero of the piece muſt be advanced foremoſt to the view of the reader or ſpectator: He muſt outſhine the reſt of all the characters; he muſt appear the prince of them, like the ſun in the Copernican Syſtem, encompaſſed with the leſs noble planets. Becauſe the Hero is the centre of the main action, all the lines from the circumference tend to him alone; he is the chief object of pity in the Drama, and of admiration in the Epic Poem.

As in a picture, beſides the principal figures which compoſe it, and are placed in the midſt of it, there are leſs "groupes, or knots of figures diſpoſed at proper diſtances," which are parts of the piece, and ſeem to carry on the ſame deſign in a more inferior manner: So in Epic Poetry there are Epiſodes, and a Chorus in Tragedy, which are members of the action, as growing out of it, not inſerted into it. Such, in the ninth book of the *Æneis*, is the Epiſode of Niſus and Euryalus:

the adventure belongs to them alone; they alone are the objects of compaſſion and admiration; but their buſineſs which they carry on, is the general concernment of the Trojan camp, then beleaguered by Turnus and the Latines, as the Chriſtians were lately by the Turks: They were to advertiſe the chief Hero of the diſtreſſes of his ſubjects, occaſioned by his abſence, to crave his ſuccour, and ſolicit him to haſten his return.

The Grecian Tragedy was at firſt nothing but a Chorus of Singers; afterwards one actor was introduced, which was the Poet himſelf, who entertained the people with a diſcourſe in verſe, betwixt the pauſes of the ſinging. This ſucceeding with the people, more actors were added to make the variety the greater; and in proceſs of time the Chorus only ſung betwixt the acts, and the Coryphæus, or chief of them, ſpoke for the reſt, as an actor concerned in the buſineſs of the Play.

Thus Tragedy was perfected by degrees, and being arrived at that perfection, the Painters might probably take the hint from thence, of adding groupes to their pictures; but as a good Picture may be without a groupe, ſo a good Tragedy may ſubſiſt without a Chorus, notwithſtanding any reaſons which have been given by Dacier to the contrary.

Monſieur Racine has indeed uſed it in his *Eſther*, but not that he found any neceſſity of it, as the French Critic would inſinuate. The Chorus at St. Cyr was only to give the young Ladies an occaſion of entertaining the King with vocal muſic, and of commending their own voices. The play itſelf was never intended for the public ſtage; nor, without any diſparagement to the learned Author, could poſſibly have ſucceeded there, and much leſs in the tranſlation of it here. Mr. Wycherley, when we read it together, was of my opinion in this, or rather I of his; for it becomes me ſo to ſpeak of ſo excellent a Poet, and ſo great a Judge. But ſince I am in this place, as Virgil ſays, "Spatiis excluſus iniquis," that is, ſhortened in my time, I will give no other reaſon than that it is impracticable on our ſtage. A new theatre, much more ample, and much deeper, muſt be made for that purpoſe, beſides the coſt of ſometimes forty or fifty habits, which is an expence too large to be ſupplied by a company of actors. It is true, I ſhould not be ſorry to ſee a Chorus on a theatre, more than as large and as deep again as ours, built and adorned at a King's charges; and on that condition and another, which is, that my hands were not bound behind me, as now they are, I ſhould not deſpair of making ſuch a Tragedy, as might be both inſtructive and delightful, according to the manner of the Grecians.

"To make a ſketch, or a more perfect model of a picture," is, in the language of Poets, to draw up the Scenery of a Play: and the reaſon is the ſame for both; to guide the undertaking, and to preſerve the remembrance of ſuch things whoſe natures are difficult to retain.

To avoid abſurdities and incongruities is the ſame law eſtabliſhed for both Arts. "The Painter is not to paint a cloud at the bottom of a picture, but in the uppermoſt parts;" nor the Poet to place what is proper to the End or Middle in the Beginning of a Poem. I might enlarge on this; but there are few Poets or Painters who can be ſuppoſed to ſin ſo groſsly againſt the Laws of Nature and of Art. I remember only one Play, and for once I will call it by its name, *The Slighted Maid,* where there is nothing in the firſt act but what might have been ſaid or done in the fifth; nor any thing in the Midſt which might not have been placed as well in the Beginning or the End.

" To expreſs the paſſions, which are ſeated on the heart by outward ſigns," is one great precept of the Painters, and very difficult to perform. In Poetry the ſame paſſions and motions of the mind are to be expreſſed; and in this conſiſts the principal difficulty, as well as the excellency of that Art. " This," ſays my Author, " is the gift of Jupiter;" and, to ſpeak in the ſame Heathen language, We call it the gift of our Apollo, not to be obtained by pains or ſtudy, if we are not born to it: For the motions which are ſtudied are never ſo natural as thoſe which break out in the height of a real paſſion. Mr. Otway poſſeſſed this part as thoroughly as any of the antients or moderns. I will not defend every thing in his *Venice Preſerved*; but I muſt bear this teſtimony to his memory, that the paſſions are truly touched in it, though, perhaps, there is ſomewhat to be deſired both in the grounds of them, and in the height and elegance of expreſſion; but Nature is there, which is the greateſt beauty.

" In the paſſions," ſays our Author, " we muſt have a very great regard to the quality of the perſons who are actually poſſeſſed with them." The joy of a Monarch for the news of a victory muſt not be expreſſed like the extaſy of a Harlequin on the receipt of a letter from his Miſtreſs: This is ſo much the ſame in both the Arts, that it is no longer a compariſon. What he ſays of face-painting, or the portrait of any one particular perſon, concerning the likeneſs, is alſo applicable to Poetry: In the character of an hero, as well as in an inferior figure, there is a better or worſe likeneſs to be taken; the better is a panegyric, if it be not falſe, and the worſe is a libel. Sophocles, ſays Ariſtotle, always drew men as they ought to be; that is, better than they were. Another, whoſe name I have forgotten, drew them worſe than naturally they were. Euripides altered nothing in the character, but made them ſuch as they were repreſented by Hiſtory, Epic Poetry, or Tradition. Of the three, the draught of Sophocles is moſt commended by Ariſtotle. I have followed it in that part of *Oedipus* which I writ; though, perhaps, I have made him too good a man. But my characters of Anthony and Cleopatra, though they are favourable to them, have nothing of outrageous panegyric; their paſſions were their own, and ſuch as were given them by Hiſtory, only the deformities of them were caſt into ſhadows, that they might be objects of compaſſion: whereas, if I had choſen a noon-day light for them, ſomewhat muſt have been diſcovered, which would rather have moved our hatred than our pity.

"The Gothic manner, and the barbarous ornaments which are to be avoided in a picture," are juſt the ſame with thoſe in an ill-ordered Play. For example; our Engliſh Tragi-comedy muſt be confeſſed to be wholly Gothic, notwithſtanding the ſucceſs which it has found upon our theatre; and in the *Paſtor Fido* of Guarini, even though Coriſca and the Satyr contribute ſomewhat to the main action: Neither can I defend my *Spaniſh Friar*, as fond as otherwiſe I am of it, from this imputation; for though the comical parts are diverting, and the ſerious moving, yet they are of an unnatural mingle: for mirth and gravity deſtroy each other, and are no more to be allowed for decent, than a gay widow laughing in a mourning habit.

I had almoſt forgot one conſiderable reſemblance. Du Freſnoy tells us, "That the figures of the groupes muſt not be all on a ſide, that is, with their faces and bodies all turned the ſame way, but muſt contraſt each other by their ſeveral poſitions." Thus in a Play, ſome characters muſt be raiſed to oppoſe others, and to ſet them off the better, according to the old maxim, "Contraria juxta ſe poſita, magis eluceſcunt." Thus in *the Scornful Lady*, the Uſurer is ſent to confront the Prodigal: Thus in my *Tyrannic Love*, the Atheiſt Maximin is oppoſed to the character of St. Catharine.

I am now come, though with the omiſſion of many likeneſſes, to the third part of Painting, which is called the CHROMATIC or COLOURING. Expreſſion, and all that belongs to words, is that in a Poem which Colouring is in a Picture: The colours well choſen, in their proper places, together with the lights and ſhadows which belong to them, lighten the deſign, and make it pleaſing to the eye. The Words, the Expreſſions, the Tropes and Figures, the Verſification, and all the other elegancies of ſound, as cadences, turns of words upon the thought, and many other things, which are all parts of expreſſion, perform exactly the ſame office both in Dramatic and Epic Poetry. Our Author calls colouring, "lena ſororis;" in plain Engliſh, the Bawd of her Siſter, the deſign or drawing; ſhe clothes, ſhe dreſſes her up, ſhe paints her, ſhe makes her appear more lovely than naturally ſhe is, ſhe procures for the deſign, and makes lovers for her; for the deſign of itſelf is only ſo many naked lines. Thus in Poetry, the Expreſſion is that which charms the reader, and beautifies the Deſign, which is only the outlines of the fables. It is true, the deſign muſt of itſelf be good; if it be vicious, or, in one word, unpleaſing, the coſt of colouring is thrown away upon it. It is an ugly woman in a rich habit, ſet out with jewels; nothing can become her. But granting the deſign to be moderately good, it is like an excellent complexion with indifferent features; the white and red well mingled on the face, make what was before but paſſable, appear beautiful. "Operum Colores" is the very word which Horace uſes to ſignify Words and elegant Expreſſion, of which he himſelf was ſo great Maſter in his Odes. Amongſt the Antients, Zeuxis was moſt famous for his colouring; amongſt the Moderns, Titian and Correggio. Of the two antient Epic Poets, who have ſo far excelled all the moderns, the Invention and Deſign were the particular talents of Homer. Virgil muſt yield to him in both; for the deſign of the Latin was borrowed from the Grecian: But the "Dictio Virgiliana," the Expreſſion of Virgil, his Colouring, was incomparably the better; and in that I have always endeavoured to copy him. Moſt of the pedants, I know, maintain the contrary, and will have Homer excel even in this part. But of all people, as they are the moſt ill-mannered, ſo they are the worſt judges, even of words which are their province; they ſeldom know more than the grammatical conſtruction, unleſs they are born with a poetical genius, which is a rare portion amongſt them: Yet ſome, I know, may ſtand excepted, and ſuch I honour. Virgil is ſo exact in every word, that none can be changed but for a worſe; nor any one removed from its place, but the harmony will be altered. He pretends ſometimes to trip; but it is only to make you think him in danger of a fall, when he is moſt ſecure. Like a ſkilful dancer on the ropes (if you will pardon the meanneſs of the ſimilitude) who ſlips willingly and makes a ſeeming ſtumble, that you may think him in great hazard of breaking his neck, while at the ſame time he is only giving you a proof of his dexterity. My late Lord Roſcommon was often pleaſed with this reflection, and with the examples of it in this admirable Author.

I have not leiſure to run through the whole compariſon of lights and ſhadows with tropes and figures; yet I cannot but take notice of metaphors, which, like them, have power to leſſen or greaten any thing. Strong and glowing colours are the juſt reſemblances of bold metaphors, but both muſt be judiciouſly applied; for there is a difference betwixt Daring and Fool-hardineſs. Lucan and Statius often ventured them too far; our Virgil never. But the great defect of the *Pharſalia* and the *Thebais* was in the deſign; if that had been more perfect, we might have forgiven many of their bold ſtrokes in the colouring, or at leaſt excuſed them; yet ſome of them are ſuch as Demoſthenes or Cicero could not have defended. Virgil, if he could have ſeen the firſt verſes of the *Sylvæ*, would have thought Statius mad in his fuſtian deſcription of the Statue on the Brazen Horſe: But that Poet was always in a foam at his ſetting out, even before the motion of the race had warmed him. The ſoberneſs of Virgil whom he read, it ſeems to little purpoſe, might have ſhewn him the difference betwixt "Arma virumque cano, and Magnanimum æacidem, formidatamque tonanti progeniem." But Virgil knew how to riſe by degrees in his expreſſions: Statius was in his towering heights at the firſt ſtretch of his pinions. The deſcription of his running horſe, juſt ſtarting in the funeral games for Archemorus, though the verſes are wonderfully fine, are the true image of their author:

Stare adeo neſcit, pereunt veſtigia mille
Ante fugam; abſentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.

Which would coſt me an hour, if I had the leiſure to tranſlate them, there is ſo much of beauty in the original. Virgil, as he better knew his colours, ſo he knew better how and where to place them. In as much haſte as I am, I cannot forbear giving one example: It is ſaid of him, that he read the ſecond, fourth, and ſixth books of his Æneis to Auguſtus Cæſar. In the ſixth (which we are ſure he read, becauſe we know Octavia was preſent, who rewarded him ſo bountifully for the twenty verſes which were made in honour of her deceaſed ſon Marcellus); in this ſixth book, I ſay, the Poet, ſpeaking of Miſenus, the trumpeter, ſays,

——— Quo non præſtantior alter,
Ære ciere viros, ———

and broke off in the hemiſtich, or midſt of the verſe; but in the very reading, ſeized as it were with a divine fury, he made up the latter part of the hemiſtich with theſe following words,

——— Martemque accendere cantu.

How warm, nay, how glowing a colouring is this! In the beginning of the verſe, the word *æs*, or braſs, was taken for a trumpet, becauſe the inſtrument was made of that metal, which of itſelf was fine; but in the latter end, which was made *extempore*, you ſee three metaphors, *Martemque*, —— *accendere*, —— *cantu*. Good Heavens! how the plain ſenſe is raiſed by the beauty of the words. But this was Happineſs, the former might be only Judgment. This was the "curioſa felicitas" which Petronius attributes to Horace. It is the pencil thrown luckily full upon the horſe's mouth, to expreſs the foam, which the Painter, with all his ſkill, could not perform without it. Theſe hits of words a true Poet often finds, as I may ſay, without ſeeking; but he knows their value when he finds them, and is infinitely pleaſed. A bad Poet may ſometimes light on them, but he diſcerns not a diamond from a Briſtol ſtone; and would have been of the cock's mind in Æſop, a grain of Barley would have pleaſed him better than the jewel. The lights and ſhadows which belong to colouring, put me in mind of that verſe of Horace,

Hoc amat obſcurum, vult hoc ſub luce videri.

Some parts of a Poem require to be amply written, and with all the force and elegance of words: others muſt be caſt into ſhadows; that is, paſſed over in ſilence, or but faintly touched. This belongs wholly to the judgment of the Poet and the Painter. The moſt beautiful parts of the Picture and the Poem muſt be the moſt finiſhed; the colours and words moſt choſen; many things in both, which are not deſerving of this care, muſt be ſhifted off, content with vulgar expreſſions; and thoſe very ſhort, and left, as in a ſhadow, to the imagination of the reader.

We have the proverb, "Manum de tabulâ," from the Painters, which ſignifies to know when to give over, and to lay by the pencil. Both Homer and Virgil practiſed this precept wonderfully well; but Virgil the better of the two. Homer knew that when Hector was ſlain, Troy was as good as already taken; therefore he concludes his action there: For what follows in the funerals of Patroclus, and the redemption of Hector's body, is not, properly ſpeaking, a part of the main action. But Virgil concludes with the death of Turnus; for, after that difficulty was removed, Æneas might marry, and eſtabliſh the Trojans when he pleaſed. This rule I had before my eyes in the concluſion of the Spaniſh Friar, when the diſcovery was made that the King was living; which was the knot of the Play untied: the reſt is ſhut up in the compaſs of ſome few lines, becauſe nothing then hindered the happineſs of Toriſmond and Leonora. The faults of that Drama are in the kind of it, which is Tragi-comedy. But it was given to the people, and I never writ any thing for myſelf but Anthony and Cleopatra.

This remark, I muſt acknowledge, is not ſo proper for the colouring as the deſign; but it will hold for both. As the words, &c. are evidently ſhewn to be the cloathing of the thought, in the ſame ſenſe as colours are the cloathing of the deſign; ſo the Painter and the Poet ought to judge exactly when the colouring and expreſſions are perfect, and then to think their work is truly finiſhed. Apelles ſaid of Protogenes, that "he knew not when to give over." A work may be over-wrought as well as under-wrought: Too much labour often takes away the ſpirit, by adding to the poliſhing; ſo that there remains nothing but a dull correctneſs, a piece without any conſiderable faults, but with few beauties; for when the ſpirits are drawn off, there is nothing but a "caput mortuum." Statius never thought an expreſſion could be bold enough; and if a bolder could be found, he rejected the firſt. Virgil had judgment enough to know Daring was neceſſary; but he knew the difference betwixt a glowing colour and a glaring; as when he compared the ſhocking of the fleets at Actium to the juſtling of iſlands rent from their foundations and meeting in the ocean. He knew the compariſon was forced beyond Nature, and raiſed too high; he therefore ſoftens the metaphor with a *credas*. You would almoſt believe that mountains or iſlands ruſhed againſt each other;

——— Credas innare revulſas
Cycladas; aut montes concurrere montibus æquos.

But here I muſt break off without finiſhing the diſcourſe.

"Cynthius aurem vellit, & admonuit, &c." the things which are behind are of too nice a conſideration for an Eſſay begun and ended in twelve mornings; and perhaps the Judges of Painting and Poetry, when I tell them how ſhort a time it coſt me, may make me the ſame anſwer which my late Lord Rocheſter made to one, who, to commend a Tragedy, ſaid, it was written in three weeks: "How the Devil could he be ſo long about it? for that Poem was infamouſly bad," and I doubt this Parallel is little better; and then the ſhortneſs of the time is ſo far from being a commendation, that it is ſcarcely an excuſe. But if I have really drawn a portrait to the knees, or an half-length, with a tolerable likeneſs, then I may plead with ſome juſtice for myſelf, that the reſt is left to the Imagination. Let ſome better Artiſt provide himſelf of a deeper canvas; and taking theſe hints which I have given, ſet the figure on its legs, and finiſh it in the Invention, Deſign, and Colouring.

EPISTLE

OF

MR. POPE

TO

MR. JERVAS.

The following elegant Epiſtle has conſtantly been prefixed to all the Editions of Du Fresnoy, which have been publiſhed ſince Jervas corrected the tranſlation of Dryden. It is, therefore, here reprinted, in order that a Poem which does ſo much honour to the original Author may ſtill accompany his work, although the Tranſlator is but too conſcious how much ſo maſterly a piece of Verſification on the ſubject of Painting, will, by being brought thus near it, prejudice his own lines.

TO MR. JERVAS,

WITH FRESNOY's ART OF PAINTING,

Tranſlated by Mr. DRYDEN. *

THIS verſe be thine, my friend, nor thou refuſe
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muſe.
Whether thy hand ſtrike out ſome free deſign,
Where life awakes, and dawns at every line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd maſs,
And from the canvas call the mimic face:
Read theſe inſtructive leaves, in which conſpire
FRESNOY's cloſe Art, and DRYDEN's native fire;
And reading wiſh, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our ſtudies, and ſo join'd our name;
Like them to ſhine through long-ſucceeding age,
So juſt thy ſkill, ſo regular my rage.

Smit with the love of Siſter-Arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new ſtrength and light.
How oft in pleaſing taſks we wear the day,
While Summer ſuns roll unperceiv'd away?
How oft our ſlowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art?

---

* Firſt printed in 1717.

How oft review; each finding, like a friend,
Something to blame, and ſomething to commend?

What flatt'ring ſcenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories riſing to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.
With thee, on Raphael's monument I mourn,
Or wait inſpiring dreams at Maro's urn:
With thee repoſe, where Tully once was laid,
Or ſeek ſome ruin's formidable ſhade;
While Fancy brings the vaniſh'd pile to view,
And builds imaginary Rome anew.
Here thy well-ſtudy'd marbles fix our eye;
A fading freſco here demands a ſigh:
Each heavenly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's Grace with thy lov'd Guido's Air,
Caracci's Strength, Coreggio's ſofter Line,
Paulo's free Stroke, and Titian's Warmth divine.

How finiſh'd with illuſtrious toil appears
This ſmall, well-poliſh'd gem, the work of years! *
Yet ſtill how faint by precept is expreſt
The living image in the Painter's breaſt?
Thence endleſs ſtreams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the ſketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, ſupplies
An Angel's ſweetneſs, or Bridgwater's eyes.

Muſe! at that name thy ſacred ſorrows ſhed,
Thoſe tears eternal that embalm the dead:

Call

---

* Freſnoy employed above twenty years in finiſhing this Poem.

Call round her tomb each object of deſire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that chears or ſoftens life,
The tender ſiſter, daughter, friend, and wife!
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

Yet ſtill her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modeſt cheek ſhall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flower, that ev'ry ſeaſon fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thouſand years.
Thus Churchill's race ſhall other hearts ſurprize,
And other beauties envy Wortley's * eyes,
Each pleaſing Blount ſhall endleſs ſmiles beſtow,
And ſoft Belinda's bluſh for ever glow.

Oh! laſting as thoſe colours may they ſhine,
Free as thy ſtroke, yet faultleſs as thy line!
New graces yearly, like thy works, diſplay;
Soft without weakneſs, without glaring gay;
Led by ſome rule, that guides, but not conſtrains;
And finiſh'd more through happineſs than pains!
The kindred Arts ſhall in their praiſe conſpire,
One dip the Pencil, and one ſtring the Lyre.
Yet ſhould the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;

---

* In one of Dr. Warburton's Editions of Pope, by which copy this has been corrected, the name is changed to *Worſley*. If that reading be not an error of the preſs, I ſuppoſe the Poet altered the name after he had quarrelled with Lady M. W. Montague, and, being offended at her Wit, thus revenged himſelf on her Beauty.

Yet ſhould the Muſes bid my numbers roll,
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their ſoul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgwater vie,
And theſe be ſung till Granville's Myra die;
Alas! how little from the grave we claim?
Thou but preſerv'ſt a Face, and I a Name.

A

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST

OF

PAINTERS

From the Revival of the Art to the Beginning of
the preſent Century.

Inſtead of the ſhort account of the lives of the Painters by Mr. Graham, which has been annexed to the later Editions of Mr. Dryden's Tranſlation, I have thought proper to inſert, at the concluſion of this work, the following Chronological Liſt drawn up by the late Mr. Gray, when in Italy, for his own uſe, and which I found fairly tranſcribed amongſt thoſe papers which his friendſhip bequeathed to me. Mr. Gray was as diligent in his reſearches as correct in his judgment; and has here employed both theſe talents to point out in one column the places where the principal works of each Maſter are to be found, and in another the different parts of the art in which his own taſte led him to think that they ſeverally excelled *. It is preſumed, therefore, that theſe two additions to the names and dates will render this little work more uſeful than any thing of the Catalogue kind hitherto printed on the ſubject. For more copious Biographical information, the reader is referred to Mr. Pilkington's Dictionary.

A

---

* See Memoirs of Mr. Gray, Note on Letter XIV. Sect. II.

A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST

Names.	Studied under	Excelled in
Giovanni Cimabue	certain Greeks	firſt revived Painting
Andrea Taffi	Apollonius, a Greek	revived Moſaic
Giotto	Cimabue	quitted the ſtiff manner of the Greeks
Buonamico Buffalmacco	Andrea Taffi	
5 Ambrogio Lorenzetti	Giotto	
Pietro Cavallini	Giotto	
Simon Memmi	Giotto	
Andrea Orgagna	imitated Giotto	
Tomaſo Giottino	imitated Giotto	
10 Paolo Uccello	Antonio Venetiano	firſt who ſtudied perſpective
Maſſolino	Lorenzo Ghiberti and Gher. Starnina	gave more grace to his figures and drapery
Maſaccio	Maſſolino	
Fra. Giov. Angelico da Fieſole	Giottino	
Antonello da Meſſina	John Van Eyck	introduced oil Painting into Italy
15 Fra. Filippo Lippi	Maſaccio	began to paint figures larger than life
Andrea del Caſtagno detto Degl' Impiccati	Domenico Venetiano	painted in oil firſt at Florence
Gentile del Fabriano	Giovanni da Fieſole	
Giacomo Bellini	Gentile del Fabriano	
Gentile 20 Giovanni } Bellini	Giacomo their father	
Coſmo Roſſelli		lively colouring
Domenico Ghirlandaio	Aleſſand. Baldovinetti	genteel deſigning and good airs
Andrea Verocchio	Giacomo Squarcione	obſervation of perſpective
Andrea Mantegna		
25 Filippo Lippi	Fra. Filippo his father, and Sandro Boticelli	
Pietro Perugino	Andrea Verocchio	
Bernardino Pinturicchio	Pietro Perugino	
Franceſco Francia	Marco Zoppo	firſt conſiderable Maſter of the Bologneſe School
29 Bartolomeo Ramenghi, detto Il Bagnacavallo	Franceſco Francia	ſoft and fleſhy colouring

Hiſtory

Of MODERN PAINTERS.

Painted	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.	Aged	Principal Works are at
Hiſtory	Florence, Florence, 1300	60	almoſt all periſhed.
Hiſtory	Florence 1294	81	unknown.
Hiſtory	Florence 1336	60	Rome, St. Peter's, Arezzo—Moſaics.
Hiſtory	Florence 1340	78	Piſa, Campo-Santo.
5 Hiſtory	Sienna 1350	83	
Hiſtory	Rome 1364	85	Rome, St. Paolo fuor della Citta.
Portraits	Sienna, Florence, 1345	60	
Hiſtory	Florence 1389	60	Florence, the Dome.
Hiſtory	Florence 1356	32	
10 Birds, ſome Hiſtory	Florence 1432	83	
Hiſtory	Florence 1418	37	
Hiſtory	Florence 1443	24	
Hiſtory, Miniatures	Florence, Rome 1455	68	Florence, the Palace, in the Apartments of the old Pictures.
Hiſtory	Meſſina 1475	49	
15 Hiſtory	Florence, Rome 1438	69	Florence, the Palace.
Hiſtory			
Hiſtory	Florence 1480	71	
Hiſtory	Verona	80	Rome, S. Giov. Laterano, S. Mar. Maggiore.
Hiſtory	Venice 1470	—	
20 Hiſtory	Venice 1501	80	Venice, and in ſome Cabinets.
Hiſtory	Venice 1512	90	
Hiſtory	Florence, Rome 1484	68	Rome, Capella Siſtina.
	Florence 1493	44	Florence, Palace, Cloſet of Madama.
Hiſtory	Florence 1488	56	
Hiſtory	Padua, Mantua 1517	66	Florence, Rome, Apartments of Innocent 8, at the Belvedere Chapel.
25 Hiſtory	Florence 1505	69	
Hiſtory	Rneſia, Rome 1524	78	Rome, Pal. Borgheſe, &c.
Hiſtory	Florence, Sienna 1513	59	Sienna, Library of the Dome, Rome, Santa Croce in Gieruſalemme; Madonna dell Popolo, &c.
Hiſtory	Bologna 1518	68	Bologna, in ſeveral Churches.
29 Hiſtory	Bologna 1541	48	Bologna.

Names.	Studied under	Excelled in
Innocenzo Francuzzi, detto da Imola	Franceſco Francia -	correct drawing - -
Franceſco Turbido, detto Il Mauro	* Giorgione - -	
Luca Signorelli - -	Pietro della Franceſca	
* Lionardo da Vinci - -		exquiſite deſigning -
5 * Giorgio Giorgione - -	imitated Lionardo's manner	management of the clair-obſcure, and colouring
* Antonio da Correggio -		divine colouring and morbidezza of his fleſh; angelical grace and joyous airs of his figures and clair-obſcure -
Mariotto Albertinelli - -	Coſmo Roſelli - -	
Baccio, detto Fra. Bartolomeo di S. Marco	Coſmo Roſelli - -	
Pietro di Coſimo - -	Coſimo Roſelli - -	
10 Raphaelino del Garbo - -	Filippo Lippi - -	
* Michael Angelo Buonarotta	Dominico Ghirlandaio -	great correctneſs of deſign, grand and terrible ſubjects, profound knowledge of the anotomical part
* Raffaelle Sanzio d'Urbino	Pietro Perugino; corrected his manner upon ſeeing the works of Lionardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo	in every part of painting, but chiefly in the thought, compoſition, expreſſion, and drawing
* Titiano Vecelli - -	Giovanni Bellini -	the clair-obſcure and all the beauties of colouring
Domenico Puligo - -	DomenicoGhirlandaio	
15 Timoteo Urbino - -	Rafaëlle - -	the ſame as his Maſter
Vincenzo da San Geminiano	Rafaëlle - -	
Lorenzo di Credi - -	Andrea Verocchio imitated Lionardo da Vinci	
Balthazar Peruzzi - -		

Painted	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.	Aged	Principal Works are at
Hiſtory - -	Bologna - - -	——	Bologna.
Portraits - -	Verona - - 1521	81	
Hiſtory - -	Cortona - - 1521	82	
Hiſtory and Portraits	Milan, Paris - 1517	75	Milan, the Dominicans, the Academy; Florence, Pal. Pitti; Rome, Pal. Borgheſe, Barberini.
5 Hiſtory and Portraits	Caſtle Franco nel Trevigiano, Venice, 1511	33	Venice; Florence, Pal. Pitti; Rome, Pal. Pamphili.
Hiſtory and Portraits	Corregio nel Reggiano 1534	40	Modena, the Duke's Collections; Parma, the Dome, Saint Antonio Abbate, S. Giovanni del monte, ſan Sepulcro; Florence, the Palace; Paris, the Palais Royal, &c. Naples, the King's Collections.
Hiſtory - -	Florence - - 1520	45	
Hiſtory - -	Florence - - 1517	48	
Groteſques and monſters	Florence - - 1521	80	
10 Hiſtory - -	Florence - - 1529	58	
Hiſtory - -	Chiuſi, preſſo d'Arezzo; Rome - - 1564	90	Rome, Capella Seſtina, Capella Paulina, S. Giovanni Latuano; Florence, the Palace.
Hiſtory and Portraits	Urbino, Rome - 1520	37	Rome, the Vatican, S. Pietro, in Montorio; S. Aguſtino, the Lungara, &c. Florence, the Palace; France, Verſailles, the Palais Royal; England, Hampton-Court; Naples, the King's Collection.
Hiſtory and Portraits	Cadore nel Friuleſe; - Venice - - 1576	99	Venice; Rome; in many Collections, &c.
Hiſtory - -	Florence - - 1525	52	
15 Hiſtory - -	Urbino - - 1524	54	Rome Madonna della Pace.
Hiſtory - -	S. Geminiano - 1527	52	Rome, the Vatican.
Hiſtory - -	Florence - - 1530	——	
Hiſtory, buildings	Sienna, Rome - 1536	55	Rome, Madonna della Pace.

	Names.	Studied under	Excelled in
	Giovanni Franceſco Penni detto il Fattore	Rafaëlle	good imitation of his Maſter, and great diſpatch
	* Giulio Romano	Rafaëlle	his Maſter's excellencies
	Peligrino di Modena	Rafaëlle	
	Pierino Buonacorvi detto Perin del Vago	Rafaëlle	
5	Giovanni da Udina	Rafaëlle	animals, flowers, and fruits
	* Andrea del Sarto	Pietro di Coſimo	natural and graceful airs, and correct drawing; a bright manner of colouring
	Francia Bigio	Mariotto Albertinelli	painted in company with and like Andrea
	Sebaſtiano detto Fradel Piombo	Giov. Bellini; Il Giorgione, M. Angelo	painted in the ſtrong and correct manner of this laſt, and coloured better
	Orazio Sammachini	Il Bagnacavallo, Innocenzo d'Imola	
10	Lorenzetto Sabattini	the ſame	
	Proſpero Fontana	the ſame	
	Lavinia Fontana	Proſpero, her father	
	Pelegrino Tibaldi	Il Bagnacavallo, Innonocenzo d'Imola	a ſtrong Michael Angelico manner
	Primaticcio, detto il Bologna	the ſame; Julio Romano	gentileneſs
15	Nicolo Bologneſe, detto Meſſer Nicolo	Primaticcio	
	Il Doſſo	Lorenzo Coſta, Titian	
	Bernazzano da Milano		
	Giov. Martino da Udina	Giov. Bellini	
	Pelegrinoda ſan Danielo	the ſame	
20	Giovanni Antonio Regillo, detto Licinio da Pordenone	Giorgione	fine colouring
	Girolamo da Trevigi		
	Polidoro da Caravaggio	Rafaël	the correctneſs of deſign and imitation of the antique, chiefly in chiaro-ſcuro
	Il Maturino	Rafaël	the ſame; they always painted together

Painted	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.		Aged	Principal Works are at
Hiſtory	Rome, Naples	1528	40	Rome, the Vatican; Lungara.
Hiſtory	Rome, Mantua	1546	54	Rome, Vatican, &c. Mantua, the Palace Té.
Hiſtory	Modena	1538	—	
Hiſtory	Florence, Rome	1547	47	Rome, Vatican; Genoa, Pal. Doria.
5 Groteſques	Udina, Rome	1564	70	Rome, Vatican, &c.
Hiſtory, Portraits	Florence	1530	42	Florence, the Palace, Monaſterio dé Scalzi, &c. Rome, Pal. Borgheſe, &c. Naples, King's Collection.
Hiſtory	Florence	—	41	
Hiſtory, Portraits	Venice, Rome	1547	62	Rome, S. Pietro in montorio, Cap. Chigi; France, Palais Royal.
Hiſtory	Bologna	1577	45	
10 Hiſtory	Bologna	—	—	
Hiſtory, Portraits	Bologna	—	—	
Hiſtory, Portraits	Bologna	1602	50	
Hiſtory	Bologna, Milan	1592	70	Bologna, the Academy; Spain, the Eſcurial.
Hiſtory	Bologna, France	1570	80	Fontainbleau; Chateau de Beauregard prés de Blois.
15 Hiſtory	Modena	1572	60	Fontainbleau.
Hiſtory, landſcapes	Ferrara, Ferrara	—	—	
Animals, landſcapes, and fruits	Milan	1550	—	
Hiſtory	Udina, Venice	1564	70	
Hiſtory	Venice	—	—	
20 Hiſtory, Portraits	Pordenone nel Friuli, Venice	1540	56	Venice.
Hiſtory, buildings	Il Truigiano, Engl.	1544	36	
Hiſtory	Caravaggio, Meſſina	1543	51	Rome, Pal. Barberini, Maſchera d'Oro, Caſa di Belloni.
Hiſtory	Florence	1527	37	

Names.	Studied under	Excelled in
* Franceſco Mazzuolo, detto Il Parmeggiano	imitated Rafaël -	great delicacy and gentleneſs of drawing
Girolamo Mezzuoli -	Franceſco, his couſin	whom he always imitated
Giacomo Palma, detto Il Vecchio -	Titian and others -	warm and mellow tints
Lorenzo Lotto - -	imitated Bellini and Giorgione	
5 Franceſco Monſignori -	Bellini - -	
Domenico Beccafumi o Meccarino - - -	imitated Pietro Perugino	
Giacomo Pontormo - -	Lionardo da Vinci, Albertinelli; Andrea del Sarto	
Girolamo Genga - -	Pietro Perugino -	
Giov. Antonio da Verzelli, detto Il Sodoma		
10 Baſtiano Ariſtotile - -		
Benvenuto Garofalo - -	Baldini, Lorenzo Coſta	like Rafaël - -
Girolamo da Carpi - -	Garofalo, he imitated Correggio	
Giov. Franceſco Bezzi, detto Il Noſadella - -	Pelegrino Tibaldi -	
Ercole Procaccini - -	the ſame - -	
15 Bartolomeo & tre figli } Paſſerotti -	the ſame - -	
Franceſco Salviati - -	Andrea del Sarto -	
Giorgio Vaſari - -	the ſame - -	
Daniel Ricciarelli, detto da Volterra	Il Sodoma; Baldaſar Peruzzi	
Taddeo Zucchero - - -	ſtudied Rafaël - -	
20 Frederico Zucchero - -		painted with his brother
Bartolomeo Ceſi - - -	Il Noſadella - -	
Dionigi Calvart - - -	Proſpero Fontana -	
John of Bruges - - -	Hubert Van Eyck -	ſaid to have invented Oil-Painting
Albert Durer - - -	Hupſe Martin - -	
25 Quintin Matſys, called the Smith of Antwerp		Nature, high finiſhing
Lucas Jacob, called Luca d'Ollanda	Cornelius Engelbert -	
Peter Brugle, called Old Brugle	Peter Koëck - -	

	Painted	Country, Place, and Year of their Death	Aged	Principal Works are at
	Hiſtory - -	Parma - - 1540	36	Parma, the Dome, Madonna della Steccata; in many Collections
	Hiſtory - -	Parma - - ——	——	Parma, San Sepolcro.
	Hiſtory, Portraits	Venice - - 1596	48	Venice, and in ſeveral Collections.
	Hiſtory, Portraits	Venice - - 1544	36	
5	Portraits - -	Venice - - 1519	64	
	Hiſtory - -	Sienna - - 1549	65	Sienna, Pavement of the Dome.
	Hiſtory - -	Florence - - 1558	65	Florence.
	Hiſtory - -	Urbino - - 1551	75	
	Hiſtory - -	—— Sienna - 1554	——	
10	Hiſtory - -	Florence - - 1551	70	
	Hiſtory - -	Ferrara - - 1559	78	In a few Collections.
	Hiſtory - -	Ferrara - - 1556	55	
	Hiſtory - -	Bologna - - 1571	——	Bologna.
	Hiſtory - -	Bologna - - ——	——	
15	Hiſtory - -	Bologna - - ——		
	Hiſtory - -	Florence - - 1563	54	Florence.
	Hiſtory, Portraits	Florence - - 1584	68	Rome, Santa Croce; Florence, the Palace.
	Hiſtory - -	Volterra - - 1566	57	Rome, S. Trinitá del Monte, S. Agoſtino.
	Hiſtory, Portraits	St. Angelo in Vado, nell' Urbino, Rome 1566	37	Rome, the Caprarola, Pal. Farneſe.
20	Hiſtory, Portraits	- - - Rome 1609	66	Rome, ſeveral Collections.
	Hiſtory - -	Bologna - - ——	79	
	Hiſtory - -	Antwerp, Bologna 1619	54	
	Hiſtory, Portraits	Venlo in Guelders, Bruges - - 1470	——	Ghent, the Cathedral.
	Hiſtory, Portraits	Nuremberg - - 1528	57	In many Collections.
25	Hiſtory, Portraits	Antwerp - - 1529	69	Antwerp, the Cathedral; England, in Collections.
	Hiſtory, Portraits	Leyden - - 1533	——	Leyden, Hotel de Ville, many Collections.
		Brugle near Breda 1570	60	

* John

Names.	Studied under	Excelled in
* John Holben, called Hans Holben		great Nature, extreme finiſhing
Roger Vandenſyde	John Van Eyck	
John Schorel	Jacob Cornill	
Matthias Cock		
5 Martin Heemſkirke	John Schorel	
François Floris, called Franc-Flore	Lambart de Liege	
Franceſco Vecelli	Titian, his brother	
Orazio Vecelli	Titian, his father	
Nadalino di Murano	Titian	
10 Damiano Mazza	Titian	
Girolamo di Titiano	Titian	
Paris Bordone	Titian	
Andrea Schiavone	Titian	
Aleſſandro Bonvincino, detto, Il Moretto	Titian, imitated Rafaël	
15 Girolamo Romanino	Titian	
Il Mutiano	Titian, Tad. Zucchero	
Pirro Ligorio	Giulio Romano	
Dom. Giulio Clovio	Giulio Romano	chaſte and gentile colouring, ſomewhat of Michael Angelo in the drawing
Il Bronzino, Angelo-Allori	Giacomo Pontormo	
20 Aleſſandro Allori	Bronzino, his uncle	
Giacomo Sementi	Dionigi Calvart	
Marcello Venuſto	Perin del Vaga	
Marco da Faënza		
Girolamo da Sermonetta	Perin del Vaga	
25 Battiſta Naldino	Il Bronzino	
Nicolo del Pomerancio		
Jean Couſin		commonly upon glaſs
Michael Coxis	Van Orlay, Rafaël	
John Bol		
30 Peter Porbus		
Antony More	John Schorel	
George Hoefnaghel		
Camillo Procaccini	Ercole, his father; Proſpero Fontana	a dark, ſtrong, expreſſive manner

	Painted	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.		Aged	Principal Works are at
	Hiſtory, Portraits	Baſil, London	1544	46	Baſil, Hotel de Ville; England in many Collections.
	Hiſtory	Bruges	—	—	Bruſſels, Hotel de Ville.
	Hiſtory	Alemaer, Utrecht	1562	67	
	Landſcapes	Antwerp	1565	65	
5	Droll figures	Heemſkirke, Haerlem	1574	76	
	Hiſtory	Antwerp	1570	50	
	Portraits	Venice	—	—	
	Portraits, Hiſtory	Venice	1579	66	
	Portraits	Murano, Venice	—	—	
10	Hiſtory, Portraits	Padua	—	—	
	Hiſtory, Portraits	Venice	—	—	
	Hiſtory, Portraits	Venice	1588	75	
	Hiſtory	Sebenico, Venice	1582	60	
	Hiſtory	Breſcia	1564	50	
15	Hiſtory	Breſcia	1567	63	
	Landſcapes, Portraits	Breſcia, Rome	1590	62	
	Antique monuments and buildings	Naples	1573	80	
	Miniature, Hiſtory	Sclavonia, Rome	1578	80	Rome, Vatican Library; Florence, the Palace; Naples, King's Collection.
	Hiſtory, Portraits	Florence	1580	69	
20	Hiſtory	Florence	1607	72	
	Hiſtory	Florence	1625	45	
	Hiſtory	Mantua	1576	61	
	Hiſtory	Faënza	—	—	
	Hiſtory	Sermonetta	1550	46	
25	Hiſtory	Florence	—	—	
	Hiſtory	Pomerancio	1626	74	
	Hiſtory	Soucy proche de Sens; Paris	1589	—	Vincennes, the Minims; Paris.
	Hiſtory	Mechlin, Antwerp	1592	95	
	Miniature, Landſcapes	Mechlin, Bruſſels	1593	59	
30		Bruges	1583	73	
	Portraits, Hiſtory	Utrecht	1575	56	
	Views of Cities, Landſcapes	Antwerp	1600	—	
	Hiſtory	Bologna, Milan	1626	80	Milan; Genoa, the Annonciate St. Maria Carignano.

Names.	Studied under	Excelled in
Giulio Ceſare Procaccini	Ercole, his father, Proſpero Fontana	a dark, ſtrong, expreſſive manner.
Jude Indocus Van-Winghen	ſtudied in Italy	
John Strada	ſtudied in Italy	
Bartholomew Sprangher		
5 Michael John Miervelt	Ant. Blockland	
* Paolo Cagliári, detto Paul Veroneſe	Antonio Badiglio	rich and noble compoſition; fine warm colouring
Carlo Cagliari	Paolo, his father	imitated his manner
Benedetto Cagliari	the ſame	the ſame
Gabrielle Cagliari	the ſame	the ſame
10 Battiſta Zelotti	Ant. Badiglio worked with Paul Veroneſe	
Giacomo da Ponte, detto Il Baſſano	Franceſco, his father, Bonifacio Venetiano, imitated Titian	much Nature, and fine colouring
Franceſco Baſſano	Giacomo, his father	imitated his manner, and copied his pictures
Leandro Baſſano	the ſame	the ſame
Giambattiſta Baſſano	the ſame	the ſame
15 Girolamo Baſſano	the ſame	the ſame
* Giacomo Robuſti, detto Il Tintoretto	Titian, in his drawing imitated Michael Angelo	the ſtrepito and moſſa of his pencil; variety and correctneſs of deſign; ſeldom finiſhed
Marietta Tintoretto	Tintoret, her father	
Paul Franceſchi	Tintoret	
Martin de Vos	Tintoret	
20 John Rothenamer	Tintoret	deſigned after his manner
Paolo Farinato	Antonio Badiglio	
Marco Vecelli	Titian, his uncle	
Livio Agreſti	Perin del Vago	
Marco da Sienna	Dan. Volterra	
25 Giacomo Rocca	Dan. Volterra	
Frederico Baroccio	ſtudied Rafaël	fine gentile drawing
Il Cavaliero Franceſco Vanni	Fred. Baroccio	correct deſign and agreeable colouring
* Michael Angelo Amarigi, detto, Il Caravaggio	Cav. Arpino	a ſtrong and cloſe imitation of Nature, but without choice; exquiſite colouring

Painted	Country, Place, and Year of his Death.	Aged	Principal Works are at
Hiſtory	Bologna, Milan 1626	78	Milan; Genoa, the Annonciate St. Maria Carignano
Hiſtory	Bruſſels, Germany 1603	62	
Battles, Hunting	Bruges, Florence 1604	68	
Hiſtory	Antwerp, Vienna 1623	77	
5 Portraits	Delft 1641	73	
Hiſtory, Portraits	Verona, Venice 1588	58	Venice, and almoſt every where.
the ſame	Venice 1596	26	
the ſame	the ſame 1598	60	
the ſame	the ſame 1631	63	
10 Hiſtory, chiefly in Freſco	Venice 1592	60	
Ruſtic Figures, Animals, Portraits, Hiſtory	Vicenza 1592	82	Venice, &c.
the ſame	Venice 1594	84	
the ſame	Venice 1623	65	
the ſame	Venice 1613	60	
15 the ſame	Venice 1622	62	
Hiſtory, Portraits	Venice 1594	82	Venice, and every where.
Portraits	Venice 1590	30	
Landſcapes	1596	56	
Landſcapes	Germany 1604	84	
20 Hiſtory	Munich 1606	42	
Hiſtory	Verona 1606	84	Verona.
	Venice 1611	66	
Hiſtory	Forli 1580	——	
Hiſtory	Sienna 1567	57	
25 Hiſtory	Rome ——	——	
Hiſtory, Portraits	Urbino, Rome 1612	84	
Hiſtory	Sienna, Rome 1615	51	Sienna; Rome, St. Peter's; Genoa, Santa Maria in Carignano.
Hiſtory, humorous figures	Caravaggio in Lombardy, Rome 1609	40	Rome, Pal. Barberini; ſeveral Collections.

* Ludovico

Names.	Studied under	Excelled in
* Ludovico Caracci	Proſpero Fontana	exquiſite deſign; noble and proper compoſition; ſtrong and harmonious colouring
* Agoſtino Caracci	Ludovico, his couſin	ſimilarly accompliſhed
* Annibale Caracci	Ludovico, his couſin	ſimilarly accompliſhed
Domenico Zampieri, detto, Il Domenichino	the Caracci	correct deſign, ſtrong and moving expreſſion
5 * Guido Reni	Dionigi Calvart, the Caracci	divine and graceful airs and attitudes, gay and lightſome colouring
* Cav. Giov. Lanfranco	the Caracci	great force, and *fulgore*, chiefly in freſco
* Franceſco Albani	Dionigi Calvart, the Caracci	gentile poetical fancy, beautiful airy colouring, his Nymphs and Boys are moſt admired
Lucio Maſſari	the Caracci	
Siſto Badalocchio	Annibal Caracci	
10 Antonio Caracci	Annibal, his uncle	
Giuſeppe Pini, detto, Cavalier' Arpino	Rafaël da Rheggio	the *furia* and force of his compoſitions
Il Paduano		
Il Cigoli	Andrea del Sarto	
Domenico Feti	Cigoli	
15 Cherubino Alberti		
Cavaliere Paſſignano	Frederic Zucchero	
Orazio Gentileſchi	Aurelio Lomi	
Filippo d'Angeli, detto, Il Napolitano		
Paul Brill	after Titian and Annibale	
20 Matthew Brill		worked with Paul, his brother
Pietro Paolo Gobbo		

	Painted	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.		Aged	Principal Works are at
	Hiſtory	Bologna	1619	64	Modena, Pal. Ducale; Bologna, S. Michel in Boſco, S. Giorgio, La Certoſa, &c.
	Hiſtory, Portraits, Landſcapes	Bologna, Parma	1602	44	Parma, Villa Ducale; Bologna, Pal. Magnani, La Certoſa.
	Hiſtory, Portraits, Landſcapes	Bologna, Rome	1609	49	Rome, Pal. Farneſe, &c. Bologna, S. Giorgio, &c. ſeveral Collections.
	Hiſtory, Portraits	Bologna, Naples	1641	60	Rome, S. Girolamo della Carita, Santa Maria Traſtavere, S. Andrea della Valle, S. Andrea in Monte Celio, Grotta Ferrata, Pal. Ludoviſio; S. Peter's, S. Carlo a Catinari, S. Silveſtro, &c.
5	Hiſtory, Portraits	Bologna	1642	68	Rome, Pal. Roſpiglioſi, Pal. Spada, Capucini, S. Andrea della Valle, &c. Bologna, Mendicanti, S. Domenico, S. Michel in Boſco; and in many Collections.
	Hiſtory	Parma, Naples	1647	66	Rome, S. Andrea della Valle; Naples, S. Carlo de Catinari; La Capella del Teſoro.
	Hiſtory	Bologna	1660	82	The Duke of Modena's, and many other Cabinets.
	Hiſtory	Bologna	1633	64	Bologna, S. Michel in Boſco.
	Hiſtory	Parma	—	—	Rome, Pal. Veroſpi.
10	Hiſtory	Bologna, Rome	1618	35	Rome, S. Bartolomeo nell' Iſola.
	Hiſtory	Arpino, Rome	1640	80	Rome, the Capitol, &c.
	Portraits	Padua	—	—	
	Hiſtory	Florence	1613	54	
	Hiſtory	Rome	1624	35	
15	Hiſtory	Rome	1615	63	
	Hiſtory	Florence	1638	80	Florence, the Dome.
	Hiſtory	Piſa	1647	84	
	Landſcapes	Rome, Naples	1640	40	
	Landſcapes	Antwerp, Rome	1626	72	Rome, Vatican, Pal. Borgheſe; many Collections.
20	Landſcapes	Antwerp, Rome	1584	34	
	Fruit, Landſcapes	Cortona	1640	60	

Names.	Studied under	Excelled in
Il Viola	Annibal Caracci	
Roland Saveri	imitated Paul Brill	much finiſhing, but dry
Bartolomeo Manfredi	M. Ang. Caravaggio	
Carlo Saracino	imitated Caravaggio	
5 Il Valentino	M. Ang. Caravaggio	
Giuſeppe Ribera, detto, Lo Spagnuoletto	M. Ang. Caravaggio	a dark ſtrong manner; diſmal and cruel ſubjects
John Mompre	ſtudied Nature	
Henry Cornelius Wroon, or Vroom	Corn. Henrickſon	
Agoſtino Taſſi	Paul Brill	
10 Fra. Matteo Zaccolino		
Antonio Tempeſta	John Strada	
Octavius Van Veen, called Otho Vænius		
Jean Le Clerc	Carlo Saracino	
Simon Vouët	Laurent, his father	
15 Peter Noefs	Henry Steinwick	
Henry Steinwick	John De Vries	
Theodere Rombouts	Abraham Janſens	
Gerard Segres	Abraham Janſens	imitated M. A. Caravaggio
Sir Peter Paul Rubens	Otho Vænius	admirable colouring; great magnificence and harmony of compoſition; a gay and lightſome manner
20 Sir Anthony Vandyke	Rubens	his maſter's excellencies with more grace and correctneſs
Rembrandt		great knowledge and execution of the Clair-obſcure; high finiſhing; ſometimes a very bold pencil and diſtinct colouring; vaſt Nature

Landſcapes

	Painted	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.	Aged	Principal Works are at
	Landfcapes -	Rome - - 1622	50	Rome, Vigna Montalta, Vigna Aldobrandina, Vigna pia.
	Landfcapes -	- - - - - 1639	63	
	Hiftory - -	Mantua - - ——	——	
	Hiftory - -	Venice - - 1625	40	
5	Hiftory - -	France - - 1632	32	
	Hiftory - -	Valencia - - 1656	67	Naples, &c. many Collections.
	Landfcapes -	Antwerp - - ——	——	
	Sea-ports, Ships	Haerlem, Rome - ——	——	
	Ships, Tempefts, Landfcapes, Fruit, Perfpectives	Bologna - ——	——	Genoa; Leghorn; on the outfides of houfes.
10	Perfpectives -	Rome - - - 1630	40	Rome, St. Silveftro.
	Animals, Battles, Huntings	Florence - - 1630	75	Florence, &c.
	Hiftory - -	Leyden - - - 1634	78	
	Hiftory - -	Nancy - - 1633	——	Nancy, Les Jefuits.
	Hiftory, Portraits	Paris; Paris - - 1641	59	Paris, in many Churches.
15	Perfpectives - -	Antwerp - - 1651	85	
	Buildings, places illuminated by fire and candles	Steinwick - - 1603	53	
	Low Life - -	Antwerp - - 1640	43	
		Antwerp - - 1651	62	
	Hiftory, Portraits, Landfcapes	Antwerp - - 1640	63	Flanders, Holland, &c. Dufſeldorp; the Elector Palatine's Collection; France, Palais Luxemburgh, &c. England, Whitehall, &c. Genoa, St. Ambrofio, &c.
20	Portraits, Hiftory	Antwerp; London 1641	42	Genoa, Pal. Durazzo, &c. Flanders, Holland, &c. France, Verfailles, &c. England, the Pembroke and Walpole Collections, &c.
	Hiftory, Portraits, Low Life	- - - - 1674	68	France, King's and Monfieur's Collections, &c. &c. Florence, the Palace, Amfterdam, &c.

Names.	Studied under	Excelled in
Cornelius Polembourg	Abraham Bloemart	
John Brugle, called Velvet Brugle	Old Brugle, his father	extreme neatneſs and finiſhing
Moſes, called the Little	Corn. Polembourg	
F. Dan. Legres	Young Brugle	
5 Gaſpar Craes	Coxis	
Bartholomew Briemberg	ſtudied at Rome	
John Aſſelyn, called Little John	Eſaias Vander Velde.	
Francis Snyders	painted with Rubens	
Ert Veeſt		
10 Lewis Couſin		
Philip Vauvremans	John Wynants	
Gerard Daw	Rembrandt	
Pietro Franceſco Mola	Albani, Cav. Arpino	ſtrong painting
Giov. Battiſta Mola	Albani	the ſame
15 Giacomo Cavedone	Lud. Caracci	
Agoſtino Metelli		
Angelo Michale Colonna	Ferrantino	
Giov. Benedetto Caſtiglione, detto, Il Genoëſe	Paggi, Vandyke	
Pietro Teſta	Domenichino	capricious and ſtrange deſigns
20 Matthew Platten, called Il Montagna	Aſſelyn	
Franceſco Barbieri, detto, Il Guercino da Cento	the Carracci	a medium between the Caracci and Caravaggio; he has two manners, one a dark and ſtrong one; the other more gay and gracious
Pietro Berrettini, detto, Pietro da Cortona	Baccio Ciarpi	noble compoſitions; bright and beautiful colouring

	Painted	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.	Aged	Principal Works are at
	Miniature, Landſcapes with figures	Utrecht - - - 1660	74	Many Cabinets.
	Little Landſcapes with figures, animals, and flowers	Bruſſels - - 1625	65	
	Small Landſcapes with figures	- - - 1650	——	
	Flowers - -	Antwerp - - 1666	70	
5		Bruſſels - - 1669	84	
	Landſcapes - -	- - - 1660	40	
	Landſcapes - -	- - - 1660	50	
	Animals dead and alive	Antwerp - - 1657	78	
	Sea-fights, Tempeſts	Bruſſels - - - 1670	——	
10		- - - - 1670	——	
		Haerlem - - 1668	48	
	Little figures -	Leyden - - - 1674	61	
	Hiſtory - -	Como; Rome - 1666	56	Rome, Monte Cavallo; Pal. Coſtaguti, &c.
	Hiſtory, Landſcapes	- - - - ——	——	
15	Hiſtory - -	Bologna - - 1660	80	Bologna, St. Michaeli in Boſco, &c.
	Buildings, Perſpective	Bologna; Spain - 1660	51	Bologna, &c.
	Buildings, Hiſtory	Bologna - - 1687	87	Bologna, &c.
		Genoa - - - ——	——	
	Hiſtory, Whims	Lucca - - 1650	39	
20	Sea-pieces - -	Antwerp; Venice ——	——	
	Hiſtory - -	Cento nel Bologneſe; Bologna - - 1667	76	Rome, Vigna, Ludoviſia, St. Peter's; Grotto Ferrata.
	Hiſtory - -	Cortona; Rome - 1669	73	Rome, Pal. Barberini, Pal. Pamfili, Chieſa nuova, St. Peter's, St. Agnes; Florence, Pal. Pitti, &c.

Names.	Studied under	Excelled in
Antonino Barbalonga	Domenichino	
Andrea Camaceo	Domenichino	
Andrea Sacchi	Albani	a colouring more languid than Pietro Cortona, but extreme delicate and pleaſing
Simone Cantarini	Guido	
5 Cav. Carlo Cignani	Albani	noble, bold manner; and bright colouring
Pietro Facini	Annibal Caracci	
Giov. Andrea Donducci, detto, Il Maſteletta	the Caracci	
Aleſſandro Tiarini	Proſpero Fontana	
Leonello Spada	the Caracci	
10 Giov. Andrea Sirani	Guido	
Eliſabetta Sirani	Andrea, her father	
Giacomo Sementi	Guido	
Franceſco Geſſi	Guido	good imitation of his maſter
Lorenzo Garbieri	Lud. Caracci	
15 G. Franceſco Romanelli	Pietro Cortona	
Diego Velaſquez	Franceſco Pacheco	great fire and force
Aleſſandro Veroneſe	Felice Riccio	a weak but agreeable manner
Mario de Fiori		
Michelangelo del Campidoglio	Fioravante	
20 Salvator Roſa	Spagnuoletto and Daniel Falcone	ſavage & uncouth places; very great and noble ſtyle; ſtories that have ſomething of horror or cruelty
Il Cav. Calabreſe	Guercino	
Ferramola Fioraventi		
Il Malteſe		
Claude Gelee, called Claude Lorraine	Godfrey Wals; Agoſtino Taſſi	rural and pleaſing ſcenes, with various accidents of Nature, as gleams of ſunſhine, the riſing moon, &c.

	Painted	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.	Aged	Principal Works are at
	Hiſtory	Meſſina ——	——	Rome. St. Andrea della Valle, Chieſa dei Theatini, &c.
	Hiſtory	Bevagna; Rome 1657	55	Rome, St. Peter's, St. Giov. in Laterano, Pal. Paleſtrina, &c.
	Hiſtory	Rome; Rome 1661	72	Rome, Pal. Berberini, &c. Chieſa di St. Romualdo, St. Carlo di Catinari, &c.
	Hiſtory	Peſaro; Bologna 1648	36	
5	Hiſtory	Bologna; Bologna 1719	91	Bologna, Pal. Davia, Certoſa, &c.
	Hiſtory	Bologna 1602	42	Bologna, &c.
	Hiſtory	Bologna 1655	80	Bologna, &c.
	Hiſtory	Bologna 1668	91	Bologna, &c.
	Hiſtory	Bologna 1622	46	Bologna, &c.
10	Hiſtory	Bologna 1670	60	Bologna, &c.
	Hiſtory, Portraits	Bologna 1664	26	Bologna, &c.
	Hiſtory	Bologna 1625	45	Bologna, &c.
	Hiſtory	Bologna ——	——	Bologna, &c.
	Hiſtory	Bologna 1654	64	Bologna, &c.
15	Hiſtory	Viterbo; Rome 1662	45	France, &c. Rome, &c.
	Portraits	Spain 1660	66	Rome, Pal. Pamfili; France, Louvre.
	Hiſtory	Verona 1670	70	France, Verſailles, &c.
	Flowers	Rome 1656	——	
	Flowers & Fruits	Rome 1670	60	
20	Landſcapes, Hiſtory	Naples; Rome 1673	59	Rome, Pal. Palavicini; Paris, the King's Collection, &c.
	Hiſtory	Calabria 1688	86	Rome, St. Andrea della Valle, &c.
	Vaſes, Inſtruments, Carpets, and Still-life	Breſcia 1512	——	
	the ſame	——	——	
	Landſcapes	Toul; Rome 1682	82	Rome, Pal. Chigi, Altieri, Colonna; many Collections.

Names.	Studied under	Excelled in
Nicolas Pouſſin	Quintin Varin	exquiſite knowledge of the antique; fine expreſſion; ſkilful and well-choſen compoſition and deſign. Scenes of the country with antient buildings and hiſtorical figures intermixed
Gaſpar Du Ghet, called Gaſper Pouſſin	Nicolas, his brother-in-law	a mixture of Nicolas and Claude Lorraine's ſtyle
Euſtache Le Sueur	Simon Vouët	ſimplicity, dignity, and correctneſs of ſtyle, he is called the French Rafaël
Michelangelo delle Battaglie	Mozzo of Antwerp	
5 Jaques Stella	his father	painted upon marble frequently
Carlo Maratti	Andrea Sacchi	
Luca Giordano	Lo Spagnuoletto	
Charles Le Brun	Simon Vouët; Nicolas Pouſſin	
Cav. Giacinto Brandi	Lanfranco	
10 Ciro Ferri	Pietro Cortona	

The END of the

Painted	Country, Place, and Year of their Death.	Aged	Principal Works are at
Hiſtory, Landſcapes	Andilly; Rome - 1665	71	France, Verſailles, Palais Royal, &c. Rome, Cav. Pozzo's Collection, and in many more elſewhere.
Landſcapes -	Rome - - - 1675	——	Rome; Paris, &c.
Hiſtory - -	Paris - - 1655	38	Paris, the Chartreuſe and Hotel in the Iſle Notre Dame, &c.
Battles - -			
5 Hiſtory, Miniatures	Lyons; Paris - 1647	51	Lyons; Paris, &c.
Hiſtory - -	Ancona; Rome - 1713	88	Rome; many Churches and Palaces, &c.
Hiſtory - -	Naples - - - 1705	76	
Hiſtory - -	Paris - - 1690	71	Verſailles.
Hiſtory - -	Poli; Rome - 1713	90	Rome, &c.
10 Hiſtory - -	Rome - - - 1689	55	Rome, St. Agnes, Pal. Monte Cavallo, St. Ambrogio, &c. Florence, Pal. Pitti.

APPENDIX.

ERRATA.

Page 17, line 193, for *figured,* read *figur'd.*

P. 61, l. 755, for *He knew,* r. *His were.*

P. 70, l. 14, for *Paraphaſe,* r. *Paraphraſe.*

P. 94, l. 6, for *operaa tramento,* r. *opera atramento.*

In the Preſs, and ſpeedily will be publiſhed,

A new and corrected Edition, in ſmall Octavo, of the ENGLISH GARDEN, in four Books, by W. Mason, M. A. with a Commentary and Notes, by W. Burgh, Eſq; LL. D

York printed for J. Dodsley, Pall-Mall; T. Cadell, in the Strand;
R. Faulder, New Bond-ſtreet, London; and J. Todd, York.

Of whom may be had,

POEMS, by W. Mason, ſmall Octavo, 5th Edition, Price bound 5s.

CARACTACUS, altered for the Stage, as performed at Covent-Garden Theatre, Price 1s. 6d.—The Lyrical Part of Caractacus, as ſet to Muſic by D. Arne.

ELFRIDA, altered for the Stage, as performed at Covent-Garden Theatre, Price 1s. 6d.—The Lyrical Part of Elfrida as ſet to Muſic by Mr. Giardini.

ODE to the Naval Officers of Great-Britain, Price 6d.

ODE to the Honourable W. Pitt, Price 1s.

MEMOIRS of Mr. Gray, prefixed to his Poems, 4 Vols. ſmall Octavo, 3d Edition, Price bound 12s.

An Hiſtorical and Critical ESSAY on CATHEDRAL MUSIC, prefixed to an Anthem Book for the Uſe of the Church of York; in which the Anthems are arranged in chronological Order according to the Dates of the ſeveral Compoſers, Price bound 3s. 6d. large Paper, 2s. 6d. ſmall Paper.

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

REC'D LD-URL
MAY 2 1988

REC'D LD-URL
APR 26 1988

APR 26 1988

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

A 000 001 420 9

3 1158 01252 5951

UNIVE

REGIO